







Presented by Mr  
Harcourt of Nuneham  
Park

received at Wotton  
House 19 September 1889



THE  
HARCOURT PAPERS.



THE  
HARCOURT PAPERS.

EDITED BY

EDWARD WILLIAM HARCOURT,

OF STANTON HARCOURT, AND NUNEHAM COURTENAY,  
IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD, ESQUIRE.

VOL. XI.

Printed for Private Circulation by  
JAMES PARKER AND CO., OXFORD.

---

*[Only Fifty Copies printed.]*



## P R E F A C E.

---

WE have now, in this Eleventh Volume, carried the "Harcourt Papers" down to the date of the death of the last Earl Harcourt, in 1830.

It is believed that three more volumes will conclude the series.

Those volumes will go back to the birth of Edward, son of Martha Harcourt, sister of Simon, Earl Harcourt, who, on the failure of male descendants of the first Lord Harcourt, succeeded to the family estates.

The first Lord Harcourt, Queen Anne's Chancellor, was the founder of his own fortunes, as far as property was concerned. He inherited nothing but penury from his father, Sir Philip Harcourt, who had absolutely squandered the whole of his worldly goods. Sir Philip contracted a second marriage, but, had it not been that Miss Lee was the heiress of Ankerwycke, he would

not have had a single farthing to bequeath to her descendants.

The Lord Chancellor's property was further improved by the good management of his grandson, the first Earl Harcourt, and by the additions made to the estates by his great grandson, Edward, afterwards Archbishop of York.

It will be remembered that the Lord Chancellor's son, who died before his father, married Elizabeth Evelyn. The fruit of this marriage was a son, who was made Earl of Harcourt, and a daughter married, as his third wife, to George, first Lord Vernon. The first Earl Harcourt left two sons, each of whom in their turn bore the title of Earl Harcourt. They both died childless, and so it happened that the son of the first Earl's sister inherited the property. This son was Edward Harcourt, Archbishop of York, whose grandson, another Edward Harcourt, is the present possessor of the estates.

This is the individual who has edited these

papers—not as a literary work, but solely with a view of preserving family information for his descendants. Such information can be of little interest to those who are outside the family circle. It is, therefore, only privately printed. One advantage is thus gained by the Editor, namely, that he places himself beyond the pale of public criticism.

It is possible that the concluding volumes may not prove the least interesting of the series to those for whose benefit they are intended.

If no other object has been served, the Editor has at any rate had a pious satisfaction in contributing towards the preservation of family records, however trifling.





# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
LETTER FROM SIMON, EARL HARCOURT, TO THE AGENT OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT . . .	2
LETTERS FROM J. J. ROUSSEAU TO VISCOUNT NUNEHAM . . . . .	4
LETTER FROM AMERICAN PRISONERS TO COLONEL HAY . . . . .	19
LETTER FROM G. S., EARL HARCOURT, TO LADY CECILIA JOHNSTON . . . . .	23
LETTER FROM RICHARD GOUGH TO EARL HAR- COURT . . . . .	26
LETTERS FROM EARL HARCOURT TO COUNTESS HARCOURT . . . . .	28
LETTER TO EARL HARCOURT FROM LE COMTE DE TILLY . . . . .	39
LETTER FROM COUNTESS HARCOURT TO EARL HARCOURT . . . . .	41
NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF EARL HARCOURT'S DEATH	43
DESCRIPTION OF MONUMENT ERECTED TO EARL HARCOURT, TOGETHER WITH VERSES BY COUN- TESS HARCOURT . . . . .	45
LETTERS FROM DEAN ADDENBROOKE TO MISS VERNON AND VISCOUNTESS NUNEHAM . . .	49
LETTERS FROM VISCOUNTESS NUNEHAM TO HER MOTHER, LADY VERNON, AND TO HER SISTER, MISS VERNON. . . . .	54

	PAGE
LETTER FROM VISCOUNTESS FALMOUTH TO COUN- TESS HARCOURT . . . . .	86
LETTER FROM COUNTESS OF EFFINGHAM TO COUN- TESS HARCOURT . . . . .	89
LETTER FROM COUNTESS OF HOLDERNESSE TO COUNTESS HARCOURT . . . . .	90
LETTERS FROM MRS. LEVESON TO COUNTESS HAR- COURT . . . . .	93
LETTERS FROM COUNTESS HARCOURT TO HER SISTER, MISS MARTHA VERNON . . . . .	97
LETTERS FROM COUNTESS HARCOURT TO EARL HARCOURT . . . . .	107
LETTER FROM THE HON. W. HARCOURT TO COUN- TESS HARCOURT . . . . .	113
LETTER FROM DOWAGER COUNTESS SPENCER TO DOWAGER COUNTESS HARCOURT . . . . .	116
LETTERS FROM DOWAGER COUNTESS HARCOURT TO WILLIAM, EARL HARCOURT . . . . .	119
VERSES BY COUNTESS HARCOURT . . . . .	122
LETTER FROM EARL HARCOURT TO HIS AGENT, MR. TRUMPER . . . . .	143
LETTERS FROM THE HON W. HARCOURT TO HIS BROTHER, VISCOUNT NUNEHAM . . . . .	147
LETTERS FROM THE HON. W. HARCOURT TO HIS FATHER, EARL HARCOURT . . . . .	150
DESCRIPTION OF THE TAKING PRISONER OF THE AMERICAN GENERAL, LEE, BY COL. THE HON. W. HARCOURT . . . . .	184
LETTERS FROM THE HON. W. HARCOURT TO HIS FATHER, EARL HARCOURT, AND TO HIS BROTHER	203

---

	PAGE
LETTER FROM THE HON. W. HARCOURT TO COUN- TESS HARCOURT . . . . .	245
LETTERS RESPECTING A CLAIM ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH FOR VENISON . . . . .	246
LETTERS RESPECTING ELECTIONS IN OXON, 1826	248
DEATH OF WILLIAM, EARL HARCOURT, 1830 .	250
LETTERS FROM THE HON. MRS. HARCOURT TO COUNTESS HARCOURT . . . . .	251
LETTER FROM MARY, COUNTESS HARCOURT, TO THE COUNTESS DOWAGER HARCOURT . . .	275
VERSES FROM ELIZABETH, COUNTESS HARCOURT'S SCRAPBOOK . . . . .	278

## CORRIGENDA.

---

- Page 17 line 18, *read* "d'agr  er ses remercimens."  
" 45 " 19, *for* "shield" *read* "shields."  
" 133 " 23, *for* "Groves" *read* "Grove."  
" 210 " 27, *for* "Lees" *read* "Lee."  
" 290 " 19, *for* "*proscription*" *read* "*proscriptive*."

## Harcourt Papers.

---

THE Letter with which this Eleventh Volume commences exhibits the intention entertained by Simon, Earl Harcourt, of purchasing an estate in Wales. Such an intention has been previously alluded to in the Third Volume of these Papers [viz. pages 74 and 75], by Lady Harcourt in letters to her son. St. Donat's Castle, in the south of Glamorganshire, was then in question.

At that time, namely in July, 1755, Lord Harcourt was also occupied in building the new house at Nuneham. Three years later his Welsh projects appear to have expanded in extent. The negotiations, however, fell through, and Pipewell Abbey, in Northamptonshire, which was to have been sold to assist in paying for the Welsh property, was subsequently disposed of to provide fortunes for General Harcourt and Lady Elizabeth Lee.

Simon, Earl Harcourt, to the Agent of the Duke of Beaufort :—

*“ Cockthorp, near Witney, Oxfordshire,  
July 31, 1758.*

“ SIR,—As the Duke of Beaufort’s trustees seem unwilling to take the money which I offered for the Monmouth and the three Castle estates, and may be more inclinable to dispose of the greater part of the Estate together, I will venture to offer £135,000 for the following estates: Penrose, Dingestone, Killgoygan, Monmouth, Trelleg, Grainge, Uske, Ragland, and Pellenny, and the three Castle estates in Mr. Gardener’s Collection. In this list I mean to include all the Duke’s Monmouthshire estates, except Chepstow, Portcassegg, and Magor, upon the following conditions. That during the treaty no coppice wood shall be cut under the age of fifteen years, no trees cut down, no lives filled up, no new leases granted, and, if the purchase takes place, that I shall have the benefit of any leases that may fall in during the course of the treaty.

“As it must necessarily require some time to carry such an affair into execution, the trustees may employ that time in collecting the arrears of rent, which they may do more effectually and with less clamour than a purchaser can be supposed to do. The trustees will observe that the

price which I have offered for these estates greatly exceeds the common price of land in Monmouthshire, and indeed the more so, as I am told the three Castle estates are held under the Dutchy of Lancaster, and, consequently, of less value than a freehold estate.

"If you are willing to treat upon these terms, and will send me a particular rental of each estate, you shall have my final answer as soon as I can take a view of the estate, which must be examined by the particulars which you may send.

"I have already, Sir, given you a good deal of trouble, which is unavoidable in affairs of this nature, but I shall decline giving you any more if these proposals don't meet with your approbation; for it is not worth my while to give more than I have offered. I came from Monmouthshire on Saturday. My stay there was very short, and the weather so rainy that I had little sport upon the hills, and as little opportunity of seeing the country.

"I am, Sir,

"with the greatest respect,

"Your most faithful

"and obedient Servant,

"HARCOURT."

## Letters from J. J. Rousseau.

THE letters which follow were written during the years 1766, 1767, 1768, by J. J. Rousseau to Lord Nuneham. The drawings, prints, and etchings alluded to in the letters are still to be found in portfolios at Nuneham.

From J. J. Rousseau to Lord Nuneham :—

*“ A Wootton, le 24 Dbre., 1766.*

“JE croirois, Mylord, executer peu honnêtement la resolution que j’ai prise de me défaire de mes estampes et de mes Livres, si je ne vous priois de vouloir bien commencer par en retirer les estampes dont vous avez eu la bonté de me faire présent. J’en fais assurément tout le cas possible, et la nécessité de ne rien laisser sous mes yeux qui me rappelle un gout auquel je veux renoncer, pouvoit seule en obtenir le sacrifice. S’il y a dans mon petit recueil, soit d’estampes soit de livres, quelque chose qui puisse vous convenir, je vous prie de me faire l’honneur de l’agréer, et surtout par préférence ce qui me vient de votre digne ami M. Watelet et qui ne doit passer qu’en main d’ami.



“Enfin, Mylord, si vous êtes à portée d’aider au débit du reste, je reconnoîtrai dans cette bonté les soins officieux dont vous m’avez permis de me prévaloir. C’est chez M. Davenport que vous pourrez visiter le tout, si vous voulez bien en prendre la peine. Il demeure en Piccadilly à côté de Lord Egremont. Recevez, Mylord, je vous supplie, les assurances de ma reconnoissance et de mon respect.

“J. J. ROUSSEAU.”

From J. J. Rousseau to Lord Nuneham :—

“*A Wootton, le 7 fevrier, 1767.*

“IL est vrai, Mylord, que je vous croyois ami de M. Hume, mais la preuve que je vous croyois encore plus ami de la justice et de la vérité, est, que sans vous écrire, sans vous prévenir en aucune façon, je vous ai cité et nommés avec confiance sur un fait qui étoit à sa charge, sans crainte d’être démenti par vous. Je ne suis pas assez injuste pour juger par M. Hume de tous ses amis.

“Il en a qui le connoissent et qui sont très dignes de lui ; mais il en a aussi qui ne le connoissent pas, et ceux là mérite qu’on les plaigne, sans les en estimer moins. Je suis très touché, Mylord, de vos lettres, et très sensible au courage que vous avez de vous montrer de mes amis parmi vos compatriotes et vos pareils, mais je suis fâché

pour eux qu'il faille à cela du courage ; je connois des gens mieux instruits chez les quels on y mettroit de la vanité. Je vous prouverai, Mylord, mon entière et pleine confiance en me prévalant de vos offres ; et dès à présent j'ai une grace à vous demander ; c'est de me donner des nouvelles de M. Watelet. Il est l'ancien ami de M. Dalember, mais il est aussi mon ancienne connoissance, et les seuls jugemens que je crains sont ceux des gens qui ne me connoissent pas. Je puis bien dire de M. Watelet au sujet de M. Dalember ce que j'ai dit de vous au sujet de M. Hume ; mais je connois l'incroyable ruse de mes ennemis, capable d'enlacer dans les pièges adroits la raison et la vertu mêmes. Si M. Watelet m'aime toujours, de grace, pressez-vous de me le dire ; car j'ai grand besoin de le savoir. Agréez, Mylord, je vous supplie, mes très humbles salutations et mon respect.

“J. J. ROUSSEAU.”

From J. J. Rousseau to Viscount Nuneham :—

*“A Wootton, le 14 fevr., 1767.”*

“VOUS m'avez donné, Mylord, le premier vrai plaisir que j'ai goûté depuis longtems, en m'apprenant que j'étois toujours aimé de M. Watelet. Je le mérite en vérité par mes sentimens pour lui,

et moi qui m'inquiète très médiocrement de l'estime du public, je sens que je n'aurois jamais pu me passer de la sienne. Il ne faut absolument point que ses estampes soient en vente avec les autres, et puisque, de peur de reprendre un gout auquel je veux renoncer, je n'ose les avoir avec moi, je vous prie de les prendre au moins en dépôt jusqu'à ce que vous trouviez à les lui renvoyer ou à en faire un usage convenable. Si vous trouviez par hasard à les changer entre les mains de quelque amateur contre un livre de botanique, à la bonne heure, j'aurois le plaisir de mettre à ce livre le nom de M. Watelet : mais pour les vendre, jamais. Pour le reste, puisque vous voulez bien chercher à m'en défaire, je laisse à votre entière disposition le soin de me rendre ce bon office, pourvu que cela se fasse de la part des acheteurs sans faveur et sans préférence, et qu'il ne soit pas question de moi. Puisque vous ne dédaignez pas de vous donner pour moi ces petits tracassés, j'attens de la candeur de vos sentimens que vous consulterez plus mon gout que mon avantage ; ce sera m'obliger doublement. Ce n'est point un produit nécessaire à ma subsistance. Je le destine en entier à des livres de botanique, seul et dernier amusement auquel je me suis consacré.

“L'honneur que vous faites à M<sup>lle</sup> de V—— de vous souvenir d'elle l'autorise à vous assurer

de sa reconnoissance et de son respect. Agréez, Mylord, je vous supplie les mêmes sentimens de ma part.

“ J. J. ROUSSEAU.

“ Il doit y avoir parmi mes estampes un petit portefeuille contenant de bonnes épreuves de celles de tout mes écrits. Oserai-je me flatter que vous ne dédaignerez pas ce faible cadeau, et de placer ce portefeuille parmi les vôtres ? Je prends la liberté de prier, Mylord, de vouloir bien donner cours à la lettre ci-jointe.”

From J. J. Rousseau to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ *A Wootton, le 5 Mars, 1767.*

“ JE ne suis pas surpris, Mylord, de l'état où vous avez trouvé mes estampes, je m'attendois à pis ; mais il me paroît cependant singulier qu'il ne s'en soit pas trouvé une seule de M. Watelet. Quoique parmi beaucoup de gravures qu'il m'avoit données il y en eut peu des siennes, il y en avoit pourtant. La préférence qu'on leur a donnée fait honneur à son burin. J'en avois un beaucoup plus grand nombre de M. l'Abbé de St. Non. Si elles s'y trouvent je ne voudrois pas non plus qu'elles fussent vendues ; car quoique je n'aye pas l'honneur de le connoître personnellement elles étoient un cadeau de sa part. Si vous ne

les aviez pas, Mylord, et qu'elles pussent vous plaire, vous m'obligeriez beaucoup de vouloir les agréer. Le papier que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer est de la main de Mylord Marechal, et me rappelle qu'il y a dans mon recueil un portrait de lui, sans nom, mais tête nue, et très ressemblant, que pour rien au monde je ne voudrois perdre, et dont j'avois oublié de vous parler. C'est la seule estampe que je veuille me réserver, et quand elle me laisseroit la fantaisie d'avoir les portraits des hommes qui lui ressemblent, ce gout ne seroit pas ruineux. Je sens avec combien d'indiscretion j'abuse de votre tems et de vos bontés ; mais quelque peine que vous donne la recherche de ce portrait, j'en aurois une infiniment plus grande à m'en voir privé. Si vous parvenez à le retrouver, je vous supplie, Mylord, de vouloir bien l'envoyer à M. Davenport afin qu'il le joigne au premier envoi qu'il aura la bonté de me faire.

“ Comme, après tout, mon recueil étoit assez peu de chose, que probablement il ne s'est pas accru dans les mains des Douaniers et des Libraires, et que les retranchemens que j'y fais font du reste un objet de très peu de valeur, j'ai à me reprocher de vous avoir embarrassé de ces bagatelles ; mais pour vous dire la vérité, Mylord, je ne cherchois qu'un prétexte pour me prévaloir de vos offres et vous montrer ma confiance en vos bontés.

“J’oubliois de vous parler de la découpure de M. Hubert : c’est effectivement M. de Voltaire en habit de theatre. Comme je ne suis pas tout à fait aussi curieux d’avoir sa figure que celle de Mylord Maréchal, vous pouvez Mylord, à votre choix, garder ou jetter ou donner ou bruler ce chiffon ; pourvu qu’il ne me revienne pas, c’est tout ce que je desire. Agréez, Mylord, je vous supplie, les assurances de mon respect.

“ J. J. ROUSSEAU.”

From J. J. Rousseau to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ *A Wootton, le 2 Avril, 1767.*

“J’APPRENS, Mylord, par M. Davenport que vous avez eu la bonté de me défaire de toutes mes estampes, hors une. Serois-je assez heureux pour que cette estampe exceptée fut celle du Roi ; je le desire assez pour l’espérer : en ce cas vous auriez bien lû dans mon cœur, et je vous prierois de vouloir conserver soigneusement cette estampe j’usqu’à ce que j’aye l’honneur de vous voir et de vous remercier de vive voix. Je la joindrais à celle de Mylord Marechal, pour avoir le plaisir de contempler quelque fois les traits de mes bienfaiteurs, et de me dire en les voyant qu’il est encore des hommes bienfaisans sur la terre.

“Cette idée m’en rappelle une autre que ma

mémoire absolument éteinte avoit laissée échaper. Ce portrait du Roi avec une vingtaine d'autres me Viennent de M. de Ramsay qui ne voulut jamais m'en dire le prix. Ainsi ce prix lui appartient et non pas à moi ; mais comme probablement il ne voudroit pas plus l'accepter aujourd'hui que ci-devant, et que je n'en veux pas, non plus, faire mon profit, je ne vois à cela d'autre expédient que de distribuer aux pauvres le produit de ces estampes, et je crois, Mylord, qu'une fonction de charité ne peut rien avoir que l'humanité de votre cœur dédaigne. La difficulté seroit de savoir quel est ce produit, ne pouvant moi-même me rappeler le nombre et la qualité des estampes. Ce que je sais c'est que ce sont toutes gravures angloises, dont je n'avois que quelques autres avant celles-là.

“ Pour ne pas abuser de vos bontés, Mylord, au point de vous engager dans de nouvelles recherches je ferai une évaluation grossière de ces gravures, et j'estime que le prix n'en pouvoit guères passer quatre ou cinq guinées. Ainsi pour aller au plus sur, ce sont cinq guinées sur le produit du tout que je prends la liberté de vous prier de vouloir bien distribuer aux pauvres. Vous voyez, Mylord, comment j'en use avec vous. Quoique je sois persuadé que mon importunité, ne passe pas votre complaisance, si j'avois prévu jusqu'où je serois forcé de la porter je me serois gardé de

m'oublier à ce point. Agreez, Mylord, je vous supplie, mes très humbles excuses et mon respect.

“J. J. ROUSSEAU.”

From J. J. Rousseau to Viscount Nuneham :—

“*A Wootton, le 11 Avril, 1767.*”

“JE ne puis, Mylord, que vous reiterer mes très humbles excuses et remercimens de toutes les peines que vous avez bien voulu prendre en ma faveur. Je vous suis très obligé de m'avoir conservé le portrait du Roy. Je le reverrai souvent avec grand plaisir, et je me livre envers S. M. à toute la plénitude de ma reconnoissance, très assuré qu'en faisant le bien, elle n'a point d'autre vue que de bien faire. Puisque vous savez au juste à quoi monte le produit des estampes dont M. Ramsay avoit eu l'honnêteté de me faire le cadeau, vous pouvez y borner la distribution que vous voulez bien avoir la bonté de faire aux pauvres, et remettre le surplus à M. Davenport qui veut bien se charger de me l'apporter. J'aspire, Mylord, au moment d'aller vous rendre mes actions de grace, et mes devoirs, en personne, et il ne tiendra pas à moi que ce ne soit avant votre départ de Londres.

“Recevez, en attendant, je vous supplie, My-



lord, mes très humbles salutations et mon respect.

“ J. J. ROUSSEAU.

“ Je ne vous parle point de ma santé, parce qu'elle n'est pas meilleure, et que ce n'est pas la peine d'en parler pour n'avoir que les même choses à dire. Celle de M<sup>lle</sup> le Vapeur, à laquelle vous avez la bonté de vous intéresser, est très mauvaise, et il n'est pas bien étonnant qu'elle empire de jour en jour.”

From J. J. Rousseau to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ *Le 16 Juillet, 1767.*

“ JE reçois seulement en ce moment, Mylord, la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire le 7 May, et le billet que vous m'avez envoyé sous la même date. En vous remerciant de l'une et de l'autre et en vous réitérant mes très humbles excuses de la peine que vous avez bien voulu prendre en ma faveur permettez qu'étant éloigné de vous je prenne la liberté de me recommander à l'honneur de vôtre souvenir, de vous assurer que vos bontés ne sortiront point de ma mémoire, et de vous renouveler les protestations de ma reconnaissance et de mon respect.

“ Je vous demande la permission, Mylord, de ne point dater, quant à présent, du lieu de ma retraite, et de ne plus signer au nom sous lequel j’ai vécu si malheureux. Vous ne tarderez pas d’être instruit de celui que j’ai pris et par lequel je vous rendrai désormais mes hommages, si vous me permettez de vous les renouveler qu’elque fois. Si vous m’honorer d’une réponse, M. Watelet en à portée de me faire passer.”

From J. J. Rousseau to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ 13 *Janvier*, 1768.

“ JE me reprocherois, Mylord, d’avoir tardi si longtems à vous écrire et à vous remercier, si je ne me rendois le temoignage que la volonté y étoit toute entière et que ce que je veux faire est toujours ce que je fais le moins. J’ai entre autres été depuis trois mois garde-malade, et je n’ai pas quitté le chevet d’un ami qui grace au Ciel est enfin parfaitement rétabli. Je vous offre, Mylord, les premiers de mes loisirs et c’est avec autant d’empressement que de reconnoissance que touché de toutes les bontés dont vous m’avez honoré, je vous en demande la continuation. Il ne tiendra pas à moi qu’en les cultivant avec le plus grand soin je ne vous témoigne en toute occasion combien elles me sont précieuses.

“ J’ai reçu depuis très longtems l’argent du

billet que vous prites la peine de m'envoyer pour le produit des estampes, et c'est encore un de mes torts les moins excusables de ne vous en avoir tout de suite accusé la reception ; mais je me reposois un peu en cela sur votre Banquier qui n'aura pas manqué de vous en donner avis.

“Vous me demandez, Mylord, ce qu'il falloit faire des estampes de M. Watelet. Nous étions convenus que puisque vous ne les aviez pas et qu'elles vous étoient agréables, vous les ajouteriez à vos portefeuilles, d'autant plus qu'elles ne pouvoient passer decemment et convenablement que dans les mains d'un ami de l'auteur. Ainsi j'espère qu'à ce titre vous ne dédaignerez pas de les accepter. A l'égard de l'estampe du Roy je désire extrêmement qu'elle me parvienne, et si vous permettez que j'abuse encore de vos bontés, j'ose vous supplier de la faire envelopper avec soin dans un rouleau, et si par hazard vous connoissez quelqu'un qui vint à Paris et qui voulut bien s'en charger de la lui remettre pour moi à l'adresse de *M. Coindet, à l'Hotel Le Blanc, rue de Clery*, et si les occasions ne se présentent pas je vous prie d'envoyer le Pacquet à *M. Rougemont, Green Lettice Lane, Canon Street*, qui se chargera de me la faire parvenir. Je desire extremement recevoir bientôt cette belle estampe, que j'aurai soin de faire encadrer convenablement, pour avoir les traits de mon auguste bienfaiteur incessamment

sous les yeux, comme ses bontés seront incessamment dans mon cœur.

“ Daignez, Mylord, continuer à m'honorer des vôtres et quelquefois des marques de votre souvenir. Je tâcherai de mon côté de ne me pas laisser oublier de vous, en vous renouvelant autant que cela ne vous importunera pas les assurances de mon plus entier dévouement et de mon plus vrai respect.

“ L'Herboriste de Mad<sup>e</sup> la

“ DUCHESSE DE PORTLAND.”

From J. J. Rousseau to Viscount Nuneham :—

“ *A Paris, 16 Juin, 1772.*

“ J'AI reçu, Mylord, avec plaisir et reconnoissance des témoignages de la continuation de votre souvenir et de vos bontés par Madame la Duchesse de Portland ; et je suis encore plus sensible à la peine que vous prenez de m'en donner par vous-même. J'avois espéré que l'Ambassade de Mylord Harcourt pourroit vous attirer dans ce pays-ci c'eût été pour moi une véritable douceur de vous y voir. Je me dédomage, autant qu'il se peut, de cette attente frustrée, en nourrissant dans mon cœur et dans ma mémoire les sentimens que vous m'avez inspirés, et qui sont par leur nature à l'épreuve du

tems de l'éloignement et de l'interruption du commerce. Je n'entretiens plus de correspondance, je n'écris plus que pour l'absolue nécessité ; mais je n'oublie point tout ce qui m'a paru mériter mon estime et mon attachement, et c'est dans cet azile de difficile accès, mais par là plus digne de vous, et où rien n'entre sans le passeport de la vertu, que vous occuperez toujours une place distinguée.

“ Je suis sensible, Mylord, à vos offres obligantes, et, si j'étois dans le cas de m'en prévaloir, je le ferois avec confiance et même avec joye, pour vous montrer combien je compte sur vos bontés ; mais, grace au ciel, je n'ai nulle affaire, et tout sur la terre m'est devenu si indifférent que je ne me donneroie pas même la peine de former un désir pour cette vie, quand cet acte seul sufficroit pour l'accomplir.

“ Ma femme vous prie d'agréers es remercimens très humbles de l'honneur de votre souvenir, et nous vous offrons, Mylord, de tout notre cœur, l'un et l'autre nos salutations et nos respects.

“ J. J. ROUSSEAU.

“ Extroit de la feuille qui paroît tous les matins à Paris sous le titre de Journal de paris. No. 187. Lundi, 6 Juillet 1778, fo. 747. Titre *variété*. Imprimé à Paris chez Quittau rue du fovarre.

“ “ Jean Jacques Rousseau Citoyen de Geneve  
' dont nous avons annoncé la mort dans la feuille

‘de hier avoit dessein depuis quelques années de  
‘quitter Paris. Il a cédé aux instances de l’amitié,  
‘et s’est établi sur la fin de May dernier dans une  
‘petite maison qui appartient a M. le Marquis  
‘de Girardin, Seigneur d’Ermenonville, et située  
‘tres pret du Chateau. Il eut Lundi dernier 2<sup>nde</sup>  
‘mois, a neuf heures du matin, en revenant de  
‘la promenade, une attaque d’Apoplexie qui dura  
‘deux heures et demie le dont il mourut.

“‘Les honneurs funebre lui furent rendus par  
‘M. le Marquis de Girardin; Son corps, apres  
‘avoir été embaumé et renfermé dans un cercueil  
‘de Plomb, fut inhumé le Samedi suivant, 4 du  
‘present mois, dans l’enceinte du Parc d’Erme-  
‘nonville, sur l’isle dite des Peupliers, au milieu de  
‘la pièce d’eau appelée le petit Lac, et située au  
‘midy du Chateau, sous une tombe décorée et  
‘elevée d’environ six pieds. Il est né le 28 Juin  
‘1712.’”

## Letter from some American Prisoners.

THIS letter was received by Lieut.-Colonel Hay, at that time Commanding Officer of the Sussex Militia. The following circumstances were the occasion of its being written.

Five American prisoners, who had made their escape from their prison at Winchester, were accidentally met by a party of the Sussex Militia, which re-took them, and on their march treated them with the greatest humanity, not only protecting them from any insult that might have been offered to them in the villages through which they passed, but supplying them with what provisions these unfortunate and almost famished men wanted, at their own expense ; and when they were re-delivered to the keeper of the prison at Winchester, the serjeant who commanded this small detachment gave the

prisoners five shillings, which he had collected among the soldiers who took them.

This letter was written in the month of November, 1779 :—

“The American prisoners offer their sincere acknowledgments to the Officers of the Sussex Regiment for their generous benefaction which, in alleviating the miseries of human nature, produced still nobler sensations in the mind ; having taught us that the misfortunes of war abolish every hostile idea in the heart of the British soldiers, or perhaps that the love of freedom is a crime the brave can overlook. An attempt to regain that liberty we have been three years deprived of, unaccompanied with violence or mischief, was surely not unjustifiable, yet if bound to secure us you therein did your duty as soldiers ; by relieving us you have distinguished yourselves as men ; Valour and Humanity have ever marched together ; the presence of one is the surest hostage for the other.

“The sentiments of liberality acquired by a superior education were too well known for your bounty to excite any emotion of surprize ; but when we were so generously relieved by the private soldiers who re-took us, gratitude was suspended between wonder and veneration. The



feelings of humanity are alien to no English heart (beneath a Minister of State), yet this splendid exertion in a rank surely not opulent must for ever distinguish the Sussex Regiment with unrivalled lustre.

“We are not without hopes that the cause of being taken in arms might be favourably explained. But this need not be entered into; the appeal has been made to the God of Armies who seems deciding on the contest. America confides in his justice, and sends no Commissioners to sue for Peace. If our conduct required a vindication the hour is not yet propitious; the same Ministers who have lost America and ruined Ireland still guide the helm of Britain; nor will the wish of any rival Nation suggest a removal. They have been your enemies more than ours, although oppression has been equally extended, and in some points of view our sufferings are of the lighter kind. You have lost your bravest Troops, have had your treasures wasted, and your commerce destroyed, without one gleam of advantage to cheer the sad prospect of destruction when invasions threaten the remnant of a dismembered Empire. Through the same baneful influence we have been massacred and impoverished, but are rising from our ashes with a lustre which no success can restore to you. To some these truths would seem harsh, but we are speaking to men

guiltless of the crimes, who have predicted their consequences, and opposed their progress. We are misled if all the Militia of this kingdom are not as much the patrons of liberty abroad as its *paladium* at home. From their honest lessons a King of England may hereafter learn that he has no power but what he derives from his people. Whatever destroys the cause annihilates the effects, and to circumscribe their rights is to shake his own.

“In a paper dictated by the warmest feelings of the heart, malice itself cannot discover disrespect, even if the heavy hours of a prison should render misery loquacious. We have been diffuse in wishing but to say how much we thank you: yet words were the only tribute we had left to offer, although Gratitude and Memory will be coeval with existence.

“Directed to the Officer Commanding the Sussex Militia at Exeter, from Plymouth.”

## Letter from Earl Harcourt.

THE following letter refers to the marriage of Lady Georgina Buckley in 1782.

From George Simon, Earl Harcourt, to Lady Cecilia Johnston :—

*“ Nuneham, Monday.*

“MADAM,—It is impossible for me to express half what Lady Harcourt and myself feel for your Ladyship’s great kindness in having communicated to us an event so interesting to yourself, and to those who, like me, from gratitude and affection, have long been attached to your family. I am extremely glad that my young friend (I cannot call her little) is not to be connected with any of our frippery *Lordlings* ; for, from what I hear, and from what I have myself observed of the characters of our young nobility, I am grown to hate a Lord, as much as if I were a rich citizen or a country Squire. I cannot be surprised at Lady Georgina West having inspired a passion as romantic as it is violent ; on the contrary, it gives me a high opinion of the young man, for she is certainly one of the cleverest and most lovely creatures that ever was born, and not

having been educated to gamble, to noddle, to snap, to make faces, and to *in*articulate, is likely neither to disgrace her birth by impertinence and ill-breeding, nor make her husband wretched and despicable by her gallantries and extravagance.

“The account your Ladyship sends me of your box is delectable, and one of the first nights in January I shall hope to have the honour of taking possession of the place you have allowed me in it. The circumstance of being able to see so well in the back seats without being seen, in any other box than your Ladyship’s, would be a most desirable circumstance to such a savage as myself, who likes to look at the world only through a telescope; but I have still some vanity left, and nothing can gratify that passion more highly than shewing myself as your Ladyship’s intimate friend, and, therefore, I must lay in a claim to put forth my head once or twice during the representation.

“Lady Harcourt charges me with a thousand acknowledgements for your repeated goodness to her, and begs leave, as I do likewise, to be remembered to General Johnston.

“I have the honour,

“Madam,

“to assure your Ladyship of my

“affectionate respect.

“HARCOURT.”

## Letter from Richard Gough.

RICHARD GOUGH, the Camden, as he was called, of the eighteenth century, was born Oct. 21, 1735. He inherited an ample fortune from his father. At a very early age he commenced his literary career. At the age of eleven he wrote a "History of the Bible translated from the French;" at the age of fifteen he completed a translation of a work by the Abbot Fleury; and at the same age he prepared for the press his "Atlas Renovatus." After leaving Cambridge he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries. The works by which Gough is best known are his "Vetusta Monumenta," his edition of Camden, and his "British Topography." Many of his most valuable books he bequeathed to the Bodleian in Oxford; the remainder of his library, which was disposed of by Sotheby in 1810, sold for somewhat over £4,000.

Gough was a man of great independence of mind, in which he somewhat gloried. That his mind in his latter days should have been overwhelmed by imbecility was a great grief to his many admirers. Distinguished as he was as a scholar, he loved to relax in his convivial hours into easy pleasantries, and his unostentatious and judicious benevolence caused his loss to be widely felt; he died in Feb., 1809, and was buried at Wormley, Herts.

From Richard Gough to Lord Harcourt:—

*“Enfield, December 25th, 1783.*

“MY LORD,—I am favored with your Lordship’s most obliging attention to my papers, and encouraged to submit to your correction the remaining sheets of Oxfordshire.

“The circumstance of the three Ladies wearing the Garter had not escaped me. I have drawings made by Mr. Grierson of the monument of Sir R. de Harcourt and his Lady, and the Countess of Suffolk at Ewelme, for a work on our antient Monuments which I have been some time engaged in, and to which Mr. Walpole has con-

tributed so munificently from his fine collection of Drawings.

“The monument of Lady Tankerville is, as your Lordship observes, so mutilated that it is impossible to do it justice, nor has it been attempted in Dr. Ducarell’s History of St. Katherine’s Hospital.

“I congratulate your Lordship and the public on the possession of the Sheldon Maps<sup>a</sup>, and that the earliest memorial of two arts among us, Tapestry and Map-making, will at length find a Repository worthy of them, and which will hand them down in security to the latest posterity.

“If your Lordship will indulge me with the perusal of A. Wood’s MS. account of Ewelme, South Leigh, and Cumnor, I will take particular care of them. Any parcel addressed to me at my Printers, Mr. Nichols, in Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, will be safely forwarded to

“Your Lordship’s obedient

“humble servant,

“RICHARD GOUGH.”

<sup>a</sup> These maps are now in the Yorkshire Museum—a not very appropriate place for maps of Oxfordshire. They were transferred there through a misconception. If they were to have left Nuneham they ought to have gone to Oxford.

## Letters from Earl Harcourt.

FROM Earl Harcourt to Countess Harcourt. Giving an account of his being made a D.C.L. at Oxford :—

*“ Friday night, September, 1786.*

“. . . . Of the ever memorable yesterday, Mr. Haggitt has sent you an account, but words cannot paint my sufferings whilst I stood in the middle of a spacious long room, with the Doctors and Masters of Arts, &c., ‘all ranged a terrible shew!’ around it, listening to commendations of myself, of which I was but too conscious I did not deserve the tenth part ; and I am persuaded many a poor wretch at the foot of the gallows is not more terrified or trembling than I was during that awful ceremony, made still more so by the number of gazers, and by the full attendance of the Convocation to honour my admission to a degree. Sir James Stonhouse and Mr. Bennet went to Oxford on purpose to pay me the compliment of being present on the occasion, for which I feel myself much obliged to them. Can Honour brace a man’s nerves? no ; Honour then has no skill in physic any more than in surgery ? no. You shall



hear the whole of my eventful history ; and I shall next tell you that, happy at the business of Doctorizing being ended, I went to pass a quiet quarter of an hour with the Vice Chancellor, and afterwards with Dr. Hoare, to see some antiquities and painted glass at a private House ; never once recollecting till it was almost time to set out for Cuddesden, that the Mayor and Sir John Treacher had waited on me early in the morning from the Corporation, to offer me the freedom of the City, and that I had appointed to go to the Town Hall immediately on coming out of the Convocation House ; therefore I made them wait at least an hour and a half. The ceremony there was neither tedious nor tremendous ; we had much bowing on all sides, and I was dismissed with a universal clapping of dirty hands ; the staring, however, did not end whilst I remained in the Town, for there was a mob whenever I got in or out of my coach ; in short, I returned with the weight of two fresh honours on my shoulder, for which my purse is grown lighter by 26 guineas.

“L<sup>d</sup> and L<sup>y</sup> Hawkesbury and the two Misses Cope offered themselves to dine here on Monday, but your absence, and L<sup>y</sup> Vernon appearing even less desirous than myself of receiving them, I excused myself on the plea of that absence, and of our good mother being fatigued after her late journey, and consequently unable to do the

honours to them. N.B. the unwillingness was true, the fatigue entirely invention, for she is *perfectly* well, as are your sisters also."

\* \* \* \* \*

From Earl Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

" April, 1790.

" . . . . The ball last night was so pretty and picturesque that I was sorry my engagement to Ly Ailesbury obliged me to quit it so early, though I staid the supper, saw some dancing after it, and what was better than either, the universal romping between the two parts of the entertainment. The supper began between eight and nine o'clock, and except some cold fowls, was composed only of such harmless eatables as children are accustomed to.

" Lady Aylesbury's party was very small, and not unpleasant, and my reception highly distinguished, for I found G<sup>l</sup> Conway at the head of the stairs to meet me, having been announced as P<sup>s</sup> Sophia of Gloucester, a mistake occasioned by the Royal Carriage and Liveries. The *Divine* informed me that the Landgrave and the Landgravine returned from Windsor delighted with their Majesties' goodness to them."

\* \* \* \* \*

From Earl Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

“ *Thursday night, December, 1792.*

“THE Deuce is in it, ma belle, if you are not satisfied with my ample details of the French Harcourts ; the Queen told me, if the K. approved of it, that she meant to make them a visit at St. Leonards, in which I encouraged her. I was a considerable time with her to-day in the white and gold closet, when the K. came in from Kew and kept me there as long as he well could do, considering the hour of the day and what he had to do. He and the Queen both looked remarkably well, and were in the best of spirits. The crowd in the park was beyond all former example, and a very loud Huzza accompanied him as he drove to the door of the Queen’s house. I confess I was persuaded that if any personal insult was intended towards him, it would be shewn on this day, but the very reverse appeared, although some seditious words addressed to him had been chalked the whole length of the park wall, *precisely opposite* each sentry box.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I sat down to my dinner at half-past nine, one reason for not giving you any account of the debate, but the truest and therefore the best reason is, that I have not attention enough to be able to relate long speeches, nor, if I had, have I patience

sufficient for such an undertaking ; suffice it to say that L<sup>d</sup> Grenville's speech was super-excellent, L<sup>d</sup> Lansdown's reply superlatively wicked, dangerous, and Jesuitical, not one applauding, and had he been silly enough to have attempted a division, those two Peers would have been opposed to the whole House ; but the intention of Malazgrida (his former political title) being only to prevent its appearing to the world, and on the Journals, that the address had passed *nemine dissidente*, that wicked intention was answered by his having proposed an amendment. Mr. Fox's amendment was, I suppose, the same or nearly so, and his speech, as I was told, outrageously violent, which offended many, hurt some, and alarmed others. Mr. Wyndham's speech, I heard, was admirable ; if their house divided it was universally believed that the division on Mr. Fox's side would be extremely weak. To-morrow I go to the Levee and to the play, enough for one day.

"Pray order Jacob to see that Mr. Pope's portrait be *carefully* placed in a packing case, and brought to London with the waggon, for L<sup>d</sup> Onslow wants a copy of it, and has a right<sup>a</sup> to have one. Good night."

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>a</sup> This refers to the fact that Lord Onslow had given Lord Harcourt a copy of his celebrated picture of Milton in his youth. This copy is now of value, as the original is said to be lost.

"Amongst the 50 who were in the minority last night against 290, were L<sup>d</sup> Ed. Bentinck, young L<sup>d</sup> G. Cavendish, L<sup>d</sup> John, and alas ! L<sup>d</sup> Wm. Russell."

From Earl Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*"December, 1792.*

"... My brother was from home, and so was Mrs. Harcourt, and so I was obliged to announce myself to the poor Duchess, who was sitting with le prince de Craon and the eldest son of the head of my family ; they both appear to be good humoured and obliging boys ; the former is awkward, and ugly, and shy (no defect this in my eyes), but speaks English very fluently.

"Amadée d'Harcourt is very handsome, and reminded me of his charming Grandmother, whom I knew at Vallogne. The married and single girls are both of them simplicity and nature itself, and the P<sup>ss</sup> is pretty ; neither of them have either grace or air. Le Duc de Mortemart is as simple and unaffected in his manners as Mr. Mason could wish any man to be, and never did I see anything more to be admired than the fortitude and resignation of the two old people (Mons<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>me</sup> d'H. I mean). In a long *tête à tête* I had with her she never lamented the splendor she had been deprived

of, till on my representing to her the advantage she still enjoyed of being in a country where she had so many acquaintance, where her family was respected, and the Duke justly esteemed ; she assented to what I said, but burst into tears, and added, *il est dur a mon age d'etre reduite à mourir de faim, ou à demander l'aumone* ; the former thought I to myself can never happen to you whilst I can give you anything, and I have seen enough of this unfortunate family to be ready and willing to retrench my own luxuries to afford to them the assistance their moderate wants require. Every body, from the moment of their landing to the present hour, have shewn them the utmost attention and respect ; even the Custom House Officers, &c., have been obliging and civil. This treatment has raised the spirits of the Duke, but has made him draw comparisons between our nation and the Dutch, much to the discredit of the latter, where they were universally cheated, and treated with insolence."

\* \* \* \* \*

From Earl Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*"December, 1792.*

" . . . . The Theatre in the Hay-market was crowded beyond what I had ever seen before, and the repeated huzzas, waving of hats, and the *whole*

audience standing up and singing the chorus of God save the King, had a most magnificent and touching effect. 30 Clubs in the City have been dissolved in consequence of the associations, and the Democratic party is now in its turn pannick struck ; but the evil spirit still remains in them and if ten thousand French were to land (and such a thing they will probably attempt if we go to war with them), it is supposed that every Presbyterian to a man would join with them, and that body consists of more than 200 thousand ; the French have in actual pay an army of 200 and thirty thousand men. The evil Mr. Fox has committed by not suffering the address to pass with apparent unanimity is very great, tho' the number of his supporters was so small. He intends on Monday to move that we should send a Minister to the national convention ; is this madness or the height of all wickedness ? the latter I believe.

“ I have heard, and I believe it, that most of the mischief committed here, is by the French Servants, who, by money collected in their clubs (of which there are many), circulate the vile politics of their nation amongst their own and our countrymen. Would it not then be advisable before you leave Nuneham either to speak to de Ville yourself, or to employ Jacob to say that those circumstances are known, and that if he does frequent such clubs, or will not promise to attend



them no more, we must part with him, and give our reasons for so doing?"

\* \* \* \* \*

From Earl Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*"December, 1792.*

" . . . . If you want any stockings or such like merchandise, you may purchase them of our cousin Guerchy, as he carries them about him and offers them to sale ; but as they say he cheats every body I shall not advise you to deal with him ; he keeps a shop somewhere in Town with the name of Reguier de Guerchy written over it. This anecdote was learnt from his nearer relations, who avoid him, and would not receive him in this house, at the door of which I have ordered myself to be denied if he should come.

"My brother and Mr<sup>s</sup>. Harcourt are to make some useful present to our respectable cousins, and he advises that I should send them half a hogshead of Claret, and the same of Port ; a few dozens of the latter were offered to him at the house they take possession of on Tuesday next, but my brother saw by the Duke's embarrassment and hesitation that he thought it a luxury beyond his reach, and after some consideration he answered, nous boirons de la bière. What a change



of situation from the once affluent and hospitable possessor of Harcourt, and the Princely splendour of the Governor of Normandy, when the D<sup>s</sup> had five femmes de chambre, et toute la Maison était montée sur le même ton.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I understand that the portrait of Milton<sup>b</sup> would be at Nuneham yesterday; pray order it to be taken out of its case, and tell Jacob to order an oval frame to be made to fit it; it is to be the pendant to L<sup>d</sup> Orford, and therefore you will direct what design you like best. Pray also desire Mr. Haggitt, who writes a good hand, to be so obliging as to give him a memorandum where it is to be placed, and to remove J. J. Rousseau to the center door of the passage, S<sup>r</sup> W. Raleigh<sup>c</sup> to the place occupied by Newton<sup>c</sup>, and the latter over the door of the Library, into that where Otway now hangs, which is so execrably painted<sup>d</sup>, that it may be sent to the lumber, or any other room.”

\* \* \* \* \*

From Earl Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

“ . . . D<sup>r</sup>. Vaughan has been here, and has condemned me to Bath the beginning of the ensu-

<sup>b</sup> This was Lord Onslow's picture.

<sup>c</sup> These pictures are wanting.

<sup>d</sup> This picture is by Riley, and now hangs in the state passage.

ing week, which I am sorry for, as you cannot possibly like to go thither, and as I am very far myself from wishing to go. Pray ask the Queen's permission for me to obey my Physician, as it may save H. M. the trouble of reading a letter from me.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

"Dr. Vaughan finds nothing amiss in my pulse except their want of fullness. My good Dr. (thought I to myself) you must contrive to make me young again before you can expect that mine should beat with youthful strength.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

"Adieu ma belle, and believe in the sincerity of my affection."

## Letter addressed to George Simon, Earl Harcourt.

"MY LORD,—I serve since some years in the Imperial army, unto the Princes de Ligne Regiment ; the peace has robbed me the expectation of promulgation ; but the war which duers between the English Monarchy and France has raised up in me the desire to forsake a service, where there is now, before long, to hope, no opportunity of distinguishing one's self, to range me under the standards of his English Majesty and fight for the cause of a great people, who alone is able to cast down the proud of the French Tyrant and to re-instate the balance in Europe.

"Would you interest yourself for me, it should be easy to your Lordship to make me have an officer's commission, either unto the German or Swissmen Regiments, at the British service, for, as I speak German and French, I can be employed in those phalanxes, and likewise in the India army. Thus if you judge worthy of your patronage a Gentleman whose family is well known, and who has the honour to be a kinsman of yours from the side of Jane Tilly, who married, the sixth Februar in the year 1345, Philip of Harcourt, and brought him eighteen seigniories,

there is no doubt that my expectance shall be fulfilled, and my slight talents in practice.

“Dare I hope that you shall condescend to my asking by making obtain me what is the sincerest desire of my heart.

“I have the honour to be,

“My Lord,

“Your Lordship’s

“Most Humble and

“Obedient Servant,

“Signed. C<sup>te</sup> DE TILLY,

“Imp. Officer.

“*In Garrison at Leopol,*

“*the 24th August, 1803.*”

## Letter from Countess Harcourt.

FROM Countess Harcourt to Earl Harcourt :—

*“ Tuesday, April 18th, 1809.*

“THANK God, my Dearest Lord, my accounts of you this morning have quieted my mind, which I will own was sadly harrassed yesterday. It is bad enough to have you ill when I can watch and attend you, and know every moment how you are going on, but to be absent is misery, and I feel that while you are condemned to be in a dreamy dose in your great chair that it might be some satisfaction to you to have me for your *vis a vis* in mine; and you know I can be silent and not worry you by useless attempts to amuse you. Well, in two days more I shall be with you. I fear they will appear long ones notwithstanding the constant kindness I receive here, no part of which I feel so sensibly as the real interest that is expressed for you. I had hardly read my letters when Angelica came up with a message from the King and Queen to know what account I had got. I have since been with them, and they rejoiced with me like private friends in your being better. It was truly kind in you, my best beloved.

*“Memorandum.*

“I was interrupted as I finished the opposite page, and before I could continue my letter I received an express from my Brother desiring me to return to town directly, as he was alarmed about my Dear Lord. I did so, and when I arrived at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening the 18th of April, found that the bad symptoms had increased; yet still there appeared ground for hope, but on the following day the change was so great as to make me fear the worst, and at half-past one on Thursday morning, April the 20th, 1809, it pleased the Almighty to deprive me of a Husband whose unbounded kindness to me deserved the strong affection I felt for him when living, and ever shall retain for his memory. Little did I think that this would be the last letter I should ever begin to him, and that he would never see it.

“I will not murmur, O my God, at thy dispensations. I will bless thee for the years of happiness I have known, and pray through thy grace to be worthy to be reunited to the Dear object of my Love in that better world where I trust he is now receiving the reward of his Virtues.”

Copied from a Newspaper, 1809.

THE following extract from a Newspaper of the day describes Lord Harcourt's character in the quaint manner which then prevailed :—

“EARL HARCOURT.

“THE character of this venerable Nobleman requires more than a mere recollection of his death. He was distinguished for those virtues and that dignified conduct which we hope will always characterize the chief body of the British Nobility, whatever may be the dissipation of the times. He was a liberal and enlightened patron of the arts, and was no inconsiderable proficient in painting ; but the great feature of his character was benevolence, and the poor, but particularly those in the neighbourhood of Nuneham, his Lordship's seat in Oxfordshire, have, for a long period, derived from him encouragement and support. His private conduct was marked by gentleness and affability, but with the firmness of good sense. He was an elegant scholar, and had the advantage of being under the private tuition of Mr. Whitehead the poet, with whom he

made a tour over various parts of Europe. His Majesty has lost one of his best subjects, and the British Nobility one of its most respectable ornaments, in the death of this valuable nobleman.

“The beautiful seat at Nuneham descends to his Lordship’s brother, whose character is of a congenial nature, and to whom the poor may confidently look for a Patron who will endeavour to compensate for the loss which they have suffered in their late benefactor.”



## Description of a Monument.

THE Description which follows was written by Lady Harcourt of a Monument which she erected in the Harcourt Chapel to the memory of her husband. The verses likewise were written by herself :—

### DESCRIPTION OF A MONUMENT LATELY ERECTED AT STANTON HARCOURT.

“A RECUMBENT figure, as large as the life, reposes upon an Altar Tomb. It is dressed in robes ; the head is supported by cushions ; the Crest is at the feet ; A mask had been taken off the face, from which that on the monument was modelled. It has been painted from a portrait by an eminent artist, and is thought a striking likeness. The Crest is repeated, in *alto rilievo*, at the bottom of the tomb. On one side of it are three Gothic shield ; on the two end ones are the plain Harcourt arms ; on that in the middle is inscribed,—

“ Sacred to the Memory of  
GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT,  
Earl, Viscount, & Baron Harcourt, of Stanton Harcourt,  
& Viscount Nuneham, of Nuneham Courtenay.

He was born August the 12<sup>th</sup>, 1736,  
Married Sept<sup>r</sup>. 26<sup>th</sup>, 1765, to Elizabeth, Daughter of  
George Lord Vernon,  
& died April the 20<sup>th</sup>, 1809.  
Aged Seventy-two.

“ The head of the tomb, and one side, are united to the wall of the Church by an enriched Gothic Screen, which rises considerably above the Figure. At the head there is a large Gothic Shield, with arms, and quarterings, Coronet, and supporters properly emblazoned, and on another shield of the same kind, on the side, is the following inscription :—

“ Here rest, lov'd shade, amid thy kindred Race ;  
And Oh ! may every Virtue guard the place ;  
Virtues like those thy blameless life displayed,  
Which gave Thee honours that shall never fade ;  
For long the memory of thy liberal Heart,  
Thy open temper that disdain'd all art,  
The steady principles, the love of Truth,  
That mark'd thy conduct from thy earliest youth,  
The pure religion that adorn'd thy mind,  
Thy warm benevolence to all Mankind,  
Thy fond affection for the chosen few  
Who shar'd thy friendship, and its value knew,

Shall deep engraven in each bosom dwell,  
And frequent sighs the Dear remembrance tell.

Yet Holy Faith an humble hope may give,  
With Thee again in happier Realms to live,  
Where she, whose sorrowing Heart this tribute pays,  
And bids this sculptur'd Stone record thy praise,  
Each fear subdued, each painful trial o'er,  
With Thee may Heaven's Eternal Lord adore."

## Memoir of Elizabeth, Countess Harcourt.

ELIZABETH, Countess Harcourt, was born in the year 1746. She was the eldest child of the third marriage of her father, George, first Lord Vernon. Lord Vernon was married firstly to Mary, sister and coheiress of Lord Howard of Effingham, by whom he had three sons and two daughters; secondly, to Mary, daughter of Sir William Lee of Hartwell, by whom he had no family; and thirdly, to Martha, sister, and eventually heiress, of Simon, Earl Harcourt. By his third marriage Lord Vernon had three sons and four daughters. The eldest of these daughters, Elizabeth, married, on the 26 of September, 1765, her first cousin, George Simon, Viscount Nuneham; whilst Edward, one of these sons—of whom more hereafter—became, eventually,

the heir, through his mother, of the Harcourt estates.

The course of these papers now takes us back to the period of Miss Vernon's marriage with her cousin. Dr. Addenbrooke, Dean of Lichfield, who was also Vicar of Sudbury, was the writer of the letters which follow.

From Dean Addenbrooke of Lichfield to Miss Vernon :—

“DEAR MISS VERNON,—Your letter gave me very great pleasure, both upon your account and my own. No one will rejoyce more in your happiness, and in that of the family, than I shall, and no one has more inducements to it. You and your friends must be highly pleased with this proposal; and as far as I am a judge of Lord N—— he has a very good understanding, and a great deal of good nature; which must necessarily make a good husband, where they meet with every amiable accomplishment in the Lady. You have, Madam, a very fair prospect before you, and I think I may be answerable for your improvement of it in ev'ry part of your conduct. I am sure no one can more sincerely wish you ev'ry thing that can contribute to make

you as happy as Mrs. Adams<sup>a</sup>—you need not desire more.

“ We were very impatient to see you all in the country, but you have made so very good an excuse for not coming down at present, that those few who know it are quite satisfied with the delay, tho’ the accounts in the papers make us wish for your leaving that riotous town as soon as you can ; but love has only one fear, and overlooks ev’ry other danger. We live here in great composure, without any apprehensions of mobs and tumults, and pay our formal visits in peace. Our amusements are not in the highest taste, but we return to our own homes without being insulted ; and this, tho’ it will scarcely be called living, makes us eat and sleep with great serenity.

“ My wife desires me to express her joy in this affair, in the strongest manner, and to send you ev’ry wish of happiness that she can invent.

“ I am, Madam,

“ Your most obedient

“ Humble Servant,

“ J. ADDENBROOKE.

“ Mr. Edward<sup>b</sup> is very well, and desires his duty

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Adams afterwards took his mother’s name of Anson. He was created Lord Anson, and his son became Earl of Lichfield. Mrs. Adams was daughter of the first Lord Vernon by his first marriage, and half-sister of Lady Nuneham.

<sup>b</sup> Lady Nuneham’s brother, afterwards Archbishop of York.

and love. I have not yet inform'd him that he is in a fair way of having another brother.

"Be pleas'd to make our duty and compliments.

*"Sudbury, May 22, 1765."*

From Dean Addenbrooke of Lichfield to  
Viscountess Nuneham :—

"WE are extremely obliged to Dear Lady Nuneham for her kind wishes of the season, and what gives them a real value, is our assurance of the sincerity of them. We have had so many instances of friendship and good nature from her that there can be no Suspicion that they don't come from the heart. I think myself much honoured by your Ladyship's letter, and hope that I shall never forfeit that esteem which you, upon all occasions, have expressed for me. It gives me more pleasure than you will easily imagine.

"You have a great loss of L<sup>d</sup> Harcourt's company, and when I first heard of his going to France<sup>c</sup>, concluded that L<sup>d</sup> and Lady Nuneham would have attended him, and no one, I am sure, would have done the Honours of His Excellency's table better; but if the Country does not agree with L<sup>d</sup> Nuneham, there can't be a better reason for staying at home.

<sup>c</sup> Lord Harcourt was appointed Ambassador to France, 1768.

“Wherever you are my best wishes will always attend you both, whether you are providing for your family at Leicester House, or feeding the hungry at Nuneham ; but amidst these pleasures, I desire that Sudbury may not escape you once a year at least. What resolutions are form’d there at present are not favourable for a London journey. My Lord seems determined against it, but he will, you know, sometimes change his opinion, and I think you will see them in Town, tho’ perhaps not so early as usual. They are all very well, but my Lord still claims the privilege of complaining, tho’ he never look’d better. It has given me a particular pleasure to see your brother<sup>d</sup> once more at Sudbury. He is in good health and spirits, and seems entirely to enjoy the place and the company ; and I imagine that tho’ M<sup>rs</sup>. Vernon durst not venture to come at this time of the year, that there is a design of paying them a visit in Glamorganshire this summer. He and the lively Colonel leave this Place on Saturday, and stay two nights with M<sup>rs</sup>. Adams, and propose to dine in London on Tuesday next.

“You will oftener see your good-natur’d little Brother Edward. He is design’d for Westminster at Lady day, and seems very desirous to be there

<sup>d</sup> Lord Vernon’s eldest son, born 1733, married 1757, to the only daughter and heiress of Lord Mansell.



as soon as he can. He'll do very well, I think, wherever he is.

"My Wife, who has not been very well all this winter, is now much better, and desires to join in the sincerest wishes of many and happy years to Lord and Lady Nuneham, with, Madam,

"Your most obliged and

"Most obedient

"Humble Servant,

"J. ADDENBROOKE.

"*Sudbury, Jan. 12, 1769.*"

## Letters from Viscountess Nuneham.

AFTER their marriage Lord and Lady Nuneham went abroad, and remained for some time out of England. It was during that period that the following letters were written by Lady Nuneham to her mother and sister.

From Elizabeth, Viscountess Nuneham, to her mother, Lady Vernon :—

*“Liege, 1766.*

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—As you was so kind as to desire to hear from me very often, I again take up my pen to trouble you with a letter, which I hope will find yourself, my dear Father, &c., in perfect health. We are vastly well ; I don’t believe you would know my Lord again, his looks and spirits are so much altered for the better, which you will easily believe makes me excessively happy. I continue very much pleased with this place, and the method in which I pass my time. I do not mix a great deal with the company here, for I am unfashionable enough to prefer the society of my husband and an agreeable friend, to

the Balls, Plays, Courts, and assemblys, &c., with which this place abounds: I was indeed at two Balls last week, and danced a good deal at both; but when I shall go again I don't know, for this weather (tho' not equal to what I have felt in England at this time of year) is nevertheless too hot to make dancing either a pleasure or a wholesome exercise; I am grown too old to like Dancing for Dancing sake, and think in a fine evening a walk upon these delightful mountains much pleasanter than hopping about a dirty hot room with people I know so little of; tho' I must say they have all been excessively polite to me in every respect, and some of them are very agreeable and pleasing. Those whom I like best, and with whom I pass most of my time, are the Princess Poniatowsky, M<sup>me</sup> de Bentheim, M<sup>me</sup> d'Harrack, M<sup>rs</sup>. Cressiner, who is the only English lady that it is possible to have any connection with, and tho' last, not least in my lovè, M<sup>me</sup> de Blanchard, who is one of the most intimate friends Lady Spencer has, and is very like her both in person and manner; they used to be very much together the different times that Lord Spencer has been abroad.

"M<sup>me</sup> de Blanchard has something in her appearance that interests one at first sight; her bad health and other misfortunes have given her an air of melancholy, which one may at times premise is not natural to her who is Chanoiness of Neuss,

which is a kind of convent for persons of the first distinction only ; as before they are admitted into it they are obliged to prove that their families, both of their fathers' and mothers' side, have not had one mesalliance for six hundred years ; they are obliged to reside in the Chapter, as they call it, a certain time in every year, for the rest they are at liberty to do what they please ; they wear no particular dress except a broad ribbon put on like those the Knights of the Garter wear in England ; either red, blue, green, purple, or white, some embroidered with gold or silver and some not, according to the different chapters : they are at liberty to quit the Chapter and marry if they please, but if they do they forfeit their salary, which, at some of those which are the best endowed, amounts to Sixty Pounds a year ; this is looked upon as so great a thing, that many of the German Princes are very glad to have their daughters Chanoinesses, in order to secure a provision for them.

“To us English this appears extraordinary, as we should think sixty pounds a year very little to find a person in clothes, food, servants, and in short everything but Lodging. Some of them, provided their friends are very rich indeed, receive an additional allowance from them of ten, fifteen or twenty pounds a year, and that enables them to live splendidly. The Abbesses of these Convents

or Chapters have sometimes 5, 6, or £700 a year ; but then they are obliged to declare against marriage, and take vows never to leave the Convent ; the children of great people are often educated here, and afterwards become Chanoinesses. If a Prince or nobleman has several daughters they are very happy to obtain the ribbon for such as are plain, because, as they have no fortunes, they would have little chance of marrying suitable to their rank, and one mesalliance is such a devilment to a family that they don't recover it under 600 years. M<sup>ne</sup> de Blanchart has a sister who might in point of fortune have been very greatly married to an English gentleman, but her friends, who in fortune and pride are not unlike the Baron in *Candide*, absolutely refused it, because he wanted at least a hundred quarterings.

“Perhaps I may have tired you with this long history, but I wish to make my letters as much worth reading as I can, by giving accounts in them of such customs and things as I find most different from ours in England. I can't help wishing we had something like these Chapters in England, especially for such young people who are unfortunate enough to lose their parents ; as it would secure them a very good education while they were children, and when they were grown up would be a reputable place for them to reside in till they married ; and, tho' the income is trifling,

it would to a small fortune be a comfortable addition.

“We have lately been a good deal engaged in dining out, which I don’t like at all, as the dinners are very bad and very formal. We dined the other day at Lord and Lady Roseberry’s, who, except the Cressiners and Lady Powerscourt, are the only English families of any fashion. The latter I don’t know more than formal visiting, the middlemost I like, and the first I dislike extremely. I had yesterday a letter from Harry, and had the satisfaction of finding that he was well after his journey. I am sorry to find my paper so near full, as I know no pleasanter moments than those I pass in conversing even in this manner with my Dearest Mother. Of this I hope you are convinced, and also that I shall never cease to be your most dutiful and affect Daughter. My Lord joins with me in duty to yourself and my Father, and in love and comp<sup>t</sup> as due.”

From Viscountess Nuneham to her sister,  
the Hon. Miss Vernon :—

*“Spa, June the 20th.*

“MY DEAREST KATE,—I was very happy to receive a letter from you at Bruxelles, and to hear so good an account of the health of my dear Father and Mother. I was also very glad to hear that Patty had performed her journey so

well, and hope by this time her cough has quite left her. I have never received my Mother's letter, which has been a great disappointment to me, but hope to hear from her very soon.

"I will now resume my Journal, having first told you that I should have written to you from Bruxelles if I had not been too much hurried to find time. I concluded my last letter at Ghent. We left that place the morning after, and got to Bruxelles in good time. There we found Lord Robert Spencer, who almost lived with us the three days we stayed. The day after we came to Bruxelles, viz<sup>t</sup> Monday, we passed the morning in visiting some of the Churches, many of which are well worth seeing. We afterwards went to some shops, and then returned home to dinner. After dinner I was visited by the Princess la Bonnauville, the Mesdames D'Urse (who though unmarried are of too high a rank to be called Mademoiselle), Madame de Bentheim (the same who directed the setting of my Diamonds), the Duke D'Urse, and lastly Mrs. Chetwynde of Haywood Park, who was in her usual good spirits, and was really of more use to us than any of the others, as she told us what people we might venture to employ and at what shops we should be least imposed upon. As soon as they were gone we went to the Bequinage Convent to buy Lace, and from thence to the Play.

“Tuesday we went in the morning to the Palace, which I thought by far the most worth seeing of any thing I had seen since I left England. The first room however that was worth sending you an account of is Prince Charles of Lorrain’s Indian Closet. It is hung in the prettiest taste imaginable with curious Indian pictures, and the rest of the furniture is made to suit them. From thence we passed through his bed chamber, furnished with yellow and silver, into the Japan room, the walls of which are wainscotted with the finest old Japan: the chairs are of the same; on them are placed Chinese figures large as the life and richly dressed in the habits of their Country; these figures are so well executed that they seem like real people inhabiting the room. Every kind of curiosity of Japan, china, agates, and other precious stones, mother of pearl, ivory, ebony, gold, silver, &c., &c., are to be seen in this room, so well arranged as to appear placed there rather for use as parts of the furniture of the room than for ornament or show.

“Leaving this delightful room, we passed through one hung with the pictures of all the celebrated French, German, and Austrian beauties, into a long Gallery, where I shall detain you a considerable time. At the upper end of it there is, enclosed in a large glass case, the invaluable Cabinet of the famous Christina, Queen of



Sweden. The solid part of it is composed of gold, ivory, and mother of pearl inlaid; and emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, rubies, pearls, agates, cornelians, jaspers, &c., &c., are all employed to ornament it. I never saw so fine a piece of workmanship, and yet, beautiful and magnificent as this was, my attention was soon drawn away from it by what appeared to me still more curious; this was another very large glass case in the corner of the Gallery, divided into an infinite number of little rooms, and containing, in miniature, all the Trades and the Instruments used in them that are known in any part of the world; from the shearing the sheep to the making up the cloth in the coat; from the digging gold out of the mine to the coining it into money, &c., &c.

“The Prince gave immense rewards to each Mechanic who was famous in his profession, on condition that they should make him in miniature the exact representation of their tools and the method of using them. You will not be able to understand any thing from the very bad manner in which I have described this Machine, but, when we meet, I hope to give you a clearer account by word of mouth than I have done upon paper. The rest of this Gallery is not much unlike the British Museum, glass cases go all round it containing every sort of Bird, Fish,

and Insect, all so well preserved as to seem alive. There is likewise, in this room, a fine collection of Shells, petrefactions, Fossils, &c. Here I also saw a small wax figure, the face of which was taken off that of the little Dwarf who belonged to the King of Poland; the figure was made exactly of his size, and dressed in his clothes. I am very certain it was not by an inch so tall as Master Adams<sup>a</sup>, though the man, at the time the figure was made, was 25. I never saw so pretty a little creature, the face was beautiful and not too large for the figure, which is seldom the case with Dwarfs.

“I fancy you will now be glad to leave the Gallery, and, therefore, will conduct you into a room furnished with every kind of Musical Instrument. As you were not there to play upon any of them I was not tempted to stay long there; I, therefore, left the Palace penetrated with admiration for a Prince who, adored by his subjects, passes his whole time in doing them good. He resigns all the pomp and parade of Royalty in order to have it more in his power to indulge the benevolence of his heart in the most noble acts of charity; the being unhappy is sufficient to entitle any one, however mean their situation, to his protection; from the moment he knows their misfortunes he takes all the care the most

<sup>a</sup> Afterwards Earl of Lichfield.

tender parent can do to put an end to them. His study is to put a stop to all luxury in his Court, and nobody can displease him more than by coming to his Drawing room in any thing fine. In order to encourage Industry he has himself learnt almost every trade, and works at them. I myself saw a picture frame in papier maché that he had just finished, and a chair that he was about, both extremely well done. After having seen the Palace, we had but just time to see some fine Tapestry in the Town Hall, and then went home to dress. After dinner we went to the play. The Duke D'Urse lent us his box upon the stage, so that I heard very well and was much entertained. From the play we went to supper at the Duke D'Urse's; there we found the Prince and Princess de Ligne, the reigning Count and Countess de Bentheim, the Duke and Duchess D'Arambergh, the Mesdames D'Urse and Grobandon, and Lord Robert Spencer. We played at cards before and after supper, and it was really very agreeable.

"The next morning we left Bruxelles, dined at Louvain, and lay at St. Tron. The next day we had not time to eat any other dinner than some cold meat in the coach, for the roads are so bad, that it made a journey of 32 miles almost too much for a day: we were above eight hours going the last 16 miles. However, at last we

reached this place safe and well last night. I can give you no account of this place, for, having dedicated the morning to giving my dear friends at Sudbury an account of myself, I have as yet seen nothing. My paper now forces me to subscribe myself, my Dear Kitty,

“Your truly affectionate sister.

“I shall write to my mother the Post after next. I wish the Post here was more certain, and that the letters were not so long in going.

“You inquire after the Bull at Lisle, the Marquis de Hautfeville was not there, so I escaped it.”

From Viscountess Nuneham to her sister,  
the Hon. Miss Vernon :—

“MY DEAR KITTY,—You will, I imagine, receive this letter about the eleventh of September, and I must beg of you to accept my Lord’s and my own congratulations and sincere good wishes to you upon that day ; may every return of it be happy, and may you, in the future years of your life, receive as much satisfaction yourself, and impart as much to your friends as you have hitherto done.

“I must now return you my thanks for your letters and kind congratulations upon my Dear Lord’s Birthday. Truly sensible of my happiness in him, that day will always give me pleasure, and you could no way so pleasingly testify your affec-

tion to me as by so kindly remembering him. He charges me to give you his love and best thanks. I imagine you are by this time returned from your Cheshire expedition, and dare say you was much pleased with it. My mother has, I hope, received a letter I wrote her a few days ago. Did you receive one from me about a month or five weeks since? I hope none of my letters are lost, and then I am sure my dear friends at Sudbury will rather complain of hearing too often than too seldom from me. As to my other correspondents, I cannot brag of writing to *them* often; indeed here it is very difficult to find any time for writing, notwithstanding I get up between five and six every morning.

“You will wonder how I employ myself, and I can give no account but that I am convinced there is not above five minutes in each day. In my letter to my Mother I sent you word that you should have a full account of the Ceremonies I saw at Liege, connected with two young ladies taking the Veil. We proceeded between eight and nine to the Church of St. Sepulchre, where, by the interest of Lord Stourton, we were seated in the place belonging to the Abbess, which is open on one side to the Church, on the other to the choir where the Nuns sit. At nine the procession began: the inferior priests dressed in white bearing tapers and Crucifixes; then the Bishop in his robes of

white satin, richly embroidered with gold, silver, and coloured flowers, a large Cross in his hand, Priests on each side of him with tapers ; then came two girls very prettily dressed in white, with chaplets of flowers on their heads and nosegays in their hands, strewing flowers; then followed a third girl, dressed like the others, bearing the Noviciate's Crown ; then came the first Noviciate, Miss Berringer, led by Lord Stourton. She was dressed in a rich blue and silver, with a very large hoop, and a great quantity of Jewels ; the little girls that belonged to the second Noviciate followed her, dressed and walking like the former. Miss Sims, the second Noviciate, was led by Lord Arundel ; she was also full dressed in rose colour and silver, and had a still greater quantity of Jewels. Each Noviciate bore in her hand a lighted taper of a prodigious size ; their friends, the inferior Priests, persons belonging to the convent, &c., closed the procession ; the whole Church was lighted up, and a vast quantity of lamps, in which incense was burnt, added to the perfume of the flowers, was delightful.

“The Altars (for in Catholic Churches there are several) were decorated with rich ornaments in gold, silver, precious stones, &c. Garlands of flowers were hung up all about the Church. The procession proceeded to the Altar, where they prostrated themselves, and then the Bishop asked

the two young ladies what they wanted; they replied, to dedicate themselves to God: he again asked whether it was by their own free choice, or if their Parents constrained them: they answered that they had not formed their resolution without considering, and that they were convinced there was no other situation that could be happy.

“High Mass was then performed, after which a Friar of the Mimim Order preached a long extempore sermon, in which he complimented the young ladies upon their glorious resolution of leaving the world; observing that these were not the melancholy victims who were sacrificed by the cruelty or avarice of their parents, these were the willing servants of their Saviour, who had ambition enough to pretend to the honour of espousing Him, and who had received grace enough to exchange empty for real happiness. He then set forth the various unhappinesses that are to be met with in the world, such as bad husbands, disobedient children, unkind relations, false friends, loss of fortune, and a thousand other things. He then strongly recommended implicit obedience to their Confessor and the Abbess, and the practice of Virtue in general; then, seeming to recollect himself, he said he had forgot that he was addressing himself to English Ladies, and that he had the honour of speaking before British auditors, noble by their births, and noble by their



actions ; some of whom (meaning the Lords Stourton and Arundel) had left their own happy country to grace that ceremony with their presence, and to assist at it. He then made a compliment to the Nation in general, extolling the happiness of a Kingdom where all the men were brave, and all the women virtuous. He then talked much of the glorious English saint (meaning the pretender's father) who had, for the sake of his religion, been contented to resign his Crown. He afterwards gave the two Noviciates some rules for their conduct in the Convent, and so concluded.

“ The sermon was in French, the rest of the service in Latin. The two young ladies then received the Sacrament, which is administered very differently from ours. Two boys, in white, held a long kind of table cloth under the chins of the two ladies ; the Bishop then took a Wafer in each hand, and after having three times lifted it up into the air, music playing all the time, he laid one upon each of their tongues ; he then dipped his finger in the Wine, and touched their mouths with it. This being done, some more praying and Masses were said and sung ; the voices of many of the Nuns, as well as the music, was very fine.

“ The procession now moved forward to the door of the Convent in much the same order as before, and then the Noviciates, taking the Cross, knocked



at that door which they were never again to go out of, and asked admittance: the Abbess and Nuns received them; they then made a low curtsy to the Lords who had acted as their fathers, and bid adieu for ever to the world.

“We now turned ourselves round to the side of the Dogsull that was open to the Choir, to see the procession of the sisterhood; three of the lay sisters, in white habits, came first, the middle one bearing the Cross, the other two large lighted tapers; then came the Nuns, two and two, with large tapers, also the two Noviciates with tapers in one hand and Crucifixes in the other. They all prostrated themselves before the Altar, and then the Nuns ranged themselves in their stalls on each side: the Choir and Miss Berringer and Miss Sims came forward to the bar of the Dogsull, into which the Priests were now come, a chair for the Abbess being placed close to it on the other side: here Miss Berringer first kneeled down, Miss Sims employing herself in the mean time in praying: the Bishop then took a pair of scissors from one of the Nuns, and cutting off a lock of Miss Berringer’s hair, burnt it in the taper she held in her hand: two of the Nuns then came forward and assisted her in undressing herself, which she did with a courage and resolution beyond what I could have imagined. She had a severe smile upon her countenance, and an unaffected vivacity and content-

ment in her eyes the whole time : her voice never faltered, nor did her hand tremble as she looked with a kind of contempt upon all the ornaments she took off ; but when the Abbess held out to her the gown of coarse black serge, she snatched it to her, and, looking up to Heaven, kissed it with a transport impossible to be described.

“The dress consisted of a petticoat with a loose gown that came down to the wrists, and was tied about the waist with a crimson cord ; the Cross, made in crimson cloth, was sewed upon the left side ; a piece of black leather was tied round her neck, from which hung a little Crucifix ; she had a string of beads by her side ; upon her neck a kind of white handkerchief ; mightily neatly placed upon her head a sort of close dress that could not properly be called a cap and yet was one ; and over all a large white veil, upon which they put a Crown, or rather Garland, of flowers. This being done, Miss Berringer, or rather Sister Stanislaus (for so she was for the future to be called), retired from the Dogsull, and Miss Sims went through the same ceremonies with equal cheerfulness ; she took the name of Constantia on account of her perseverance, for she had twice before attempted to take the Veil, and had each time been obliged to return to her friends on account of her health, which was not strong enough to go through the necessary austerities.

“With her friends she lived in the gayest manner imaginable, and enjoyed it; but, as soon as her health was re-established, insisted upon returning to the Convent. Both the young Nuns being dressed they sung an Anthem, accompanied by very fine Church music, the rest joining in the chorus; afterwards a few prayers were said, and then, the Bishop blessing them, the ceremony concluded after having lasted three hours. These two young Nuns then knelt down to the Abbess, an amiable and venerable old woman. She raised and embraced them, and they then went round and first embraced all the other Nuns, and then the pensioners who had been their former companions, one of whom was sister to Miss Sims, as one of the Nuns is to Miss Berringer. They then came forward and thanked us for the honour we had done them in being present upon that occasion, and, saying we must be in need of refreshment, begged we would go down to the parlour grate and breakfast with them there. We willingly accepted the invitation, and went down; a moment after, they, with the Abbess and some other of the Nuns, appeared at the grate, which they threw open, so that we, in a manner, sat in the same room.

“They gave us tea, coffee, chocolate, and a thousand different kinds of cakes, biscuits, &c., all admirably good. We sat with them an hour,

and they joined in a very cheerful, agreeable conversation.

"We then quitted them and returned to dine at Chande Fontaine in our way hither, much pleased with the manner in which we had passed our morning, though I own I was two or three times, notwithstanding the contentment they expressed, very near shedding tears. Miss Berringer is about sixteen, and excessively pretty; appears of a lively turn; she is related to Miss Poole. Miss Sims is eight and twenty, not handsome, but a very fine figure, and of a more serious disposition. She may have made this way of life her choice by reflection; but I fear the other, not being old enough to have thought seriously, may repent, however I hope she will not. I have sent you the most exact account I could, as I know you are a little curious, and the kind of person to be amused by a history of this kind. In return I shall expect a full account of all you see and do at Derby Races, and of all the conquests you make there. Tell Patty and Anne I will write to them in a few days. I have received my Father's letter, and will soon thank him for it. Our duty to him and my Mother. We join in love and compliments as due. I doubt if you will be able to read all this.

"Adieu, my dear Kate,  
"Your most affectionate Sister."

A break now occurs of some years in Lady Nuneham's letters. Those that follow were written from Ireland, during a visit paid by Lord and Lady Nuneham to Lord Harcourt, in the year 1773.

From Viscountess Nuneham to her mother, Lady Vernon :—

*“Dublin Castle, 15th October.*

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Nothing ever was so provoking as these contrary winds. Five Mails at this moment are due, and I am sure some of them have letters from you. I have only had one since I left Sudbury, and that letter was dated the 30<sup>th</sup> of September. Judge of my impatience. If this is to happen often I shall not be very well contented with my situation here, and on your side you will (from not knowing the cause) wonder, and perhaps be uneasy, at my long silence, for though I have written three times I fancy only my first letter has reached you. However that would tranquillize you with regard to my safety. I have not an idea when I shall be able to send this, as there is not a packet boat on this side the water. However, as I cannot always command my time, I will write a little whenever I can and send it off the first opportunity. Lord Harcourt seems so happy to have

us with him, and every body takes so much pains to make our being here agreeable to us, that we should be very ungrateful not to be pleased, and could I forget those I have left in England, I really should be very well satisfied with my situation. I wrote you word that my apartments were very good ; the Lord Lieutenant's are excellent, and the State apartments fine rooms ; that where the Balls are, in particular, appears twice as big as that at St. James's. I cannot say they are furnished in very good taste, but a vast deal of heavy gilding, &c., gives them an air of magnificence.

"The whole of the Castle makes a vast pile of irregular building, and, with the Garden and different Courts belonging to it, covers a great space of ground. I sent my Father Lord Harcourt's speech ; he pronounced it with great propriety. I do not know that I ever felt more than at the moment he began, and after he left the House I was almost overset with pleasure by the handsome things that were said of him by the Lords who moved for the address, a copy of which I will send you. The House of Lords is a fine building, ornamented with pillars, &c., on the outside, and in the inside with Tapestry representing the Battle of the Boyne. Lady Cavendish went with me there. I thought it a proper compliment to pay to my dear Father's

old friend to make my first public appearance with his wife, and she and Sir Harry seemed much flattered by it. There was a Ball that night to which the Lord Lieutenant comes in much greater a state than the King. He enters at the door opposite to the Chair of State; the moment he appears the Company rises and the music begins to play a march; he walks up the room preceded by his Pages, Aides-de-Camp, and the Officers of his household, two and two; and the moment he is seated the Minuets begin. You know I never dance them, but I broke my resolution about Country dances, for Lord Kildare asked me, and I did not think it right to refuse him.

“The newspapers told you I was dressed in the manufactures of Ireland; it pleased, I find, very much as well with the people of fashion as with the mob, who expressed their approbation very strongly as I passed through them on Thursday. I received the visits of an infinite number of persons in the State apartments, and they were presented, one after another, so fast that I much fear I shall not recollect half of them when I see them again. It is settled that we are to have a Ball every Tuesday, and a Drawing-room every Friday, but of them it is to be one week in the Lord Lieutenant’s name, and the other in mine. It was thought right that I should have a fixed



day, and twice in the week would be too much for people to come to the Castle ; but by Lord Harcourt giving up every other Friday to me the whole is very well accommodated. There will be the usual number of public nights, and the Ladies will like it better, as the night that is called mine they can come in sashes. They paid me the compliment of asking whether they should not come in Court dresses, but you may imagine I declined it. The attention I receive is beyond what I could have imagined, and they really seem so well inclined to be pleased with me, that I begin to think it must be my own fault if I do not succeed.

“The person I see most of in private is an English lady who lives in the Castle ; she is wife to the first Secretary, and though she has passed twenty years in this country, and, from her husband’s situation, has been always connected with the different Lord Lieutenants and their families, from her prudent and amiable conduct has not an enemy in it. She is sensible, good humoured, and of a very obliging disposition, and I can consult her upon any little point without fear of being misled : but my great oracle is Sir John Hasler, Gentleman Usher ; he is as well read in all forms as the late Lord Delawarr, and would be miserable if any body belonging to the Castle walked to the right when they ought to walk to



the left : he arranges all my visits, introduced all my Company to me the other night, and is preparing a list of them, with an account of the connections of each family, that will be a great assistance to me in furnishing me with proper conversation ; in short, he, like Mrs. Waite, is of so very obliging a turn that there is no trouble he is not ready to take if he can be of the least use. Of the other persons in the family I find Mr. Hamilton very agreeable ; Mr. Buchanan seems a very worthy man ; Mr. Swan, you know, I liked when he was in England ; Mr. Miller is (when one really *knows* him, which is not easy, for I had been acquainted with him five years without guessing him to have sense) very pleasing and very clever. As to Mr. Blaquiere and Mr. Weston you know my sentiments of them.

“As these are the persons I have chiefly lived with, I was willing to give you an idea of them : hereafter I may bring you acquainted with other characters, but as yet it is too early for me to pretend to judge of them. There are some good Streets and fine Houses in Dublin, but so intermixed with bad ones that they appear to great disadvantage, and in point of furniture, what I have yet seen falls very short of the elegance of our modern London Houses. Provisions of all sorts are good, in great plenty, and very reasonable ; the Fish and Poultry, in particular, are

very superior to what we have in England. Tomorrow we go to St. Woolstens, where I will continue my letter."

*"St. Woolstens, October 17th.*

"As I knew I could not send my letter yesterday I did not continue it. Indeed, I was willing to give as much of my time to the viewing the beauties of this lovely spot as possible. Arcadia could scarcely produce any thing to equal it. Imagine to yourself the finest inequalities of ground; banks covered with hanging woods on each side of a valley through which the Liffey runs in a broad channel; it is clear and rapid, and eternally broke by pieces of rock, over some of which it falls in very considerable cascades; Mr. Conelly's House and place, which seems fine, terminates the view to the left; to the right you have a Paper Mill and some Cottages; the walks are good; and this lovely scene is varied by some lawns and the remains of an old Convent which stands in the garden; the House is good, large enough, and the furniture neat.

"I do think Lord Harcourt has had surprising good fortune to get such a place, for it really unites the beauties of Haikfall and Dovedale. It is scarce two hours' drive from town, through the Phoenix Park, and along the banks of the Liffey, which are very fine and almost covered

with woods and villas ; indeed I think the beauty of its environs makes amends for the badness of the suburbs, which I had not seen till yesterday, and which for dirt, smells, and the appearance of misery, exceed all description ; even on the road to this place, beautiful as it is and near to the Capital, one sees cabins that a good farmer in England would hardly put his hogs into, and yet these are inhabited by large families. I find the air here much warmer than in England, but there is an unpleasant weight in it ; however I ought not to find fault with it, for I am as well as possible, and it even agrees with my Lord. We walked to-day to see Leslip, a sweet place about a mile from hence, where Lady Bunyan and Lady Massereen live. To-morrow we return to Dublin, which I am sorry for, as I like being here extremely.

“ Sir John Hasler, Mr. Miller, Mr. Weston, Mr. Swan, and Major Buchanan are with us. Sir John passed twenty-six years of his life in visiting almost every Country in Europe, and some in Asia and Africa ; he was employed two years in redeeming slaves in the Emperor of Morocco’s dominions, and he knows a thousand histories that would furnish good materials for a Novel writer ; and as he is always ready to relate them, he is an amusing person to have with one. Patty would enjoy him. I must now

bid you good night, but I am not a little vexed to see another day finished without the arrival of a Mail; if one had, we should have had the letters, as an express was ordered to set out instantly with them. I will finish this to-morrow.

*"October 18th.*

"As I have a spare five minutes while breakfast is preparing I will fill my paper. I forgot to tell you I had a visit from Mr. George Vernon and his daughter the other morning; she is a good fine girl."

From Viscountess Nuneham to her mother, Lady Vernon :—

*"November 8.*

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—If you were less well acquainted with my heart I would attempt to tell you how much delight your letters give me, but knowing me so well as you do, you cannot doubt that in your absence the hearing from you is the greatest pleasure I can have. I will begin by answering all your questions. First then Mrs. Waite is between forty and fifty, with good sence and an excellent heart; it may sound vain, but I really believe, short as our connection has been, she is attached to me; at least I am sure that she devotes every moment of her time to the making me pass mine as well as I can. Whenever the gentlemen dine out I have an instant invitation

to her house, and she has a pretty little Villa about two miles from town, where I may go and walk whenever I please; this will be a resource to me, for I am sorry to say we have little chance of getting even one day at St. Woolstens before Christmas, for what with Levees, Balls, Drawing-rooms, and great Dinners, there is hardly a day in the week unoccupied.

“I come next to the Balls: at the end of the first Country Dance the Lord Lieutenant rises and speaks to some of the first people, and then retires about eleven. I generally stay about half an hour, or sometimes an hour, after him, but never dance more than four dances. The company may stay as long as they please, and there is a side board in another room for them. I fixed eight o'clock as the hour I liked to have the Company begin coming of my public night, and at that time go into the Drawing-room. Sir John stands by me and presents every person as they come in. I find something (I believe generally very foolish) to say to each, and, during the course of the night, take an opportunity of speaking to them again by going round the rooms when I think every body is come in.

“Those who choose to play have it in their power, as there are always several card tables in the presence chamber, and people make their own parties. I do not play on account of the number

of people that are presented, for as the town fills by degrees there are every night many I have not seen before. About eleven most people are gone, and I retire into my room. We have been but once at the Play: the Lord Lieutenant's box is decorated with his Crest and other ornaments. I have the one facing him, and am to take the principal Ladies, by turns, with me. Lord Nuneham appears at all the public nights, and goes wherever he is asked, except to suppers, which he declines; indeed the method here of dining, spending the evening, and supping at the same place, is rather a violent measure. Friday we had a party of that sort at Sir Harry Cavendish's. I played at cards there for the first time since my arrival. My dear Father, who rather holds my genius for cards in contempt, will laugh when he hears that it had been so strongly reported here that I loved cards so much and played so deep, that people were preparing themselves for me, and putting a double sum in their card purses; this idea, however, is pretty well laid aside, and as they have found out that I like dancing, several Balls are preparing, and some have already been given of which I was the Heroine.

"This I like very well, for, with people one does not know, dancing takes off the form, and not only supplies conversation for the time, but helps it on for two or three days afterwards; indeed nothing

can be more obliging than the disposition of the people here, and they are eager to seize every means of making this place agreeable to us. In point of amusement and dissipation it certainly is at least equal to London, but my friends are absent, and that is a great take off, indeed to me it is everything.

“Pray tell Kitty she would have been charmed to have seen Lord Nuneham and me last Thursday dressed up in orange colour Ribbons in honour of King William. It seems odd to keep the birthday of a man who has been dead these seventy years, but his memory is so adored here that they think it impossible to pay him too much respect. The Lord Lieutenant goes in state with his attendants and Guards, followed by the Lord Mayor and aldermen in their formalities, by the Peers, Commons, &c., in their coaches, the Horses adorned with orange favours, and drives in procession round King William’s statue. At night there is a Ball, at which all the Court, and indeed most other people, appear with at least a favour of orange colour. That I might be sure of being right I was dressed in a new gown of the manufacture of the country, and as much orange as I could put on, and I am told the compliment pleased. Just at present I believe I am very popular; it shall not be my fault if it does not last, but public favour is little to be relied on.



Lord Harcourt enjoys a great share of it ; there was such a majority in the House the other day as has never been known to happen before. I wish all this may continue, as it makes his situation easy and happy.

“I have always forgot to mention that I gave the papers my Father put into my hands to Colonel Blaquiere, who told me it was intended that Mr. Townshend should be provided for ; that a method had actually been pointed out, but had not met with the approbation of the higher powers ; that in the common course of things it would probably be a twelvemonth before the scheme would be put into execution, though, if my Father made a point of it, something might perhaps be done sooner. I said I believed my Father’s humanity and wish to serve a family in distress was his sole motive for interesting himself in this affair, as I apprehended they were not personally known to him, and that I was sure he would not wish to distress Lord Harcourt by pressing him in their favour. Colonel Blaquiere has gained great credit by his speaking in the House ; even the Opposition allow him the praise he deserves, and own they did not form such high expectations of him.”

A break of four years here occurs in the



---

correspondence; during which time Lord Harcourt's tragic death has taken place, and Lady Nuneham has now become Lady Harcourt.

## Letter from Viscountess Falmouth.

FROM Viscountess Falmouth to Countess  
Harcourt :—

*“August 12, 1779.*

“MY dear Lady Harcourt’s kind favour I rec’d, and am greatly oblig’d to her Ladyship for it. I have sent M<sup>rs</sup>. Briton’s account wrote out by her M.D., for she is very ill, and has been so ever since her arrival, from being so much fatigued with her journey, but I hope will soon be well again. If you approve of ten guineas for a present to M<sup>rs</sup>. Briton, Lord Falmouth thinks we cannot give her less, but til I had your Ladyship’s approbation I said nothing of it; if you will give me the order on B’s I will send for it and send it to her. I am sorry to be thus troublesome, an old woman’s scrawl is not very fit to be seen but by so amiable a Lady, who is above criticising on 72, who cannt ware glasses, and must perform very ill. I could once do better, and even now cannot help flattering myself Lady Harcourt will over look all my faults, as they are not vices but misfortunes, and believe me when I assure her I have a true sense of her merits, and that I am

most affect<sup>y</sup> my dear Lady Harcourt's sincere  
Friend

"MARIA FALMOUTH.

"I should have mentioned Mrs. Briton got  
a Lady to go her halves in com<sup>g</sup> to Town, or  
it would have cost her double for the chaise."

## Letter from the Countess of Effingham.

IN the year 1784, seven years after the death of Simon, Earl Harcourt, Lady Harcourt was appointed a Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Charlotte. George Simon, Lord Harcourt, and his wife had absented themselves from Court in a marked manner, owing to some slight which it was imagined had been passed upon Lord Harcourt's father. They were at last, however, persuaded to "pay their homage" at Windsor, and this advance was quickly followed by an offer of the Spanish Embassy to Lord Harcourt, and a Court appointment to his wife. The former offer was refused, but Lady Harcourt became a Lady of the Bed-chamber, and her Lord was subsequently made Master of the Horse. This was the beginning of a lasting friendship—no less familiar word would be adequate—between

Lord and Lady Harcourt and their Royal Patrons.

From the Countess of Effingham to Countess Harcourt :—

“D<sup>r</sup> MADAM,—I am commanded by the Queen to assure your Ladyship the pleasure she has in having the opportunity of shewing the sense she had of the late Lord Harcourt’s merit, and the real regard she feels towards your Ladyship, in consequence of which, the Queen takes this opportunity to acquaint you she has done you the honour of appointing y<sup>r</sup> Lady<sup>sp</sup> one of Her Ladys of the Bedchamber. H. M. orders me to say, you may be presented any time convenient to you.

“I hope Dear Lady Harcourt will be assured no body can with more sincerity congratulate her on the present occasion than,

“D<sup>r</sup> Madam,

“Your very affec

“and obed<sup>t</sup> Hum<sup>e</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>,

“E. EFFINGHAM.

“*Queen’s Lodge,*

“*Windsor, July ye 4<sup>th</sup>, 1784.*”

## Letter from the Countess of Holderness.

FROM the Countess of Holderness to  
Countess Harcourt :—

*“Deal Castle, July 11th, 1784.*

“DEAR MADAM,—It was with the greatest pleasure I heard of the Honour Her Majesty had conferred upon your Ladyship, as I am sure you will be one to the Queen. I should have thought myself particularly fortunate to have been in waiting, and to have had the Honour of introducing your Ladyship upon that occasion.

“In regard of the Prince's or Princesse's birthday being kept, there has been so many changes that it is impossible to guess what will be done this year, but no waiting is taken by us, only your Ladyship should be prepared to have a new sash in readiness in case you was sent for, as those things happen with very short notice. I don't know what was done last year about the Prince of Walles's Birthday as I was absent. Princess Royal's certainly will be kept, and I have no doubt but your Ladyship will be there, and most likely Lodge at the Queen's House,

which will be a very good opportunity to make a visit to M<sup>rss</sup>. Schuellenberg and Hagadom ; the first I saw a great deal of while I was at Montpellar. I always made it a rule since I have belonged to the queen to call upon them now and then, and realy your Ladyship will find them very civil good kind of People.

"I hope your Ladyship will allow me to wait upon you and Lord Harcourt some other time, that I may see that fine Place with a little more sun shine. I can assure you I left it with y<sup>e</sup> greatest regret, but perticularly all the amiable inhabitants of Nuncham.

"Since my arrival here we have enjoied most charming weather, which makes this place very pleasant ; the Children are all much better since they came.

"May I beg your Ladyship to make my best compliments to Lord Harcourt,

"and believe me, Dear Madam,

"your Ladyship's

"most faithfull

"Humble Servant,

"M. HOLDERNESSE."

## Letters from Mrs. Lebeson Gower.

THE connection between the families of Harcourt and Evelyn has been noticed in a former Volume. The celebrated John Evelyn had five sons, of whom the third alone left any offspring; this son, whose name was also John, left a son of the same name, who was created a baronet, and a daughter, Elizabeth, married to the Hon. Simon Harcourt. She was mother of Simon, Earl Harcourt. Her nephew, Charles Evelyn, was the grandfather of the orphans alluded to in the letters which follow. The misconduct of some of their race led to the disinherittance of the whole of the male heirs of old John Evelyn, by Sir Frederick Evelyn, who died in 1733. Sir Frederick left the entire Evelyn property unconditionally to his widow; Dame Evelyn, in a will bearing date 1814, devised the estates to the male descendants of a George Evelyn, who flourished about the year 1560, and from whom the great



John Evelyn was also descended. Failing male heirs of this line, the estates were to descend to the Editor of these Papers, as representing John Evelyn in the female line through Elizabeth Evelyn.

From Mrs. Leveson Gower to Countess Harcourt :—

*“ Charles Street, 2nd June, 1784.*

“MRS. LEVESON presents her compliments to Lady Harcourt, and has the honour to return the accompt of the Evelyn fund. At the same time she is desired by the subscribers to add theirs and her thanks to her Ladyship for her kind and generous assistance bestowed on these orphans—such they were in effect ; and, however well the subscribers might have wished them, without Lady Harcourt’s most judicious and active interposition, their wishes would have been fruitless, and probably this unfortunate family might have been too low even to have attracted General Evelyn’s legacy.

“M<sup>rs</sup>. Leveson has very imperfectly expressed the sense they have of Lady Harcourt’s goodness ; she hopes she will long enjoy the sweet satisfaction of such true benevolence. M<sup>rs</sup>. Brudenell desired M<sup>rs</sup>. L. to say she was quite concerned not

to have profitted by the honour Lady Harcourt intended her this morning."

To the Countess Harcourt :—

*"Admiralty, April 19th, 1785.*

"MADAM,—Your great goodness to the children of Mr. and Mrs. C. Evelyn makes it necessary that I should trouble your Ladyship with the following account; it comes from Mr. J. Evelyn, the only remaining son of Dr. —. Evelyn in Ireland, to whom the late Lord Harcourt was so friendly and kind whilst he was Lord Lieutenant. Mr. J. Evelyn has been a writer in India since the year 1769. From his private transactions I know him to be a most honorable character. General Evelyn desired me to recommend his nephew Mr. C. Evelyn, and your Ladyship will perceive by this account he seems to have been very attentive to this request. The date of his letter is Calcutta, 30th Nov. 1784.

"It is with great concern I inform you of the death of your friend Charles Evelyn, which happened last April in his passage to Bussorah<sup>a</sup>, where he was going to reside for two years, with an intention of learning the Persian language. I did everything in my power to dissuade

<sup>a</sup> The Euphrates is tidal and navigable up to Bussorah. The climate is sufficiently healthy in the winter, but pestilential in the summer.

‘him from this unfortunate voyage, apprehending  
‘the difficulties of his youth and inexperience  
‘might expose him to in a Country where the  
‘people are, from religious prejudices, apt to use  
‘Europeans with injustice and severity; but his  
‘resolution was fixed, and nothing could divert  
‘him from it.

“‘He was a very promising young man, es-  
‘teemed and beloved by all his acquaintance; for  
‘the satisfaction of his friends I shall administer  
‘to the estate, for having nothing to bequeath  
‘he left no will; the only effects I can discover  
‘are cloaths, and the remainder of a little money  
‘I advanced him for the expence of the voyage,  
‘and to support him in a Country where he might  
‘be distressed, and could not easily procure assist-  
‘ance.’

“Though his Mother shewed herself to be very  
insensible to his real interest, and that of his  
family, yet the losing a promising son, and pro-  
bably the most of the three, is always a most  
serious affliction. Your Ladyship will still have  
the goodness to reveal this event in a tender  
manner to her.

“I have not a notion if she still exists, or  
where. I conclude Mr. C. Evelyn cannot yet have  
benefitted by General Evelyn’s legacy, and if there  
is any money owing to Mr. J. Evelyn in India, it  
should be reserved for him.

"I have the honour to be your Ladyship's most obliged and sincere

"F. LEVESON GOWER."

The writer of the above letters was Frances Boscawen, niece to Viscount Falmouth, and daughter of Admiral Boscawen and of Evelyn Glanville. She married, July 6, 1733, Admiral John Leveson, born in 1740, second son by his third marriage of John, 1st Earl Gower; the third surviving son of his father's first marriage was Granville Leveson, first Marquis of Stafford.

The subject of these letters, Charles Evelyn, was said to be the only respectable male member of his father's family. He was in the direct line of the Evelyns, baronets of Wotton. Had he lived he would probably have succeeded to his ancestral property. On his death, one of the Irish Evelyns, the son of Mr. John Evelyn of India, who behaved so generously to his kinsman in distress, was appointed, under Lady Evelyn's will, to represent the family. The present possessor of Wotton is his descendant.

## Letters from Countess Harcourt.

THE letters which follow are from Lady Harcourt to her sister, Martha Vernon.

From Countess Harcourt to her Sister Martha :—

“MY DEAREST P.,—My Lord said very seriously on Monday night, your sisters never pass any time with us now ! and the sound of your wheels yesterday morning was very unpleasant to us. We however thank you and our dear Anne for your visit, and though it was no more, I will admit that we had, perhaps, more real enjoyment of you in one calm month than we might have had in a longer period in the season of Earthquakes. I was glad the long projected party took place, as it prevented my looking at your empty chairs ; and every thing was favourable for it, no rain, and the day mild and bright without being hot. I had not the twinges I expected, and we were all inclined to please and be pleased.

“We set out at half past ten, and reached Stanton Harcourt (the roads being very tolerable) before one. We were received with ringing

of bells, and by a vast concourse of people of all ages. I never saw so many very old persons seeming to enjoy life : several of them were above eighty. You may be sure my Lord ascribed it to the salubrity of the air and soil, which does indeed seem very dry. It would have gratified you to see how happy he was, flying about, insensible to fatigue, and saying that *now* he did feel himself at home. We visited the Church, the Monuments, some of the nearer farms, and many of the cottages, till four o'clock, and then dined. At five we set out again to more cottages, and to see the old Kitchen, the Chapel, Pope's rooms, the Porter's Lodge, and to trace out the old Garden, and the foundations of the part of the house that is pulled down.

"The whole must have been an immense pile of buildings, and deeply did my Lord regret that enough had not been left for him to make an habitation there. I did not join him in this wish, though I really had great pleasure in visiting this very old seat of our ancestors. I settled where the Lady Anne's room had been, and M<sup>rs</sup>. Harcourt insisted upon it that she had found *aunt Dinah's* : she and M<sup>rs</sup>. P—— were delighted, and we were in so little haste to come away, that by the time we had drank our tea it was half past seven, and we found it rather darker when we crossed Culham Heath than we quite liked."

From Countess Harcourt to her Sister  
Patty :—

*“September 21st.*

“MY DEAREST PATTY,—The Prince of Wales has, in the manner the most flattering to you and to me, offered to appoint you to be one of the future Princess of Wales’ Bed Chamber Women. The situation is rendered particularly honourable by his intending to have none but Peers’ daughters, as he wishes to put the Ladies in those employments upon a high footing. The salary is at present two hundred pounds, free from taxes ; hereafter it may be three ; an equipage at the times of waiting ; and a share of the Princess’s wardrobe. The offer of so advantageous and eligible an office is, I confess to you, a piece of good fortune that makes me happier than I can express. Lord Harcourt and Harry<sup>a</sup> are not less so, and we have all agreed that it is so impossible that you can hesitate about accepting it, that I have ventured to write to the Prince to assure him that I can answer for your doing so with gratitude.

“The alteration in your mode of life will be trifling, if any ; and the many advantages need hardly be pointed out. Such an accession of income will enable you to do with ease many things that you might have been unwilling and afraid to

<sup>a</sup> Lord Vernon.



indulge yourself in, and to a person of your kind and generous temper, the being at all cramped in circumstances must be misery. You had calculated all necessary and inevitable expenses, but there was little or no remainder for contingencies, and I, who am an old housekeeper, know how many unforeseen drains of that kind are perpetually happening. It would have been cruel to have pressed this idea upon you when there was no prospect of any means of removing the misfortune, but it has often made me uneasy. I have now the comfort of feeling that what would have only given you necessities will be so increased as to allow indulgences.

"I hope, my dearest Patty, you will not be angry with me for having presumed to decide without waiting to consult you, but the great length of time it takes to send a letter to Cumberland<sup>b</sup>, and receive an answer from thence, made me think it would be unhandsome to the Prince to let him be so long in suspense at a time when he is worried with applications. Let me then wish you joy, and let me in this letter (for I have not time to write to them) send my congratulations to Edward<sup>c</sup> and our two sister Annes<sup>d</sup>. I am sure they will most truly rejoice

<sup>b</sup> Rose Castle, the residence of the Bishop of Carlisle.

<sup>c</sup> Lady Harcourt's brother, Bishop of Carlisle.      <sup>d</sup> Lady Anne Vernon, and Miss Anne Vernon, the Bishop's wife and sister.



in what is so advantageous to you. Harry writes for himself: my Lord bids me say every thing that is kind from him upon the occasion. I will write to tell my Brother, but at present I fancy the appointment should not be mentioned out of the family.

"God bless you ; I must in haste subscribe myself your very affectionate and very happy sister,

"E. H."

From Countess Harcourt to her Sister Patty :—

"MY DEAR PATTY,—My thanks have long been due to you, and I fear for more than one letter, but I know you would hear of me, as I wrote constantly to my Mother, and my time being pretty much taken up I deferred writing to you. In my last to her I promised to send an account of our spinning feast, and as it is the only great event that has happened since my arrival at this place, it is the simple thing that can furnish me with materials for a letter. But in what style shall I give it? Will you have a plain, matter of fact, narration, or shall I relate the history of that important day in the minific manner I am most inclined to? the latter therefore if you please. We will forget that such insignificant personages as *you* and *I* exist, and you may proceed to read

“The Joys of Rural Life exemplified in the History of Lady —.

“ *Letter the First.*

“ Lady — to Miss —.

“Yes, my Lucinda, the Poets were in the right when they placed the Temple of Felicity in the Country. How insipid are the boasted Joys of the gay metropolis compared with those pleasures of the Heart which I enjoy at Belvue Castle. You have often heard me say that Lord — delights to diffuse happiness around him, and I remember once when we talked upon the subject you desired if you had it not in your power to be present at our annual celebration of the Feast of Industry, that I would send you a circumstantial account of it.

“Ever ready to obey my Lucinda I take up the pen, but indeed, my fair friend, I want your happy talents for description to prevent my failing in the attempt.

“The day was uncommonly fine: it seemed as if Minerva had prevailed on Phœbus to smile upon a solemnity sacred to the arts she patronizes; but the fervency of his rays was tempered by the gales which dropped from the wings of Zephyr. Flora shed her choicest fragrance round: Apollo inspired the strains of the musicians: Mirth, led by Innocence, in chains of Roses, joined the dance: while Venus, in the person of Henrietta, presided

over the whole : and the Loves and Graces, represented by Dr. Hoare, Mr. Whitehead, Miss Fauquier, Miss Bates, &c., wantoned in her train.

“ If this beginning is not in the true Novel style, I wish I may be condemned to read all that are wrote for Mr. Noble’s circulating library, for I have written two pages without touching upon the subject I was to write of : but, after having found such Loves and such Graces, the power of fiction can no further go, and so I will descend from my altitudes, and tell you in plain English that we were lucky in our day, and that the whole formed a pretty and an interesting scene. Our Spinners (forty eight in number) were ranged upon the little Lawn opposite the eating room windows, with their backs to the plantation. As soon as we entered the Lawn, twenty girls, neatly dressed, advanced towards us, two and two : one of them came forward, and, giving Lady Harriet Spencer a nosegay, repeated the following lines :—

“ LADY, on thy gentle breast  
Let these blooming flowerets rest—  
Formed to tend the fleecy train,  
To turn the hay and reap the plain,  
Can our humble hands prepare  
Gifts to please the Courtly fair?  
Yes, for Spencer’s Daughter deigns  
To love the Village Nymphs and Swains ;

And scorning pageantry and State,  
And all that charms the young and great,  
She smiles amidst our Groves to see  
The honest arts of Industry.  
Come then, Sisters blythe, advance,  
Round her weave the festive Dance ;  
To the fairest and the best  
Give the Honours of the feast ;  
Hail her Sovereign of the day,  
And homage due to Merit pay.'

"N.B. Merit is the word engraved on the Silver Buttons on the Hats that are given to the men and women of the best characters.

"At the words 'come then, Sisters,' the other Girls joined hands with her, and the moment she had done speaking, the music (which was hid behind the trees) played, and they danced round Lady Harriet, and then went off to their wheels. The spinning, judging of that and of the sowing and knitting previously done by the Girls, took up the time till eight o'clock, when we went in to drink tea, after which I left my Lord to conduct our company to the illuminations, and returned to my Villagers. The great grove before the House was fenced in ; if you recollect, the boughs meet overhead, but the space of ground between the trees is very considerable. At one end the Pavilion with the transparent paintings was placed : at

the other a Temple ornamented with garlands of flowers. The centre of one side formed a seat for the musicians, and opposite to it was an arch which formed the entrance ; on each side of this, and of the seat fronting it, there were smaller arches illuminated ; and the spaces between them were filled with the prizes.

“As soon as I knew the company was seated, I moved forward, a large band of music preceding me, and the Women following me, two and two, those who were dressed in prize Jackets taking precedence of the others : the Girls followed them in the same order, and then the Men who were to receive prizes, and those who had in former years received them, either for their general good characters or for their care of their gardens. These closed the procession, which, entering at the arch, walked round the enclosed spot ; then they stopped to make room for the Girls to come forward, when she who had before spoken presented Lady Harriet with a garland of flowers, and the following lines :—

“ ‘QUEEN of the sports you deign to grace,  
Upon your brow vouchsafe to place  
The wreath we justly give ;  
From Village Maids of lowly birth  
This fragrant produce of the Earth,  
Exalted Fair receive.

To charms an angel's self might wear,  
To worth above our humble sphere,  
    We lift admiring eyes ;  
But where we are obliged to own  
Our very innocence outdone,  
    We blushing yield the prize.'

"Lady Harriet having received her prize and fixed it on her hat (where she wore it the rest of the evening), the other candidates, thirty in number, received theirs, which I delivered, standing under the arch with the company ranged on each side. When this was over, my Lord and I began the Ball at the head of our Villagers, with a dance Lady Charlotte West composed upon the occasion, called the Nuneham Spinning Feast. Lady Harriet, as our Queen, and Mr. Harcourt<sup>e</sup>, as one of the family, had a right to dance in one set ; at the end of the dance we retired to the Temple ; and then those of the spectators who chose it were at liberty to dance, and formed two other sets. You really cannot form an idea of any thing so pretty as the scene. There were at least a thousand people present. Not a Coach, Chaise, or Boat in the neighbourhood was unemployed. All the farmers and little gentry, as well as the poorer people, for many miles round, were here ; and the number of lamps, the beauty of the decorations, and the natural beauty of the place,

<sup>e</sup> General Harcourt, Lord Harcourt's brother.

altogether gave me an idea of Fairy Land. Lord Spencer, who came on purpose, was so delighted that he not only resolved to attend our fête again next year, but to institute one at Althorp.

"I have written you a volume. I wish you could have seen what I have tried to describe. The poetical part was a surprize even to my Lord; the plan of it and the first verses were mine, the second Mr. Whitehead's.

"Adieu, mon chere, say every thing proper for us, and be assured that I am

"Yours very affectionately."

We now pass on to a later period, and give two letters from Lady Harcourt to her husband in the year 1789.

From Countess Harcourt to Earl Harcourt :—

" *October, 1789.*

"I HATE Mondays, for I must be satisfied without a letter from you; those the King has received this morning say that it was chiefly 'les Prissonieres' who composed the Mob that attacked Versailles. The Queen was in bed, and they tried to force their way into her room, resolved to destroy her. She was saved by 'les Gardes du Corps,' and for this the Regiment is broke. When

they got the King to Paris they carried him to l'Hôtel de Ville, where he was assured that no harm was intended him, *for that it was necessary that there should be a King.* He is in a state of despondency ; the Queen cries from morning to night ; but for the last day or two the people have obliged her to be constantly at the window. Some have said that they thought she had been represented in worse colours than she deserved, and the cry of Vive la Reine has been repeated more than once ; her becoming popular would complete the extraordinary events of the year 1789.

“The Tuilleries have not been inhabited since the minority of Louis quatorze, and no preparation whatever was made for the reception of the King and Queen ; indeed there was no time for any, for the plan was executed as soon as conceived. Les Etats Generaux will in some sort be prisoners too, for they were to be removed to the Louvre, and forbid to leave Paris. It is thought that the King owes his safety to the absence of the Comte d'Artois, and that if the mob could have destroyed the whole Royal family they would gladly have done it, but would not sacrifice one part while another remained. The King was aware of this, and himself persuaded the Count to fly ; au moins (said he) qu'il reste un pour venger les autres. Seventeen persons were killed in the



riot at Versailles, but there is no certain account whether the Dukes de Guise and du Chatelés are of the number.

“Mr. Compton (who speaks of you, of your goodness and your condescension, in the highest terms) has made a very accurate drawing for you of the chimney piece you liked so much, and now it is become the fashion to admire it, but I am sorry to tell you that I fear the plan of living at the Castle is quite given up. It is, upon many accounts, unfortunate; the King would not only have a habitation that would be proper for him, but the preparing it would furnish him with amusement, which he but too much wants. By hurrying from one object to another he formerly *filled up* his time, and *fancied* that it passed pleasantly : the restlessness and eagerness which then carried him on have now subsided. I grieve to see that his hours move upon leaden feet ; exercise and music were his great occupations and amusements ; he has no longer the same power of taking the one, or the same pleasure in hearing the other ; and, though the sweetness of his temper prevents his complaining of the ennui he feels, those about him see it but too visibly, without being able to apply any remedy to so dreadful a disease.

“ Adieu mon cher.”

From Countess Harcourt to Earl Harcourt :—

*“ October, 1789.*

“ THE accounts from France are very bad ; whether they may get immediately into the newspapers I do not know, and therefore will repeat to you what the King told me.

“ When any new Regiment comes to Versailles the Gardes du Corps always make an entertainment for them. Upon the arrival of the Regiment de Flandre, a few days since, this custom was observed, and in a moment of pleasure they threw away the National Cockades, and put on black ones. It is supposed that no objection was made by the King to this proceeding, and it was soon known at Paris. The next morning more than three thousand women, armed with such offensive weapons as they could collect, marched to Versailles and attacked les Gardes du Corps, who fired upon them and killed four ; the confusion soon became general, and the King and Queen were carried off to Paris and lodged in the Tuilleries, unaided and unprepared as it was for their reception. This is all that was known when the account came away. The King and Queen are wholly at the mercy of the mob, and no one knows what will be their fate. La Fayette would have interceded for them, and only saved his own

life by agreeing to what the many headed monster proposed.

“The French have liberty enough now, and I should think those who are capable of reflecting or feeling must wish to see their old form of Government restored, Bastile, Lettres de Cachet, and all, for great as those evils were, the present are still greater ; they were occasionally oppressive to a few ; the whole Nation is now involved. I have seen some of the Cockades ; those of the Tiers Etat are made up like the roses on my slippers, one side with rows alternately of Blue and White, the other White and Rose colour. Neckar’s are plain Orange, and there is a third sort Orange and Green with a White flower in the middle. The Queen of France says that the Spruce Beer the French drunk in America got into their heads, and the effects now shew themselves ; the people are aware that they *can* intimidate and *cannot trust* the King.

“We have no account of Lord Waldegrave to-day, I therefore hope his disorder has taken a favourable turn, for had he remained as ill as he was, another day I think must have been fatal. The King is hunting. I find he said that his opinion of his own situation would depend upon his being able to enjoy his favourite amusement. He went out the first time fully pre-possessed that he should not, but the stag was

hardly started before he found himself as eager as ever. As he was returning in high spirits, he said, 'Now I should like to see my good old Doctor;' luckily, during his absence, Willis had arrived unexpectedly; he had been alarmed at finding by the papers how harrying a life His Majesty had led, and was agreeably surprised to find him so particularly well.

"Adieu, my dearest Lord,  
"You know how affectionately  
"I am yours."

## Letter from the Hon. W. Harcourt.

IN common with others, whose incomes were derived solely from land, Lord Harcourt found himself straightened in circumstances at this period. The necessity of paying £62,000 out of the produce of his estates, as fortunes for his brother and sister, induced him to sell his Northamptonshire property. The business-like letter which follows, written on the occasion by his brother, exhibits a desire to afford every fraternal assistance. The result of the transaction, however, was that Pipewell Abbey was sold considerably below its value.

From the Hon. W. Harcourt to Elizabeth, Countess Harcourt :—

*“ March 14th, 1806.*

“ MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—I have considered and reconsidered your letter, and I am sorry to tell you that I have not been able to make up my mind respecting the subject upon

which you desire my opinion. If my brother's embarrassments are not as pressing as my apprehensions lead me to suppose, I should incline to a sale by Auction; but I am so little acquainted with the usual price of Land in the County of Northampton, which is certainly not a favourite one, that it may perhaps be more advisable to treat with Mr. Dennis, even upon the disadvantageous terms he proposes, rather than risk an uncertain sale which might leave you in the same situation as I experienced in the case of Sir George Lee, with the whole or the most part of the Estate upon your hands. With respect to the real value of the property, although Trumper's valuation at 30 years' purchase is certainly too high, I conceive that Mr. Dennis's, at 27 years for the Farms, and 18 for the Soil of the Wood Lands, to be as much too low; and, considering the improvement to be made in the Estate, is at least £2,600 less than the real value; what think you of proposing to divide the difference, which, in a purchase of this magnitude, if he is in earnest, I should hope he would not object to.

“Upon a supposition that a larger sum than £1,000 might afford considerable accommodation to my brother, I had it once in contemplation to offer myself as the purchaser of the Timber, Underwood, and Soil of Wood Land, and to receive the difference only between the supposed

value and my Fortune. In that case the General Statement would stand as follows, viz<sup>t</sup>.—

To be received from M <sup>r</sup> . Dennis for	
the Farms . . . . .	<u>£28,327</u>
<i>Appropriation.</i>	
To M <sup>r</sup> . Poulter . . . . .	£18,000
Earl Harcourt . . . . .	2,726
General Harcourt . . . . .	<u>7,601</u>
	<u>£28,327</u>
General Harcourt's Fortune . . . . .	<u>31,000</u>
To purchase Timber at the Valuation,	
suppose . . . . .	19,500
Underwood . . . . .	880
Soil of Wood Land at 18	
years' purchase . . . . .	3,019
Difference as above . . . . .	<u>7,601</u>
	<u>£31,000</u>

“I have only to add that if that part of my Fortune appropriated to the purchase of the Timber, Underwood, and Soil of the Wood Land would furnish its proportion of my Income without a diminution of the sum laid out, I should not be a loser ; if otherwise I would much rather not engage in the speculation. I shall be in London in the course of the next week. Love from both to both.

“Yours very affectionately,  
“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

## Letter from the Dowager Countess Spencer.

GEORGE SIMON, Lord Harcourt, died, as has been previously noted, in 1809; the following letter was written to his widow by Lady Spencer shortly after his death.

From the Dowager Countess Spencer to Lady Harcourt :—

*“Holywell House, June 29th, 1809.*

“MY thoughts have often dwelt upon you since I saw you, my Dear Lady Harcourt, and most sincerely do I wish I could think of any thing that would help to soothe and soften that bitterness of heart that affliction like yours will occasion. I came here yesterday, and find myself so refreshed by the sweetness of the air and the calm tranquillity of the scene around me, that I cannot help wishing you could remove hither. I know your family have stronger claims upon you than I have; but I am not asking you to visit me, I am only saying that, as I must of necessity be absent from home great part of the Summer, you will gratify me by making this your abode instead of travel-



ling about, which will not, I am sure, agree with your health or spirits.

“Think this over, and let me have a line to say whether there is any chance of your accepting of this proposal, as my own plans will, in a great measure, depend upon your answer. A single Yes or No will be sufficient.

“Adieu, Dear Lady Harcourt,

“Yours most affectionately,

“G. SPENCER.”

## Letters from the Countess Dowager Harcourt.

AFTER the death of George Simon, Lord Harcourt, differences appear to have arisen respecting money matters, which were chiefly instigated by the new Lady Harcourt. Mary, Countess Harcourt, as she was now become, was a woman of warm temper and small reserve. The entire disposition of the family estates was reserved to George Simon, Lord Harcourt, by his father, at the time that he made a very large settlement upon his second son. Mary, Lady Harcourt, took it very much amiss that her sister-in-law's jointure should be increased, and that her husband should not have it in his power to devise the estates after their joint deaths to the French Harcourts, who were her special proteges. It is not desirable to perpetuate the memory of family differences, but it is only fair upon Lady

Harcourt to give her disclaimer to the unjust accusation against her of unfair dealing.

From the Countess Dowager Harcourt to William, Earl Harcourt :—

“MY DEAR LORD,—As I understand from Lord Vernon that you wished to have the papers he shewed you yesterday, I have copied for you the whole of one of them, and the part of the other that relates to the business in question between us. I hope and trust that you will consider all I have said attentively, and that you will find nothing that can reasonably displease you. My heart tells me that though it was my duty to speak the truth, I have not one *unkind* thought with regard to you, but I have had many *unhappy* ones from finding you so ill satisfied with your Brother’s will. Whatever was done that you may wish otherwise, I am convinced was suggested by the Lawyer who made it, and acquiesced in by him from conceiving it the usual mode, and that so far from meaning any hardship to you, he would have avoided any thing he could have been aware of your objecting to. As I have entered upon this hateful subject, I must take this opportunity of assuring you, in the most *unequivocal* and *solemn manner*, that I never did *directly* nor *indirectly interfere*. I was *not present* when the will was made

or the *Codicils*. *I never in my life saw either, or heard them read, and was totally ignorant of the contents further than that the property was left to you ; that if you had neither sons nor daughters, and I survived you, I was to enjoy it for my life, with remainder to your first cousin [my Brother], and his sons ; next to Amadée<sup>a</sup> and his sons, &c., &c. ; and so little was I acquainted even with the particulars relating to myself, that till September, 1808, I believed that my Jointure (and I was perfectly satisfied) was to be made up to £2,000 per annum, instead of that sum being added to it.*

“With your Brother’s strong understanding, and nice sense of honour, any attempt *on my part of interference* in a business of *this nature* would not *have been borne* : and, if I had been unprincipled enough to have wished even to give an opinion, I must have been an idiot not to know that I should have defeated my own purpose : but I appeal to my character and conduct through life to prove that I was incapable of such an idea. I could go much farther, for there is no *Oath* I should not be willing to take to attest *the truth* of what I have asserted, and I believe you will allow that I have both sense and religion enough to know the *importance* of an *Oath*.

“If you *believe* me I may surely still claim from

<sup>a</sup> The Marquis d’Harcourt.

you the affection, friendship, and confidence that it was my happiness and my pride to possess, even before I became your sister, and which I have never *deserved* to forfeit. After the assurances I have given you I will not suppose it possible for any doubt to remain upon your mind, but shall rely upon your *Justice* that you will consider me as I always have been, and very sincerely am,

“My Dear Lord,

“Most affectionately yours,

“E. HARCOURT.”

## Verses by Lady Harcourt.

LADY HARCOURT had always a great turn for versification. Specimens of her industry in this direction are here given.

Lines written upon returning to Sudbury, after being some time absent, 1766 :—

“YES, my remembrance well recalls  
Each former joy I knew  
Within these hospitable walls,  
When time unheeded flew.  
For here my opening Morn of Life  
Serenely passed away ;  
Exempt from sorrow, pain, or strife,  
And innocently gay.  
Each infant trick, each childish sport,  
With fond delight I trace ;  
And often hither I'll resort,  
For well I love the place.  
Each shrub, each tree, each plant and flower,  
Each little spot of earth,  
Reminds me of some former hour  
Replete with youthful mirth.

Again I joy these Meads among,  
     To see yon Rivulet wind ;  
 Oft by its side I danced or sung,  
     As fancy most inclined.  
 And oft I passed the noontide hours  
     Beneath yon aged tree ;  
 While Zephyr breathed, from banks of flowers,  
     Refreshing Gales to me.  
 When years rolled on, and childish plays  
     No longer gave delight ;  
 Still here I passed my happy Days—  
     Ah ! ne'er were Days more bright.  
 Again with pleasure I survey,  
     With welcome in their glance,  
 Of faithful Servants, long grown grey,  
     A smiling group advance.  
 I find unchanged, in love and truth,  
     Each Brother, Sister, Friend ;  
 With whom I lived in early youth,  
     And wish my life to spend.  
 But ah ! what words can tell the bliss,  
     What tongue the transport speak,  
 When a fond Father's tender kiss  
     I feel upon my cheek !  
 When she, whose every action charms,  
     Indulgent, good, and mild,  
 Enfolds in her maternal arms,  
     Her loved, long-absent Child."

Lines on the manner in which I suppose  
my Death would affect different persons :—

“YES, let me learn in early youth  
To listen to the Voice of Truth ;  
Learn to despise the thoughtless train,  
The idle, selfish, and the vain,  
With whom so many hours I spend ;  
Who greet me with the name of Friend,  
Yet would not feel one grain of sorrow  
To hear my Death announced to-morrow.

Suppose the news at Almack's told—  
'Madam, the weather's very cold,  
I hope you take the utmost care  
To keep yourself from this bad air :  
Fevers and Coughs are general quite—  
Poor Lady Nuneham died last night.'  
'Is Lady Nuneham dead? dear me!  
I'll thank you for a cup of tea.  
What died she of?' 'I cannot tell ;  
I never heard she was not well.  
'Twas but the other night, you know,  
I saw her with you at Soho,  
And then I'm sure she danced with spirit.  
I never thought she had much merit.  
How very sweet those flowers smell—  
Have you been dancing, Lady Bell?'  
'Yes, Ma'am, and am so out of breath—  
But did your La'ship talk of Death?'



‘ Oh yes, poor Lady Nuneham’s dead—  
Pray tell me who is that in Red,  
By Lady Fanny? don’t you see,  
Close to the door, on that Settee?’

‘ Lord, don’t you know Sir William’s bride?  
When was it Lady Nuneham died?’

‘ Last night, I think I heard them say,  
But possibly it was to-day.  
One should not of the Dead complain,  
But I must own I thought her vain—  
Though why she was, I could not guess.’

‘ Yes, she was vain, and fond of Dress.  
She always had a wondrous passion  
For every silly new French fashion.

Madam, I think I’d lay my life  
Her Lord will take a second Wife.  
How should you like him for your Daughter?  
(My tea’s too strong, I want some water).’

‘ His rank is high, and he is Heir

To a good fortune!—I declare  
’Twould be a very pretty match;

But Lady Mary’s on the catch—  
She has two Daughters still to marry,  
And seldom finds her plans miscarry.’

‘ What age might Lady Nuneham be?’

‘ Just now, they said, but twenty-three.’

‘ No more! why really then, my Dear,  
Hers has been but a short career!  
But while on trifles we’re debating,  
Our partners will be tired of waiting.’

Such are the Friends the world bestows—  
How widely different from those  
Endeared by every tender tie  
That nature, habit, taste, supply,  
With whom I hope to pass my life  
As Daughter, Sister, Friend, and Wife.  
For well I know each feeling Heart  
Reluctantly from me will part,  
My loss my Sisters long will mourn,  
My Brothers weep upon my Urn ;  
And all will join with pious care  
To save our Mother from despair ;  
Our Father's tender grief assuage,  
And comfort their declining age.  
And thou, most dear, most valued Friend,  
With sorrow will my Couch attend ;  
Kindly solicitous, thy Love  
Will strive each suffering to remove—  
Try to prolong my fleeting Hours,  
And strew the bed of Death with flowers.

Oh may I, to my fate resigned,  
Bear every pain with steady mind ;  
Hide all I feel, and all I fear,  
Nor wound with vain complaints thy ear :  
And when the closing scene draws nigh,  
And objects fade before mine eye,  
May some kind Friend's attentive care  
(For ill thy tender Heart would bear  
A last farewell) remove thee thence.  
To me, if still expiring sense

Some little influence should maintain,  
That moment will be Death's worst pain.  
Yet to the last I'll think thee near,  
Fancy thy soothing Voice I hear ;  
Thy praise my latest words shall tell,  
On thee my latest thoughts shall dwell ;  
And sinking in the arms of Death,  
I'll bless thee with my latest breath."

Occasioned by a Friend's being surprized  
at my liking the Country :—

*She is supposed to speak first.*

" ' WHAT means this change, my gentle Friend ?  
When youth and health their blessings lend ;  
When pleasure woos you to her bowers,  
When fortune strews your paths with flowers ;  
Why will you leave the World's gay scene,  
To die of vapours and the spleen ? ' "

‘ Of vapours and the spleen ! my Dear,  
They never yet found entrance here.  
These shady Groves, these calm retreats,  
Where Nature sheds her choicest sweets,  
To me the truest pleasure give—  
Here free from every care I live,  
Here I enjoy content and ease :  
Can Town bestow such Joys as these ?  
‘ But has not Friendship then some claim ? ’  
‘ I bow with reverence to the name,

And, grateful, thank the powers above,  
Who early taught my Heart to love  
That sacred tie by Heaven designed  
To soften and to bless Mankind.'

'Then quit your calm retreat, your Grove,  
Where childish fancy bids you rove :  
Romantic schemes are out of fashion,  
And pleasure is the Female passion ;  
Haste, then, and revel in her train,  
Or if her voice should plead in vain,  
Let your Friends' wishes have some weight—  
Those Friends you boasted of so late.  
Those Friends who now your absence mourn,  
Let them persuade you to return.'

'Let them persuade !—those Friends sincere,  
Who truly love, will seek me here ;  
Will joy to leave the care and strife  
That oft attend a public life,  
To share my tranquil, happy hours,  
My verdant shades and fragrant bowers.'"

### Character of Mr. ———.

"SEMPRONIUS seems the favourite of Heaven,  
To him are honors, riches, talents, given ;  
To crown the whole a mind above all fraud,  
And sense that e'en his Enemies applaud.  
You cry Sempronius must indeed be blest,  
Intruding care can ne'er approach his breast ;  
'Tis his, unmixed, to taste the cup of bliss—  
He sure can form no wish ! I answer Yes,

With all these blessings, more that I could name,  
Sempronius justly may your pity claim ;  
Sempronius wants what wealth can ne'er impart,  
Or honours give him—a contented Heart :  
Still through the blackest medium Life he views,  
And Visionary schemes of good pursues.  
What would he be ? you ask—no matter what,  
He would be any thing—that he is not.”

To Flavia, occasioned by her saying she  
thought the Men right in censuring the love  
of dissipation of the Women of the present  
times :—

“FLAVIA, you said the other night  
You thought the Men were in the right,  
And all the censures which they threw  
Upon our Sex were justly due.

Strange doctrines for a female tongue,  
But you, my dear, are very young ;  
When you have doubled sweet fifteen,  
And viewed with calmer eyes the scene  
Which novelty and youth array  
In colours falsely bright and gay,  
Convinc'd, you'll own both Sexes claim  
An equal share of praise and blame.

If ours, unconscious of the rein,  
Play thoughtless on the flowery plain,  
Or gayly twine the fragrant wreath,  
Regardless of the snake beneath,

Till its fell bite and rankling tooth  
Crops all their Joys, and blasts their youth ;  
Say, have the Men who boast their powers,  
Their sense, their reason, above ours—  
Have they no faults they wish to hide ?  
Do they protect us, do they guide  
Our faltering steps with tender care,  
And all our Joys and sorrows share ?

Some wed they know not why, while others  
Consult their Fathers and their Mothers ;  
And, not for Love, but fortune's sake,  
A partner to their bosoms take.  
Some care but little for the Bride,  
Provided that she's well allied :  
No matter for her mind or face,  
If a long Pedigree she trace ;  
The notions of old-fashioned ages  
Now only live in musty pages.  
The Friend, the Mistress, and the Wife,  
The love that knew no end but life,  
They call ridiculous pretences,  
And think their Sires had lost their senses.  
Their wiser maxims bid them roam,  
For pleasure's never sought at home ;  
And cold indifference and neglect  
Is all their partners must expect.

Can we then blame the hapless train,  
Who finding every effort vain  
To win affection from their Lords,  
Seek the relief the world affords ?

Flavia, believe this serious truth :  
 Would Men be Guardians of our youth,  
 Would they our levities restrain,  
 And hold with steady hand the rein,  
 Yet, with indulgence ever kind,  
 Improve each Virtue of the mind,  
 Our Sex would soon regain the praise  
 It boasted in Queen Bess's Days."

### A Character.

"Such Stella is, nor is it strange her fate  
 Should be to raise at once contempt and hate.  
 When Female minds, disdaining shame or fear,  
 Break Nature's laws, and quit that modest sphere  
 Where most they shine, where most they charm the eyes  
 Of all the truly great, the truly wise ;  
 When the meek virtue of our sex we change,  
 Through learning's depths at large with men to range ;  
 The Sage despise us, pity us at best,  
 And every School Boy turns us into jest.  
 When Manly talents we aspire to gain,  
 We lose our own, but cannot theirs attain ;  
 Lower we sink from striving to rise higher,  
 While neither Sex will own whom none admire.  
 Unhappy Stella ! do whate'er she can,  
 Will still be less than Woman,—less than Man."

To Miss Hay, in answer to a letter informing me that she and her Sister had purchased Ades, and expressing her wish to pass her life there :—

“YES, Dear Miss Hay, your pencil traces,  
With happy skill, all Nature’s graces ;  
Upon the canvas are displayed  
The just degrees of light and shade.  
Well has your lively fancy drawn  
Each various charm of Wood and Lawn.  
The House (I see) is small and neat,  
The Barns with Ceres’ gifts replete ;  
The richest foliage decks your Trees,  
And Roses bloom where’er you please ;  
While every songster in your Grove  
Tunes its soft notes to Joy and Love.  
Nor Claude nor Poussin could display  
A scene more pleasing, or more gay.  
May health, content, and peace attend  
To guard the spot, and bless my Friend.

Yet let me ask, while you at Ades  
Are wandering in Elysian shades,  
Wooing the Goddess Contemplation,  
And fond of rural recreation ;  
Why need you cast such hard aspersions  
Upon the Town and its diversions ?

‘Cannot two Spinsters live and die  
Contented here ?’ I don’t deny



*You* might (perhaps), but, Dear Miss Hay,  
 What does Miss Fanny think and say?  
 Can she, to Country cares resigned,  
 Banish Cornelys from her mind?  
 And will the Groves and Fields at Ades  
 Please more than Plays and Masquerades?  
 Full well the deference I know  
 Younger to elder Sisters owe,  
 Yet speaking looks will sometimes tell  
 Whether those Sisters reason well.  
 You know Miss Fanny is discerning,  
 And all her sense and all her learning  
 Have proved that, to be truly blest,  
 Variety must give the Zest  
 To every pleasure; and can you  
 Deny this maxim to be true?  
 Can you, whose feeling soul is formed  
 For Friendship's joys, whose heart is warmed  
 With every social Virtue's fire,  
 Whom all esteem, whom all admire,—  
 Can you (unkind), can you intend  
 To slight the voice of every Friend,  
 And bury in your Sylvan Groves  
 The merit that engaged our Love?

Oh let my artless numbers plead  
 Their cause and mine: if I succeed—  
 If aught I urge persuasive seems,  
 And wakes you from your rural dreams,  
 Again I'll strike the tuneful Lyre—  
 Friendship shall every note inspire,

And teach me, in no common lays,  
To celebrate my Harriet's praise."

To the memory of Frances, Viscountess  
Palmerston, who died in 1770 :—

"STRANGER, whoe'er thou art whose curious eye  
Shall mark the tablet, with respect draw nigh ;  
With reverence tread this consecrated place,  
Here sleep the last remains of every grace :  
The fairest form, the fairest mind could boast,  
In life's gay Summer most untimely lost.  
Art thou who read'st these lines with beauty blessed,  
By fortune favoured, and by Friends caressed ?  
Do Wit, do Wisdom, claim thee for their own,  
By every gentle Virtue art thou known ?  
Approach, and learn an awful lesson here,  
All that thou art she was. Yes, ever dear,  
Fortune and beauty all their gifts bestowed,  
And every Virtue in thy bosom glowed ;  
Wisdom, persuasive, on thy accents hung,  
And lively Wit flowed blameless from thy tongue.  
Thine was each generous thought, thine warmth of  
Heart,  
Thine the pure mind that scorned the mask of art ;  
'Twas thine in every scene of life to shine ;  
To charm, attach, improve, and bless, were thine.  
The Friend whose love was, like thy soul, sincere,  
Embalms thy ashes with a tender tear ;  
Pays the sad tribute of this mournful Verse,  
And hangs the wreath of sorrow on thy Hearse."

To Viscount Nuneham, June, 1773, occasioned by his giving the advice with which the lines begin :—

“ ‘WRITE, but revise, contract, correct,  
With rigour view the least defect ;  
Nor think a thousand careless lines,  
Though here and there some Genius shines,  
Can ever merit just applause,  
If they transgress established laws.’

My Lord, I own your counsel good,  
And would observe it, if I could ;  
But hard the task, when numbers join,  
And words flow in to form the line,  
Patient to sit, and wait till thought  
By critic rules the web has wrought ;  
Long ere I knew one mode of art,  
Long ere the Head had schooled the Heart,  
Sportive I trod poetic ground,  
And strewed my childish offerings round.  
As years advanced, my Garland still  
Was formed with joy, though not with skill.  
I little hoped my rhymes could please,  
But wrote because I wrote with ease ;  
Yet partial Friends would sometimes find  
Light gleams of fancy in my mind,  
And say I might in time aspire  
To strike with bolder hand the Lyre.

Eager to gain and merit praise,  
I vowed no more to waste my days ;

Ambition all my bosom warmed,  
Taught me to hope, by study formed,  
By taste enlightened, I might claim  
Some blossoms from the wreath of fame.

And now to Poesey's sweet powers  
I gave my calm delightful hours ;  
Attentive turned th' historic leaf,  
While my young Heart o'erflowed with grief,  
Or glowed with transport as I read  
The actions of th' illustrious Dead.  
And many a mighty scheme I planned ;  
But other Joys were near at hand.  
Fate led me from my loved retreat,  
The Muses' haunt, the Virtues' seat ;  
Bade me in gayer scenes appear,  
And move in a more public sphere.

By novelty my soul was caught—  
Farewell reflection, study, thought ;  
No more I sought the Delian Bowers,  
My Toilette claimed my morning hours ;  
The evening came, away I flew,  
The glittering phantom still in view,  
Rarely attained, till tired at night,  
Calm Reason lent her steady light,  
And bade me from experience tell  
If real joy in crowds can dwell.

Yet, wild with vanity and youth,  
I hear, but slight, the voice of truth ;  
And, though the scene's no longer new,  
From habit the same course pursue.

And now the Muses, once so kind,  
Displeased, forsake my darkened mind ;  
The little Genius I could boast,  
For want of cultivation's lost,  
And each neglected talent flies ;  
Meanwhile, I see, with anxious eyes,  
Full many a wasted, misspent year,  
Upon the roll of time appear ;  
And, blushing, own my life's full day  
Glows fainter than its morning ray.

Patience you cry, the time's not past,  
'Tis well you see your faults at last ;  
For, at your age, you still may find  
Full leisure to inform your mind ;  
The bar of indolence remove,  
And every talent will improve.

Alas, my Lord, my trembling Heart  
Wants force to act a steady part ;  
My mind, like some soft opening flower,  
Expands and closes in an hour :  
And, on the world's gay billows tossed,  
My best resolves are often lost.  
Habits of idleness and ease  
Have gained too much the power to please ;  
Fair pleasure's too alluring face  
Still seems adorned with every grace :  
E'en while my errors I perceive  
Their flattering voices still deceive ;  
And though I strive to break the chain,  
I find my efforts are in vain.

Ah lend me then your friendly aid,  
Support, correct, advise, persuade ;  
Point out the path you most approve,  
And make me worthier of your Love."

To Anna Chamber, Countess Temple,  
July, 1773, occasioned by her desiring me  
to write some verses to her :—

" WAS it, Dear Ma'am, in sport or spite  
That you commanded me to write ?  
Can you, of Womankind the best,  
Turn those who love you into jest ?  
Though I like Verse, it does not follow  
I must be favoured by Apollo.  
And pray what subject must I choose,  
What numbers take, what gentle Muse  
Invoke to second my design,  
And grace with harmony each line ?

Must I at once devote my lays  
To panegyric and soft praise,  
Or give the reins to my ill nature,  
Rail at the world, and write a satire ?

The easy, playful, poignant wit  
Of real satire's hard to hit ;  
Which, while it every foible shows,  
The limits of good breeding knows.  
And, should success attend my lays,  
From you I could expect no praise ;

You'd shake your head, and say, 'tis pity  
 Ill nature should be reckoned witty ;  
 For souls of an exalted kind,  
 In others' faults no pleasure find.  
 To panegyric let us turn,  
 I want not judgment to discern  
 One who might every tribute claim,  
 If merit has a right to fame ;  
 But (strange to tell) supreme dessert  
 With its own praise is ever hurt ;  
 And, like the Violet, shuns the ray  
 That calls its beauties into day ;  
 And, should I dare pursue my thought,  
 And paint a mind where not a fault,  
 Where not a weakness can be found,  
 Where sense, and wit, and taste abound,  
 The World would soon the likeness own,  
 For Temple's portrait must be known.  
 But you (my Friend) would frowning cry,  
 The colouring is much too high.

One theme indeed might please your ear ;  
 ' She's thinking of Lord Temple here,'  
 I'm sure you'll say, ' Yes, if she will  
 On him she may exert her skill.  
 Yet worth like his might well inspire  
 Superior Bards to wake the Lyre.'

Dear Ma'am I know it, and resign  
 The task to abler hands than mine ;  
 Let them in worthier strains commend ;  
 Let me remain your faithful Friend."

To the Honourable Horace Walpole,  
August, 1773, occasioned by his approba-  
tion of the foregoing lines :—

“ To write with judgment, with correctness please,  
Unite the rules of Art with nature's ease ;  
Bid lively wit and sportive fancy join  
With taste refined, and nervous sense, is thine ;  
'Tis mine at awful distance to admire,  
And wake to humbler strains an artless Lyre.  
Pleased when thy candid voice my song commends,  
More pleased to rank thee with my partial Friends.  
True merit shuns th' applause it can command,  
But lends to others a supporting hand.  
To waken Genius with the breath of praise,  
With kind indulgence every talent raise,  
Each fainter colouring of the mind display,  
O'er every dawning thought diffuse the day,  
And bid the Muse her trembling wings extend,  
Well suits the Virtues' and the Muse's friend ;  
Well suits the Man whose nobly feeling heart  
Glows with the love of every liberal art.

Walpole, accept this tributary lay,  
To thee let gratitude her homage pay ;  
Hail the kind voice unwilling still to blame,  
And giving praises which I dare not claim.”



Written upon the King's recovery :—

“OUR prayers are heard, the Night of grief is o'er,  
 And Joy's bright morning glads our eyes once more ;  
 No longer heave our breasts with pangs sincere,  
 Hushed is each sorrow, banished every fear ;  
 While pious praises for the blessing given  
 Shall rise like Incense to the Throne of Heaven.  
 Oh thou, not more pre-eminent in birth  
 And Royal greatness, than acknowledged worth ;  
 Can I, when those, who but at distance view  
 Thy Virtues, pay the tribute justly due ;  
 Can I, whose faithful bosom truly shares  
 Thy present Glory, as thy former cares ;  
 Can I submit to timid fear's control,  
 And check the warm effusions of my soul ?  
 No, let my artless Verse my joy express,  
 My grateful heart the God of mercy bless,  
 Whose power Omnipotent in pity spares,  
 And grants our Sovereign to a Nation's prayers.”

Epitaph on General James Johnston, written at the request of Lady Cecilia Johnston :—

“BENEATH these Holy Shrines that awful spread  
 To guard the gloomy Mansions of the Dead,  
 Johnston with Brother Chiefs we place thy Bust,  
 And mix with Honor's Sons thy sacred Dust.

Reader, if modest worth may claim thy Tear,  
If dauntless spirit to thy soul be dear;  
In him the noblest Characters were joined,  
A Hero's firmness with a Christian's mind."

## Letter from Lord Harcourt.

LADY HARCOURT had always looked forward to surviving her brother-in-law; and, in this expectation, she somewhat stinted herself during her widowed life, with a view of saving money for the purpose of restoring the house at Nuneham, which had been little inhabited and entirely neglected by William, Lord Harcourt, during his tenancy. This, however, was not to be, and she was buried by the side of her husband in the church at Stanton Harcourt in 1826.

The following letter from Lord Harcourt alludes to the event.

From William, Earl Harcourt, to his Agent, Mr. Bryan Trumper :—

*“ St. Leonard's, 27 Jan. 1826.*

“ TRUMPER,—Having this day received an account of the death of the Dowager Countess Harcourt, which happened on Wednesday night last,

after a very tedious illness, I have requested the Rector, Mr. Baker, to do me the favour to perform the service at her funeral at Stanton Harcourt; of which you shall have due notice, in order that you and the Tenants of that Parish may attend; which I wish them to do, as a mark of respect to the memory of so old a member of my family. I am not aware of any expenses attending this melancholy ceremony, further than a fee to the clergyman of the Parish for allowing Mr. Baker to perform the service; but you will inform yourself what was done upon the occasion of my brother's Funeral, and act accordingly.

"Enclosed you have a list of persons who I propose to give mourning to upon this occasion, with the sums appropriated to each, and which I depend upon you to see laid out accordingly, viz. :—

Yourselves and wife . . . .	£12
Steavenson and wife . . . .	10
Faulkner . . . . .	7
McMullen and wife . . . . .	8
Hannah West . . . . .	2

£39

"I am, yours, &c.,  
"HARCOURT."

## Memoir of William, Earl Harcourt.

THE third Earl Harcourt succeeded to the family title and estates upon the death of his brother, George Simon, in the year 1809. William, Lord Harcourt, followed the profession of arms, and was an ardent soldier all his life. He entered the army at an early age; his first command was that of a troop in a cavalry regiment, raised at the sole expense of his father. The troop went by the name of Captain Harcourt's Black Horse.

He volunteered wherever he was likely to find active service; in the West Indies; in the Low Countries; in America; and, in fact, in any quarter of the globe where there was any chance of exercising his profession. He rose to the highest rank in the army, and filled many distinguished military posts. His first notable feat was the taking General Lee prisoner, with a handful of dragoons, at an outpost in front of the whole American

army. For this he received the thanks of Parliament. He commanded the cavalry of the Allies in the Low Countries ; he was the first governor of the Royal Military College of Sandhurst ; he was made a Field Marshal ; and held various Court appointments to the day of his death, which occurred in 1830. He used to assemble round him once a year, at Nuneham, the officers of the regiment in which he had served, and of which he always remained Colonel, namely, the 16th Dragoons ; known afterwards as the 16th Lancers. He, moreover, sat for a few years in the House of Commons.

The correspondence which follows commences in the year 1762.

On the 5th of March in that year an expedition, commanded by General the Earl of Albemarle, and Admiral Sir George Pocock, started from Portsmouth. Its destination was the Havanna. It was composed of nineteen ships of the line, eighteen smaller ships of war, and 150 transports, with 10,000 soldiers. The landing at Havanna was un-

opposed, but with the landing their difficulties began. A deadly climate and a strongly fortified city, assisted by the ships of war within the harbour, proved to be most formidable opponents; and it was not till the expeditionary force had endured untold hardships for two months that the place capitulated. The treasure which fell to the conquerors was immense, and great were the complaints at the disposition of it. £130,000 as the share of each Commander, and £4 as the share of each man, was certainly a monstrous division of the three millions sterling of booty!

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Viscount Nuneham :—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—As we have quitted the Governor’s house upon hearing of Lord Tyrleigh’s intention of immediately coming to Portsmouth, if you do propose letting me hear from you, which I need not assure you will be giving me the greatest pleasure, it must be by the next post, as to-morrow is fixed upon for the day of our embarkation; and if the wind

continues fair we shall possibly be under sail by Thursday next. Your letter must be directed to be left at the Crown Coffee House, from whence, if it should come too late for me to receive it, the people of the House will enclose it to you. By the last disposition which was made, within these last two or three days, it was fixed for me to go with Mr. Keppel instead of Sir Geo. Pocock; which, tho' not quite so agreeable to me, nevertheless, as it is necessary for Col. Carleton to go in the same ship with my Lord, as he is Quarter-master-General, I could not but give my consent; without which Sir Geo. Pocock was so polite as to say he wou'd not make the alteration, as he had promised Lord Harcourt to take me in his ship.

"Geo. West left us last Saturday, at which I was very sorry, for he was of great use, as he knew everybody; but pray tell him that I am very angry with him for neglecting to send the portable soup, and for not writing, which he promised me he would certainly do. As I have heard this moment that we shall certainly sail early on Thursday morning, I beg you would not trouble yourself to write, but you may depend on my embracing every opportunity of informing the family how we go on. I must conclude with desiring you to assure that dearest girl, my sister, in the strongest manner, that she need not give herself one moment's uneasiness with regard to my being



blooded, should there be any real occasion. I hope she has received a letter from me which I wrote some time ago. That all sorts of blessings may attend all the family is the most ardent wish of your most

“Sincere and affectionate

“Brother and Friend,

“W. HARCOURT.

“P.S. Tuesday, March 1<sup>st</sup>. My best comp<sup>ts</sup> to Mr. Hoare. This I send to you by an express of L<sup>d</sup> Albemarle’s.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Viscount Nuneham :—

“DEAR BROTHER,—I have the pleasure to inform you that we arrived off this place the 6<sup>th</sup> of June, after having had a most remarkable safe and expeditious passage through the Straits of Bahama ; the next morning we effected our landing without the least opposition : the 8<sup>th</sup> our army, after having marched 3 miles through the woods, enter’d a plain upon the north-east side of the Town and Harbour of the Havana in order to dislodge the enemy from a post which they had at the village of Guanavaisa, of about two thousand horse and foot, which was effected in very few minutes by our Light Infantry without difficulty or loss ; almost ever since which time

we have been employed in investing the Moro, of which we make not the least doubt of having in our possession in very few days.

"A great many officers here have received letters from England by the Jamaica packet, which is a safe though not a very expeditious method of conveyance. I was a good deal surprised, and I can assure you not agreeably so, at being disappointed of that pleasure; the more so as I have not missed one opportunity of writing. My Duty and Love to Lord and Lady Harcourt and my sister, and believe me to be, my Dear Brother, yours most affectionately,

"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.

"*Head Quarters at  
Cojmar, July 16th, 1762.*"

An hiatus of nine years now occurs in the correspondence. It commences again at the time of the rupture with Spain, which was so quickly healed.

From Colonel the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt:—

"*Leicester House, Feb. 12th, 1771.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am desired by Lord Masham to forward a letter which I believe contains his

acknowledgements for the most acceptable present you could have possibly made him, and to which I am a witness of his having done ample justice. I have since my return from Sudbury been pretty much taken up with our augmentation, which was to have consisted of one hundred and twenty-six; of which number we raised near ninety in the first month, and, had we not received orders to put a stop to our recruiting, should probably have been compleat before this time. I had, upon this occasion, recourse to those parts of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire where you raised my troop; and, though we did not experience the same readiness to engage as at the time our species of service was quite a novelty; nevertheless, we picked up a number of fine fellows, some of whom will much improve the regiment.

“The plan of the augmentation was to have added a Corporal and nine to each troop of Dragoons, a Serg<sup>t</sup>, Corp<sup>l</sup>, and nineteen to the Light Dragoons, a fourth battalion to the Artillery, and a light company to each of the regiments of Infantry; which, with the further addition of twenty men per company, would have made them consist of about seven hundred: the whole of the augmentation would have amounted to between 12 and 13 thousand; 4,400 of which, distributed among the different regiments of In-

fantry upon the British establishment, were to have been raised in the most Catholick provinces of Ireland ; which wou'd at the same time have drained that country of some of its most disaffected inhabitants, and have provided an ample supply for the army. All these measures have been for some time suspended, and nothing now is wanting but the arrival of the Ratification, to bring us back to our former state of Supineness and Lethargy.

“The Declaration of the Court of Spain, and the acceptation of it, will both come under the consideration of Parliament ; and, tho' there is no doubt of an address of approbation being carried, yet it will not be without a considerable opposition ; as there are many people of opinion that, all circumstances considered, the reparation is by no means adequate to the injury. Lord G——r was on Monday last invested with the order of the Garter, an Honor which people of all parties think would have been bestowed with much more propriety upon —— . The Duke of A——r was undoubtedly a candidate for it, and was supported, probably by the means of the Dutchess, from a quarter I should hardly have suspected. A scheme has for some time been in agitation to bring a bill into Parliament for the more effectually recruiting of the forces of the East India Company, by empowering them

to maintain a Corps of 2,000 men in Great Britain to be composed of 1,400 English and 600 Germans. The officers were to have been appointed by the King; but the disposition of the Corps was to have remained entirely in the hands of the Company; who were to have had the power of sending annually to their settlements whatever number of men they shou'd think proper, provided it came within the establishment of the Corps.

“The permitting a Force of such consequence to be at the disposal of a Mercantile Company, independent of the government of the country; the allowing of so large and constant an emigration, ninety-nine out of a hundred of which would probably never return; the abuses a plan of this sort would have been liable to, from the interested views of ambitious individuals; and the difficulties it would have created to the recruiting of the army, have been thought such strong objections, that, though it was at first strongly espoused, I do not believe they will venture to attempt to carry it into execution.

“In my last trip to the country I paid a visit to my sister<sup>a</sup>, who was in perfect health; that of her eldest son was much mended, and we have lately had still more favourable accounts. The death of your old friend Sir Andrew

<sup>a</sup> Lady Elizabeth Lee.

Mitchell occasions several removes in the Corps Diplomatique. Mr. Gunning goes to Berlin, Col. Keith to Copenhagen, and Mr. Osborn (a brother of Sir George's) has this day kissed hands upon being appointed to the Court of Dresden. As I am sure I must have tired you with so long a letter I shall only beg you to believe that I am, Dear Sir, ever

“Your most dutiful  
“and most affectionate Son,  
“Wm. HARCOURT.

“P.S. I am much obliged to you for the glasses, which were sufficiently large for the place I intended them.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt:—

“*Leicester House, 20th March, 1772.*

“DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and I am much obliged to you for your information relative to the French army; shou'd the intention of assembling a corps in Flanders take place, I may perhaps have the curiosity to look at them; tho', I must confess, that desire is much abated since my tour to Germany, where I saw enough of the Austrians to convince me that they are infinitely superior to the others in all the essentials of the profession.

A propos to this subject, I am going in a few days to join the Regt; not, however, in any expectation of being seen by H.M.; who has thought proper to forego his Reviews of Cavalry for the summer, in consideration of the present extraordinary high price of forage.

“I do not know what credit I am to give to the opinion which prevails of your having refused y<sup>e</sup> Lieut<sup>y</sup> of Ireland: certain it is that the misconduct of L<sup>d</sup> Townshend on one hand, and the bad disposition of the Parliament on the other, demand a change of men and measures; at the same time that it affords no very pleasing prospect to the person that may be appointed to succeed him. Added to this, the Counties of Down and Armagh, oppressed with the great and injudicious rise of rents of Lands, have made an insurrection; have assembled in large bodies of three or four thousand armed men; and have actually committed such outrages in the neighbourhood of Newry, that it has been judged necessary to reinforce the six companies cantoned in those parts with five more from the garrison of Dublin; besides which one of the Light Dragoon Regts has also been put in motion. This force will, it is hoped, prove sufficient to quell them, but this affair has so far alarmed Government on this side of the water, that it has actually had it in contemplation to send a reinforcement from Scotland; and

in consequence of it Gage's Regiment have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark.

"The attention of the public has for some time been engrossed with the Bill for regulating the marriages of the Royal Family, which passed the H. L. without much delay, and without any amendment. It has not escaped so in the H. C., where every part of it has been thoroughly debated ; it has already taken up five long days, and must necessarily take up at least three more, as it has not even yet gone thro' the Committee. The principal objections which have been made have been to the Preamble, which asserts the care and approbation of the marriages of the R. F. has ever been vested in the Crown ; to the clause which annuls all marriages contracted without that approbation ; and to another which enacts that all persons accessory to such marriages shall be deemed guilty of a Premunire. The opposition have been in high spirits throughout this affair, and in the course of it have collected all their scattered forces, which upon some questions have proved very considerable ; particularly upon the commitment of the bill, against which they divided 164 to 200.

"The grateful sense I ever have had, and ever shall retain, of your goodness to me will, I flatter myself, in some measure apologize for my troubling you with one word upon the subject of my



private affairs. I imagine it may have escaped your memory, that no less than twenty months have now elapsed since I have received any money upon account of the allowance you so generously settled upon me at my coming into Parliament. I do not mean to lay in the slightest claim to any part of that sum, but I must be ingenuous enough to confess that, depending upon such an increase of income, I have contracted expences which otherwise might most certainly have been dispensed with; which, added to an arrear upon the Civil list, has obliged me to defer the payments of some debts of too long a standing; I shall not trouble you with an enumeration of them, but I believe they may amount to about five hundred pounds.

“All that I can wish or desire is, that you would be pleased to order Mr. Cowden to let me have whatever sum you may judge proper upon account, and that, hereafter, when you may happen to be out of England, I might be allowed to draw upon him at certain periods. As I wrote to Blaquiere a few days since relative to his affair, which seems as far from being settled as it was six months ago, I shall only trouble you to remember me to him. I am, Dear Sir, ever your most Dutiful

“and most affectionate Son,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*“Leicester House, 7th June, 1772.*

“DEAR SIR,—I had last night the pleasure of your letter, acquainting me with your having accepted the Lord Lieutenancy. I most ardently wish that your views may be fully answered, and that the possession of this very high but arduous office may be attended with as few disagreeable circumstances as possible. I have for some time purposely avoided writing to you, that I might not be obliged to pester you with the numerous and impertinent applications which have been made for more things than you may probably have in your disposal, shou’d you continue in office these seven years. The appointment of your Aids de Camp will, I am sure, do you credit; as they are in general officers of service, and, those I am acquainted with, persons of real merit.

“I wish you may not still be pressed with applications, particularly in favour of L<sup>t</sup>. Col. Douglas of the 3<sup>rd</sup> guards; shou’d that be the case, I shall most readily offer my services as an *Extraordinary Aid de Camp*, that you may be furnished with an additional argument against your having him, or indeed any other person, forced upon you. The world seems to be apprized of your wishes in

favour of Blaquiere ; had you not already been acquainted with my sentiments upon this subject, I might have told you how this report was received ; in doing so, at present, I might appear to give my own ideas in communicating to you those of the publick.

“The King saw the Regiment privately a few days ago: nothing could have gone off better ; my most sanguine expectations were indeed more than answered. His Majesty has since been pleased to tell me he never knew any Regiment so much improved within a twelvemonth ; that the order of the Regiment in general, and the attention of the officers and men, was very remarkable ; that he must confess he had always been so partial to *Elliot's*, that he had declared that the day before the Review, if we could even, in his opinion, equal them, he should be sure we were in reality superior. I take it for granted you have been already informed of the promotion of gen<sup>l</sup> officers which have lately taken place—of gen<sup>l</sup> officers down to Burgoyne ; of Colonels to Lord —, and Lieut.-Colonels as far as Major Tucker ; the abolishing of the rank of Capt<sup>t</sup>.-Lieut. is a measure of much more real importance, the good effects of which must soon be sensibly felt.

“As I understand Lord Stormount is certainly to succeed you<sup>b</sup>, it will probably be some time before

<sup>b</sup> As Ambassador in Paris.

you can fix a day for your departure. I shall, however, certainly pay my duty to you before your return to this country. I would not close this letter without acquainting you that *Lord Belvidere* lay at the point of Death on the last day of May ; I had this intelligence from a person I can depend upon, who received it by *express* from Ireland.

“ I am, Dear Sir, ever

“ Your most dutiful

“ and most affectionate Son,

“ W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.

“ P.S. I must beg to be remembered to Blaquiere. I shall see Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodenough to-morrow, and shall communicate to him his good fortune.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

“ *Leicester House, June 23rd, 1772.*

“ DEAR SIR,—I received a few days ago the enclosed letter from Col. Burton, by which he appears to decline the honor you intended him of appointing him one of your Aids de Camp, but signifies his wishes of succeeding to the post of Secretary for the Northern Provinces ; how far his abilities and connections may qualify him for that employment it is not for me to determine ; but if

I am not much misinformed, it ought to be filled by a person in whom you can repose the most entire confidence. I have just seen Gen<sup>l</sup> Burgoyne, who communicated to me your answer to his request. I cannot help perceiving, by the latter part of it, that you imagined I had not acquainted him with the purport of the letter you formerly wrote to me upon that subject. In this give me leave to assure you you have been mistaken; as I lost no time in telling him that, tho' you had at that time no intimation from the minister of your being thought of for Ireland, yet, should such an appointment take place, I had the strongest reason to believe you had already fixed upon another person for the employment of Secretary. I assured him at the same time of your favourable sentiments for him; but I knew you had a predilection for Blaquiere. The application which he has made to you subsequent to this conversation, arose, I am persuaded, from the general opinion which prevailed, that, notwithstanding the wishes you might have for Blaquiere, the objections to his appointment were so obvious, that you wou'd, in the end, be dissuaded from carrying them into execution.

"I most sincerely wish the world may prove mistaken in their opinion; tho' I will be free enough to confess that, with the most friendly disposition to B——e, I cannot in my heart

rejoice at his appointment. You have so often encouraged me to speak my sentiments, that you will not, I flatter myself, disapprove of my doing so, upon an occasion where my duty, my affection, and my zeal for your welfare all happen to concur. The accounts I sent you of Lord Belvidere's bad state of health was not without foundation ; tho' that which has since prevailed of his death has proved premature. Blaquiere arrived here last Saturday, and has since been in the country with Lord R——d, but returns for the levée to-morrow. If I can arrange matters so as to exchange my waiting, which commences the 26<sup>th</sup> July, I shall endeavour to accompany him to France ; otherwise it will be near the middle of August before I can have it in my power to pay my duty to you.

“ Gen<sup>l</sup> Oughton arrived in town about a week ago in good health and tolerable spirits, considering the intricate and distressful situation of his affairs ; to compleat his misfortunes, the person whom he has appointed his agent in the room of Oldham is likely to be a sufferer by the Bankruptcy of Fordice ; luckily, however, he has not I believe any money in his hands. Poor Weston is as happy and as grateful as might have been expected. I cannot avoid expressing the satisfaction I felt upon hearing of your having provided in so noble a manner for so worthy a man.

I have not hitherto made the slightest acknowledgment to you for the appointment of my friend Col. Patterson; but I had not, till B——'s arrival, presumption enough to imagine that that appointment had taken place in consequence of my having mentioned him to you as an able officer and as a very worthy man. B. tells me you depended upon me to announce to him his good fortune; but as you only acquainted me with his appointment together with the rest of the Aids de Camp, I think I cannot with propriety write to him upon that subject unless authorized by you. I have only to assure you that I am, Dear Sir, ever

“Your most dutiful

“and most affectionate Son,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*“Nuneham, July 8th, 1772.*

“DEAR SIR,—Col. Blaquiére having delivered to me your message relative to the visit I proposed myself the pleasure of making to you, I have, in consequence of it, given up all thoughts of that tour; but shall, instead of it, most cheerfully attend you to Ireland, and shall, during your residence in that country, devote to you as large a portion of my time as I can spare from the



business of the Regiment. I was once fully determined against troubling you with any of the numerous, and, in general, impertinent applications which I have been desired to make to you for different posts in your gift; but, 'as I have found that my 'brother has thought it more desirable to transmit such applications to you without offering any solicitations of his own upon them, I propose, for the future, to do the same, unless you signify your pleasure to the contrary.

"I am to acquaint you, that I am desired by Gen<sup>l</sup> Oughton to apprize you of an application which will probably be made to you by S<sup>r</sup> Eyre Coote in favour of his brother; a well benefited, ambitious clergyman, who is now possessed of a Deanery, together with other Church preferments, to the amount of £1,600 a year; all which he, of his great goodness, is willing to give the presentation of to your Excellency for the moderate consideration of a Bishoprick. Whether it may answer your purpose to gratify him in his wishes the Gen<sup>l</sup> did not offer any opinion; but mentioned it merely as a matter for your consideration, whether it might not be the means of attaching to you a family which, from having two Peers belonging to it, must necessarily have some weight in that country; and who, from having been violent in opposition, are desirous of standing forth as the first sup-



porters of your government. I have sent you enclosed two letters which I have lately received, the first from Major Brooke, brother to S<sup>r</sup> Arthur Brooke (an Irish member of Parliament). I have acquainted him I wou'd transmit his request to you, but that I know your Aids de Camp had been long since fixed upon, and that I was well assured numberless applications had already been made to you. The other is from a M<sup>r</sup>. Cuthbertson, with whom I was formerly well acquainted when he was Adj<sup>t</sup> and afterwards a Captain in Lord Percy's Regiment; but, from motives of private convenience, and, as he asserts, in order to provide for a large family, having quitted the service, is desirous of furnishing your Household as a Clothier; in which business it seems he is now engaged. I know nothing of him in this latter capacity, but in the former one he served long and with great credit and reputation.

"I have now done with Irish affairs, tho' not with troubling you; which I take the liberty of doing in favour of a M<sup>r</sup>. Leigh, a young man of some fortune, who has lately purchased a Cornetcy in the Regiment, and has obtained leave to go to Strasburgh for eight months, it having been recommended to his relations as the best place to form a young man for the Army. If a letter of recommendation cou'd be obtained from any of your military friends, it might

possibly gain him admission to the Academy, or at least to the Masters of it ; this will much oblige a particular friend of mine, Cap<sup>t</sup> Williams, who is a kind of guardian to him. I am just going to call upon my sister for a few days in my way to Town ; where I am going in order to take my waiting, which commences on the 26<sup>th</sup>. It is not without regret I leave this place, which is in the highest beauty imaginable. You will be glad to hear something of the hay harvest. Lord's Mead<sup>c</sup>, &c., was entirely finished this day, almost without a drop of rain, and the seventy-five Loads of Hay which are set up at the Ox Pen were got in in the most perfect order. The upper grounds, where there appears the largest crop, were not begun to be mow'd till four or five days ago ; and I believe it will be at least a fortnight before the Hay will be carried. I had last night the pleasure of receiving your letter, and am glad to hear from Blaquiere the King's leave is given for your return the first week in August, without waiting for Lord Stormount's arrival. As my Brother writes by this Post I have only to assure you I am ever, Dear Sir,

“ Your most dutiful

“ and most affectionate Son,

“ W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

<sup>c</sup> The meadow just opposite the terrace at Nuneham.

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*“Harcourt House, April 3rd, 1776.*

“DEAR SIR,—I received your last letter on Thursday ; but, as I was hurried from the Regiment, at a very short notice, to take my leave of Gen<sup>l</sup> Burgoyne before he set off for Portsmouth, and as I have been continually employed since my arrival here, I have not till this moment had an opportunity of acknowledging it. Your last kind offer relative to the Plate affords me no small satisfaction ; not that I mean to avail myself of it in its full extent, but because it ensures me your approbation of the order I had already given relative to that matter. The fact is the Tureens would be of small service, as the circular one in which the plates are packed is quite sufficient for that purpose ; with regard to the additional dozen of Plates, I might perhaps have been induced to trespass so far upon your indulgence, but that the things are already finished and packed ; the deep dish and lamp will be extremely useful, and (till you so kindly mentioned it) entirely escaped my memory. I certainly directed Giles to procure me a couple of mules, but as he did not procure them within six weeks after my arrival here, I had given up all thoughts

of them, and had accordingly bought one here. This being the case, I must desire him to dispose of those he has bought for me, and I must also desire Mr. Jackson to satisfy him for his trouble. I have at last entirely settled my own affairs, and got two or three good servants: my own man is a Swiss, and was settled at Berlin, but, as H.M. of Prussia thought him a good recruit for Werner's hussars, he was immediately placed in that corps, and, after serving three campaigns, was taken prisoner at Colberg; my cook, who is also a foreigner, has passed some years in America, in the services of Lord Dunmore and General Gage, the last of whom he quitted upon his return to England; my groom, who had an extraordinary good character, has carried horses to the West Indies, and is thoroughly acquainted with the method of taking care of them while on board ship.

"I have already acquainted you with General Burgoyne's departure on Saturday last. The Brunswickers arrived at Portsmouth a few days before, a sad sample of what is to be expected; no intermediate age between grandfathers and grand-children, with Coaches and every other impediment for their officers, and without a necessary for their men. The generals marched, or rather reeled off the Parade, but as they have been seen no less than *seven times* by H. M., are already

supposed to be much improved, they are now on their march to Portsmouth, and will embark the moment their transports get round. The dilatoriness of the Ordnance is much complain'd of, several of the artillery officers loitering in London when the Fleet ought to have been underway, and the Light Artillery, together with all its appurtenances, did not leave Woolwich till 12 o'clock this day, and was then ordered to be conveyed by land to Portsmouth.

"I have great reason to be satisfied with our last Augmentation, particularly the Irish, who have behaved as well as possible. It is not now above a fortnight since we have had arms, and there are already above two thirds of the men completely fit for service. Many of our Transports are not yet arrived, but, as they are to be fitted up at Portsmouth instead of the River, I expect that we shall be embarked in about a month. I have not forgot your Mares, but as yet I have not had any answer from Westbury.

"I am, Dear Sir,

"Ever your most Dutiful

"and most affectionate Son,

"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*“ Harcourt House, May 23rd, 1776.*

“DEAR SIR,—Though hurry of business has prevented my acknowledging as soon as I ought to have done the appointment of Major Kingston, you will not, I persuade myself, upon that account, think I am the less sensible of your very kind attention to my recommendation of a friend whose interest I have extremely at heart.

“Convinced as I have been for many weeks of the fixed determination of sending us to America, I must own that the repeated accounts I receiv’d of the difficulties they met with in procuring transports induced me to think that they wou’d, at last, have been obliged to give up that part of their plan ; I can, however, now inform you that every obstacle is removed, and that we shall certainly embark about Monday fortnight : the Dismounted part of the Regiment, which I have vanity enough to think are at least as well trained and much better armed and appointed than any Light Infantry in the army, are now in the neighbourhood of London, and will be seen by H. M. on their march on Saturday next. My Brother having informed you of the extraordinary letter I received from a person who calls himself a Mr. John

Harcourt, I shall only add that, had my mind been less engaged, I might possibly have thought more of a matter, the first appearance of which is certainly dazzling. Situated as I am at present, I could not do more than procure a sight of the girl at Ranelagh, and make some enquiries about her family, connexions, &c. ; with respect to her person, I cannot say that it is either disgusting or the contrary, but I find that the father is a vulgar fellow, the son of a Timber Merchant, and that he has already offered his daughter to half a dozen different people, amongst whom are Chas. Fox and Lord Bolingbroke, who have all of them broke off upon the subject of settlement. What their views were in thinking of me, and whether this unknown Couzen may not have had a more interested motive than that of keeping up with a family, with whom, bye-the-bye, he has not the slightest acquaintance, I will not attempt to determine ; but I am free to declare that I would rather marry an amiable woman, one whom I liked, with one tenth part of the fortune, than this girl with all her pretentions, and, what is worse, with all her family.

“I have now got every article of equipment in perfect readiness, and I am more and more pleased with the Plate you have been so good as to give me ; you shall certainly hear from me before my embarkation, and by any opportunity which may

occur during the passage. Major Kingston, grateful for the favor you have confer'd upon him, desired me to forward the enclosed to you, but as I had not leisure to write during the short stay I made at the Regiment, I defer'd sending it till this time. I must beg you to make my remembrances acceptable to all friends, not forgetting Hamilton and Lees ; and I am, Dear Sir, with every sentiment of Duty and affection,

“ Ever yours,

“ W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

“ *Guilford, June 24th, 1776.*

“ DEAR SIR,—Though the continual hurry in which I have been for some time has prevented my writing to you as frequently as I ought to have done, I will not let slip one moment in congratulating you upon your late success ; which affords me the greater satisfaction as it shows your weight and personal influence in the strongest manner, and will, I hope, prove the last difficulty you are to encounter during your administration. I have now only to hope that —— will at last be awakened to a just sense of the many important services you have rendered him, and that you may at last reap the fruit of all your labour.



As I know you have been uniformly of opinion that we shou'd not be sent to America, you wou'd not have been surprised to have heard that an embarkation was at last countermanded. I am now to inform you that I have this night received orders to march for Portsmouth forthwith; and I shall accordingly hope to arrive there so as to compleat the embarkation of the Regiment on Thursday next. The last Division of Hessians, Brunswickers, &c., &c., &c., are now at Spithead, and wait only for a fair wind to proceed to their different destinations.

“There are accounts from Quebec as late as the 25<sup>th</sup> May, which mention the arrival of Gen<sup>l</sup> Burgoyne. The Guards and first Division of Hessians were all well on the 30<sup>th</sup> May, off the Azores or Western Islands; not one ship had then parted company, and they expected to make the American coast in about three weeks from that time. Major Kingston wou'd have been at his Post before this, had he not had a plan in agitation for getting to America; whether he will succeed or not a very few days must now determine, but, thus circumstanced, I must confess that I have rather advised than dissuaded his remaining here till the beginning of the next week; after which time, should he not succeed, which I think likely to be the case, he will set off immediately for Ireland.

“I believe I informed you in my last letter that I had taken some steps towards securing a passage in a Man of War; but as the Convoy was not then appointed, and as Lord Charles Spencer, who had undertaken to make the application for me, has lately been out of town, I have not had an opportunity of reminding him of it. I flatter myself, however, that your mind will be perfectly at ease when I tell you that the transport in which I propose to embark is an extreme good sailor, remarkably strong, and very commodious: and what is of still more consequence, that I am sure of having the agent of the transports with me, who is a Lieutenant of a Man of War, and as I am informed an extreme intelligent man; in short, I shall have every advantage of a Man of War without any of the inconveniences. You may expect to hear from me once more before I sail, and by every opportunity afterwards. I must beg you to believe me, Dear Sir, ever your most Dutiful and most affectionate son,

“WM. HARCOURT.”

“P.S. Your commands will find Mr. Kingston at Mr. Serle’s, Jermyn Street. The following is the purport of the news brought by the Pacquet which arrived on Sunday last from Quebec:—part of the 8<sup>th</sup> Regiment, with some of the Indians,

hearing of the defeat of the Provincials by Gen<sup>l</sup> Carleton, assembled and cut off their retreat, killed several and took upwards of 500 Prisoners."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*"Portsmouth, June 29th, 1776.*

DEAR SIR,—I can at last inform you that the Regiment are now all on board, and, as the wind is very fair, we shall fall down to St. Helens this evening, and proceed with the morning tide.

"It was intended that we should have sailed with the last Division of Hessians; but as six of the Transports, which contained all the Field Equipage of the Regiment, did not arrive here till Thursday evening, I could not compleat the embarkation till this moment. The rest of the Fleet have therefore sailed, leaving a Twenty Gun Ship for our Convoy. The embarkation consists of near 5,000 Hessians and Waldeckers, 850 German Recruits, Burgoyne's Regiment, 240, and the dismounted Division of that and Preston's, 388, together with 856 Baggage Horses.

"Lord Winchelsea has suddenly determined to be of our party, and has actually embarked on board Captain Fielding's ship.

"I have only time to assure you that I am,  
with every sentiment of gratitude and affection,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most Dutiful Son,

"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his  
father, Earl Harcourt:—

*"Falmouth, July 19th, 1776.*

"DEAR SIR,—When I did myself the pleasure  
of writing to you from St. Helens, I still flattered  
myself that we might have arrived at New York  
time enough to have seen something of this  
Campaign; but the winds have hitherto proved  
so unfavourable, that, after making two unsuccessful  
attempts to get clear of the Channel, we  
have again been obliged to put back, and are  
now at this place replenishing our Water and  
Forage.

"The Fleet with the Hessians, &c., which sailed  
a few days before us, were heard of at Plymouth;  
but as the wind is now quite fair I imagine they  
have sailed again this morning, in which case we  
may probably join them, though our wishes are  
to avoid that embarrassment as much as possible.  
My Horses are all perfectly well, and, though we  
have had some rough weather, we have lost but

four horses in the whole Regiment. I rely upon your goodness to excuse this almost illegible scrawl, and I am, Dear Sir, ever

“Your most Dutiful  
“and most affectionate Son,  
“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

“*New York, October 7th, 1776.*

“DEAR SIR,—As I missed the opportunity of a vessel which sailed from hence the day after my arrival, I am determined to lose no time in acquainting you with my having at last landed in perfect health.

“I flatter myself we embarked in very good order ; but the winds have been so contrary, and, of course, the passage so tedious, that we have lost 39 Horses ; and, what is still worse, have parted company with one of our Transports, in which was embarked Captain Lester and about half his Troop, whom I have now too much reason to believe have fallen into the enemy’s hands.

“The Army has not made any motion of consequence since the 15<sup>th</sup> of September, when they landed and drove the rebels from a very advantageous post, and in consequence of it took possession of New York.

“As the Enemy’s Intrenchments extend quite across the Island, I imagine we shall scarcely undertake any offensive operation till the arrival of the last reinforcement of Hessians, which are waited for with impatience. I have only to beg you to assure my Lady Nuneham, my Brother and Sister, of my most affectionate remembrances, and

“I am, Dear Sir,  
“ever your most Dutiful Son,  
“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*“Brunswick, December 5th, 1776.*

“DEAR SIR,—Having already written to you by two other opportunities, I shall at present trouble you with a very short letter to inform you of my being in perfect health after a most fatiguing but very successful Expedition under Lord Cornwallis, which has given us possession of a great part of the Jerseys. The rebels quitted this place on Sunday last in the utmost consternation, and, had the weather continued favourable, I make no doubt that another month would have given us possession of Philadelphia.

“I must beg to be remembered to Lady Nune-

ham, my Sister, and my Brother, and I am, Dear Sir, ever

“Your most Dutiful  
“and most affectionate Son,  
“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

“*Brunswick, December 17th, 1776.*

“DEAR SIR,—It is with very particular satisfaction I can acquaint you that our Campaign is at last closed with an event in which I had some little share. I mean the taking of General Lee, whom I surprised in his Quarters and made Prisoner, together with a French Lieut.-Colonel, almost within sight of his Army. Captain Eustace, Aid de Camp to Lord Cornwallis, and who was with me upon this little expedition, is kind enough to charge himself with this letter, and will inform you of any particulars you may wish to be acquainted with. I have only time to add that I am, Dear Sir, ever

“Your most Dutiful  
“and most affectionate Son,  
“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.

“P.S. I must beg to be remembered to my

Sister, Lady Nuneham, and my Brother. I have just received your letter by Major Cuyller, who arrived here last night."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Viscount Nuneham :—

*"Brunswick, December 19th, 1776.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The very busy scene in which I have been engaged during the last three months having made it difficult for me to write to you, I cannot take too early an opportunity after the close of the Campaign to acquaint you of the very sincere satisfaction I feel at the news of your being perfectly recovered of a disorder which, though not dangerous, must have been extremely alarming.

"I am not going to torment you with a detail of our military operations, but you will I am sure rejoice with me in the probability of our passing a quiet winter, and still more so in the prospect of a speedy conclusion to this most unhappy contest. The uninterrupted success we have met with in the course of this long Campaign, and the taking of the most active and most enterprising of the Enemy's Generals (I mean Mr. Lee, whom I have been fortunate enough to make my prisoner without the loss of a single man), has given us so marked a superiority, that



it seems to be the universal opinion the rebels will no longer refuse treating upon the terms which have been offered them. Whenever that desirable event takes place, I shall not delay one moment in making my application for leave to return to England. I must beg you to thank my Sister for three letters which, excepting the one I have lately received from my Father, are the only letters which have yet reached me. I must beg you to make my affectionate remembrances acceptable to Lady Nuneham and the Tormentor, and I am, my Dear Brother, ever

“most affectionately yours

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

“*Brunswick, December 19th, 1776.*

“DEAR SIR,—Though I have not at present time enough to answer your very kind letter of the 15<sup>th</sup> September, I will not let slip this opportunity of assuring you how much I feel myself obliged to you for the notice you have taken of my friend Sir John Russell. You are so well acquainted with the very sincere friendship which has so long subsisted between us, that I am per-

sueded I have no occasion to repeat to you that any mark of your favour to him claims my most grateful acknowledgements.

“In my letter of yesterday I informed you of the event, though not of the particulars, of the Expedition in the course of which General Lee became my prisoner. It now appears that that General had passed the North River with a very considerable Corps about ten days before. So ill informed, however, were we of all his motions, that the latest account was positive as to his *not* having passed the river, and doubtful whether he had not retreated towards New England. In this situation of affairs I offered my services to Lord Cornwallis, to procure intelligence of the Enemy’s situation by the means of a Pattrolle. His Lordship upon this, as indeed upon every other occasion, treated me in the most obliging manner, accepted my offer, and gave me his directions. I accordingly marched the next morning, with a party of three Officers and thirty men, above forty miles into the Enemy’s Country ; surprised the General within a mile and a half of his Army, and, after some fire, had the good fortune to take him prisoner and make my retreat by another road without the loss of a single man. I do not mean to exaggerate to you this little service, but only to explain to you that if General Howe’s letter (*which I am told is very flattering*

*to me*) tends *only* to recommend me for the rank at *the end* of a long list of Officers who in point of *length* of service have certainly superior claims, I will candidly confess to you that I shall by no means be satisfied ; in short, Sir, I think I may now fairly lay in my claim for that preference which I should formerly have disdained to have availed myself of merely upon the footing of my situation in life. Having said thus much I can only add that ignorant of your present situation, but sensible, I flatter myself, of that weight of obligation which I owe to you and *you alone*, I would much rather forego any private advantage than give you the slightest embarrassment. With these sentiments I must beg leave to say that I am, Dear Sir, ever

“Your most Dutiful

“and most affectionate Son,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

#### GENERAL ORDERS.

“The Commander in Chief has it in express command to signify His Majesty’s Royal approbation as well of the readiness with which Lieut.-Colonel Harcourt undertook the Command of the Detachment that made General Lee a prisoner, as of the address and gallantry manifested by him on that critical occasion.”

In an appendix to a Memoir of Captain William Glanville Evelyn, written by Mr. Scull, an account appears of the capture of General Lee by Colonel Harcourt. Mr. Scull writes :—

“ The capture of General Lee by Lieut.-Col. Harcourt (on Dec. 13, 1776) was a great event “ at the time, as the former was looked upon by “ many as second only to Washington, and he “ was called the ‘ Palladium of American liberty.’ “ From the appearance of the following extract “ in the ‘ New York Gazette,’ of Jan. 16, 1777, it “ would seem that it was suspected at the time “ that Lee had been treacherously betrayed ; but “ it is now believed that the English account “ (which substantially agrees with Bancroft and “ Lossing) is the correct version of the way in “ which Lee’s place of retreat was discovered by “ Colonel Harcourt. The ‘ New York Gazette’ “ of July 16, 1777, contains an account of the “ taking of General Lee, as published by Order “ of Congress :—

“ ‘ Intelligence of General Lee’s unguarded situ- “ ation was given to the enemy the day before “ by an inhabitant of Baskenridge, personally “ known to the General, and who, though under “ great profession of friendship for the American

“ ‘cause, was at heart the greatest deceiver that  
“ ‘ever existed. This Judas rode all the preced-  
“ ‘ing night to carry the intelligence, and serve as  
“ ‘a pilot to conduct the enemy, and came person-  
“ ‘ally with them to the house where the General  
“ ‘was taken.’ It is stated that Colonel Harcourt,  
“ before he left England, expressed hopes that he  
“ should take General Lee. He arrived in New  
“ York in the first week in October, 1776, in the  
“ ‘Lapwing,’ which had several transports under  
“ ‘convoy, having on board the 16<sup>th</sup> Regiment of  
“ Light Horse under his Command.

“ Colonel Harcourt (13 Dec. 1776) was out on  
“ a reconnoitring expedition with about 30 Light  
“ Dragoons. He passed the picket of the Pro-  
“ vincials, of one hundred men, who did not turn  
“ out, supposing a larger body of the British troops  
“ near. He soon observed a man on foot, going  
“ with great expedition, whom he imagined to be  
“ a spy, and had him secured. On searching  
“ him, a letter was found, the wafer not yet dry,  
“ directed to General Washington from General  
“ Lee. The man was informed that if he did not  
“ immediately conduct them to the house where  
“ the gentleman was who gave him the letter,  
“ immediate death would be his lot. He com-  
“ plied; the house (which was about three miles  
“ from the Provincial army) was surrounded, and  
“ General Lee, on hearing the firing, ran to the

“ door with two French officers, one of whom, having exclaimed, ‘we are taken,’ raised his fusée to take aim at Colonel Harcourt, which he observing, stooped his head, and the shot carried away the ribbon of his hair, wounding him slightly. The Frenchman was at once dispatched by the Dragoons.

“ An officer, in a letter dated from New York, Dec. 21, 1776, states, that when Colonel Harcourt approached the house with his men, they received a fire from a guard that was in an outhouse; the two Sentinels were killed, with several others (one account says seven or eight), without any loss on our side. This statement is at variance with General James Wilkinson’s, who was in the house at the time. In his memoir he says, that, as the morning was cold, the guard had left their arms for a few moments, and were sunning themselves a little distance away. Colonel Harcourt wrote to his Father that he captured Lee without the loss of a single man, and after some fire retreated by another road. Lee’s behaviour was dastardly to the last. He got up into a corner, delivered his sword, and said he hoped his life was safe, and that it was terrible to be thus taken, when he had so many glorious schemes in hand. Colonel Harcourt told him he would be well used. ‘By you, I may,’ says Lee, ‘but what am

“ ‘I to expect from the Howes?’ General Lee  
“ was seized, and led to the door bareheaded.  
“ He asked to be allowed to go upstairs for his  
“ hat, but Colonel Harcourt replied, ‘No, Mr.  
“ ‘Lee, you can take a ride for once without your  
“ ‘hat!’ He was bound to the horse of a guide,  
“ both legs and arms being well pinioned, and  
“ galloped off with such speed, that they went  
“ twenty miles in an hour and a quarter.

“ ‘Only four minutes,’ Bancroft says, ‘had  
“ ‘elapsed from the time of this surrounding of  
“ ‘the house before they started off on their return.’  
“ Lee did not complain to the Colonel, but told  
“ him for several miles he was not yet sure of  
“ his prey ; but finding no rescue, which he ex-  
“ pected as they passed almost through his out-  
“ parties, his spirits failed him, and he became  
“ sullen. For the first twenty-four hours he was  
“ defiant, the English accounts say insolent, and  
“ complained bitterly to General Howe of the  
“ bad usage he met with. General Howe replied  
“ by a card, which was addressed to him as  
“ Colonel Lee, the rank which he held in the  
“ English army before his defection. He seemed  
“ much depressed after the receipt of this card.

“ He was taken eventually to Brunswick, and  
“ placed under a Captain’s guard with two Subal-  
“ terns. He sent to General Grant for money, but  
“ was refused, on the plea that he did not lack



“ necessities. He was very meanly dressed, and  
“ sent for a tailor to mend his clothes, ‘but not  
“ ‘a man in the Regiment,’ one of the officers  
“ writes, ‘would work for so great a rascal, as  
“ ‘the gentlemen tailors called him.’

“ The other Frenchman, Gayault, who had been  
“ with Lee only two days, as his Aide de Camp,  
“ and who, in endeavouring to escape into the  
“ woods, was captured, was to be one of his  
“ Colonels, but he had not yet received his  
“ Commission. Colonel Harcourt met a York-  
“ shireman who was acquainted with the Country,  
“ and had him for a guide. He ordered the  
“ Frenchman to get up behind him, but he, not  
“ being so alert as the Yorkshireman wished,  
“ received a knock on the head with a pistol,  
“ which so offended him, that he has not been in  
“ temper since ; the indignity of being struck by  
“ a peasant is too mortifying for him ; yet this  
“ fellow, in his own Country, had not the rank of  
“ a gentleman. Another account states that Mon-  
“ sieur Gayault had been a Colonel in France.  
“ An English officer who had been acquainted  
“ with Gayault, says in a letter, ‘I saw Mr. Gay-  
“ ‘ault, the Frenchman who was taken prisoner  
“ ‘with General Lee, at Brunswick, on his arrival  
“ ‘with him ; I provided him with quarters, where  
“ ‘he was taken good care of, and supplied him  
“ ‘with necessities, and he was at liberty to walk



“ ‘about. Mr. Gayault informed me that he was  
“ ‘only two days with General Lee, as Aide de  
“ ‘Camp. That when he heard the firing of the  
“ ‘Light Dragoons, he run out hastily, and was  
“ ‘taken prisoner.’

“ ‘When General Lee was brought into the Brit-  
“ ‘ish Camp he demanded to be received under the  
“ ‘proclamation ; but on being refused the benefit  
“ ‘thereof, and told that he would be tried as  
“ ‘a deserter, he flew into a most unbounded rage,  
“ ‘and exclaimed against the repeated acts of false  
“ ‘faith and treachery which reduced him to his  
“ ‘present situation. A letter from New York to  
“ ‘the writer’s friend in Ireland, dated January 2,  
“ ‘1777, says : — ‘Yesterday, General Lee and  
“ ‘Colonel Robert Livingstone were brought to  
“ ‘town from the Jerseys, and confined in the old  
“ ‘City hall. They were taken in the house of  
“ ‘Captain Richards, (Bancroft and Lossing say at  
“ ‘Mrs. White’s inn at Baskingridge), about a mile  
“ ‘from Trenton. I went this morning to the City  
“ ‘hall to see my relation, poor Livingstone, but  
“ ‘it made my heart ache to see him weep and  
“ ‘lament. He said he would have made his peace  
“ ‘agreeable to the Commissioners’ proclamation  
“ ‘some time ago, but General Lee advised him  
“ ‘to keep his hands clear of it, as it was only  
“ ‘a trap to kidnap people.’ A paragraph in a  
“ ‘newspaper of that period says that General Lee

“ brooked his confinement very ill, and frequently  
“ behaved as if he was not in his perfect mind.  
“ Another account states that on the 20<sup>th</sup> of April,  
“ 1777, the correspondent found General Lee confined in a very decent room in the guard-house,  
“ contiguous to which was a small room in which  
“ he slept; he was accompanied by the officers in  
“ guard over him, with whom he freely conversed,  
“ but never on the subject of the disputes with the  
“ Colonies.

“ He was allowed all the necessities of life, and  
“ amongst others a bottle of wine *per diem*. He  
“ was very careless in his apparel, and generally  
“ wore a brown short coat, or rather jacket. It  
“ was currently reported then that a Lieutenant  
“ General, second in Command to Lee, his Aide  
“ de Camp, an engineer, and two sergeants, all  
“ Frenchmen, who were taken at the same time  
“ with Lee, were prisoners on board the ‘Inflexible’  
“ man-of-war, at the Nore. After the capture of  
“ Lee, General Washington sent a formal message  
“ to General Howe, demanding General Lee, and,  
“ according to the terms of the Cartel, offering  
“ Colonel Campbell, and three other Colonels,  
“ then prisoners, for him. General Howe refused  
“ to exchange General Lee upon any terms, upon  
“ which General Washington ordered the four  
“ Colonels to be sent to prison. Colonel Har-  
“ court having applied for leave of absence, to

“ return to England, it was intended that General  
 “ Lee should have been taken over with him, if  
 “ the current rumour is to be believed; and it  
 “ is stated that he was put on board a vessel three  
 “ several times in New York, in order to be brought  
 “ to England; and the ship was absolutely, so the  
 “ story runs, under sail, when Washington’s second  
 “ letter to General Howe arrived in New York,  
 “ offering to exchange General Prescott for General  
 “ Lee. His exchange was finally effected, and  
 “ General Lee was released.

“ The Capture of General Lee, when it was  
 “ known in England, raised great hopes there of  
 “ an early termination of the war. There was  
 “ great rejoicing throughout the Country, by those  
 “ who sided with the Ministerial Views of the ne-  
 “ cessity of Coercion. The following advertise-  
 “ ment was stuck in the Market place at Tring in  
 “ Hertfordshire, Feb. 13, 1777 :—‘ This is to give  
 “ ‘ Notis that Thursday next will be helld as a day  
 “ ‘ of regoicin in commemoration of the takin of  
 “ ‘ General Lee, when their will be a sermint  
 “ ‘ preached, & other public demonstrascions of  
 “ ‘ joye, after which will bee an nox roasted whole  
 “ ‘ & everery mark of festivety & bell ringing im-  
 “ ‘ agenable, with a ball & cock fighting at night  
 “ ‘ in the hassembly room at the black Lyone.

“ ‘ JAMES CLINCH,  
 “ ‘ Parish Clerk and Cryer.’

“ Upon Earl Harcourt’s going to the King’s  
“ Levee, March 1, 1777, after the news of General  
“ Lee’s being taken, the King came eagerly up  
“ to him,—‘ Oh ! my Lord, your son has behaved  
“ ‘ with the utmost gallantry ; it gives me the ut-  
“ ‘ most pleasure, and I doubt not it does the same  
“ ‘ to you,’ which pleased his Lordship not a little.  
“ His Majesty added, ‘ I shall take care of Colonel  
“ ‘ Harcourt ; leave his fortune to me.’

“ On more than one occasion during the war in  
“ America Colonel Harcourt was indebted to the  
“ thoroughbred horse he rode for the preservation  
“ of his life. Once during the operations around  
“ Trenton, he was out on a scouting party, and  
“ suddenly came upon a strong force of Pro-  
“ vincials. He put his horse at a high fence, but  
“ not being able to quite clear it, would have  
“ tumbled, had not the top rail, being a little  
“ decayed, given way, and let them over. A long  
“ distance was soon placed between the pursuers  
“ and the pursued, for Colonel Harcourt’s horse  
“ was remarkably fleet. This horse is said to have  
“ lived to the extraordinary age of fifty years.  
“ The late Mr. G. P. R. James, the novelist, who  
“ resided in Richmond, Virginia, as British Consul  
“ for several years, told a friend of Mr. B. J. Los-  
“ sing’s, in 1851, that he possessed a drawing of  
“ Colonel Harcourt, and of the horse he rode on  
“ the occasion of Lee’s capture.

“ For the capture of Lee Colonel Harcourt  
“ received the thanks of Parliament, which docu-  
“ ment is still in the possession of the present  
“ head of the Harcourt family. In 1783 he was  
“ raised to the rank of Lieutenant General, and  
“ in the following year he commanded the British  
“ forces in Holland. In 1809 he succeeded to his  
“ title on the death of his elder brother, and  
“ shortly after the coronation of George IV. was  
“ created a Field-Marshal. Colonel Harcourt  
“ fully merited all the rewards he received ; for  
“ he was a brave soldier, and as staunch a sup-  
“ porter of government in the senate as he had  
“ been in the field. He married in 1778, but  
“ left no issue, and the Harcourt property passed  
“ through a female line to the present possessor,  
“ Colonel Edward William Harcourt, M.P., of  
“ Nuneham Park, Abingdon, and Stanton Har-  
“ court, Oxon.

“ At an early period of his military career,  
“ General Lee, whilst stationed at Schenectady,  
“ was thrown much with the Mohawk Indians, who  
“ surrounded that port. They became so fond  
“ of him, that they adopted him into their tribe  
“ under the name of Ounewaterika, or boiling  
“ water. This soubriquet was particularly appro-  
“ priate to Lee's character, for he was the very  
“ incarnation of feverish and restless energy. He  
“ was once in the service of the King of Portugal,

“ and the following paragraph will shew the estimation with which he was regarded by him :—

“ ‘Tis said that the King of Portugal left legacies to all the foreign officers, as low as Colonels, who served with him during the war, except Col. Lee (now in custody in New York); his restless and ambitious spirit was even then taken notice of, and rendered him despised.’

“ The foregoing account of General Lee’s capture has been carefully compiled from the newspapers of that period, which contain numerous letters from officers and gentlemen at the seat of war and in New York, during the years 1776-8. Other reliable sources of information have also been drawn upon.”

From “Memoirs, &c., of General James Wilkinson,” vol. i. pp. 101, 102 :—

“ BRIGADE MAJOR WILKINSON was despatched on the morning of Dec. 12, 1776, with a letter from General Gates to General Washington. At midnight he entered a wayside tavern, and roused up Col. George Gibson, and Joseph Nourse, Esq. (the Registrar of the Treasury), who directed him where to find General Lee,

“ as they had parted from him the evening before. About 4 a.m. he reached Lee’s quarters, at White’s tavern, on Baskingridge. Wilkinson states that ‘ I was presented to the General as ‘ he lay in bed, and delivered into his hands ‘ the letter of General Gates. He examined ‘ the superscription, and observed it was addressed to General Washington, and declined ‘ opening it until I apprised him of the contents, and the motives of my visit. He then ‘ broke the seal and read it, after which he desired me to take repose. I lay down on my ‘ blanket before a comfortable fire, amidst the ‘ officers of his suite ; for we were not in those ‘ days encumbered with beds or baggage. I ‘ arose at the dawn, but could not see the General, with whom I had been previously acquainted, before 8 o’clock. After some inquiries ‘ respecting the conduct of the campaign on the ‘ Northern frontier, he gave me a brief account ‘ of the operations of the grand army, which he ‘ condemned in strong terms. He observed that ‘ our siege of Boston had led us into great errors ; ‘ that the attempt to defend islands against a ‘ superior land and naval force was madness ; ‘ that Sir William Howe could have given us ‘ checkmate at his discretion, and that we owed ‘ our salvation to his indolence, or disinclination ‘ to terminate the war.



“ “ “When I reached the army on York Island,”  
“ said Lee, “all hands were busily employed in  
“ “collecting materials, and erecting barracks ;  
“ “and I found little Mifflin exulting in the pros-  
“ “pect of fine winter quarters at Kingsbridge.  
“ “I replied to him, ‘Winter quarters here, Sir,  
“ “and the British Army still in the field ! Go  
“ “set fire to those you have built, and get away  
“ “by the light, or Sir William Howe will find  
“ “quarters for you.’” General Lee wasted the  
“ “morning in altercation with certain militia  
“ “corps who were of his command, particularly  
“ “the Connecticut Light Horse, several of whom  
“ “appeared in large full-bottomed perukes, and  
“ “were treated very irreverently. The call of  
“ “the Adjutant-General for orders also occupied  
“ “some of his time, and we did not sit down to  
“ “breakfast before 10 o’clock.

“ “General Lee was engaged in answering Gen-  
“ “eral Gates’ letter, and I had arisen from the  
“ “table, and was looking out of an end window,  
“ “down a lane about a hundred yards in length,  
“ “which led to the house from the main road,  
“ “when I discovered a party of British Dragoons  
“ “turn a corner of the avenue at a full charge.  
“ “Startled at the unexpected spectacle I ex-  
“ “claimed, “Here, Sir, are the British Cavalry !”  
“ “ “Where ?” replied the General, who had signed  
“ “his letter on the instant, “Around the house,”



“ ‘for they had opened files, and encompassed  
“ ‘the building. General Lee appeared alarmed,  
“ ‘yet collected ; and his second observation  
“ ‘marked his self-possession : “Where is the  
“ ‘guard ? d—n the guard, why don’t they fire ?”  
“ ‘and after a momentary pause he turned to me  
“ ‘and said, “Sir, see what has become of the  
“ ‘guard.” The women of the house at this mo-  
“ ‘ment came into the room, and proposed to  
“ ‘him to conceal himself in a bed, which he  
“ ‘rejected with evident disgust. I caught up  
“ ‘my pistols, which lay on the table, thrust the  
“ ‘letter he had been writing into my pocket,  
“ ‘and passed into a room at the opposite end  
“ ‘of the house, where I had seen the guard in  
“ ‘the morning. Here I discovered their arms ;  
“ ‘but the men were absent. I stepped out of  
“ ‘the door, and perceived the Dragoons chasing  
“ ‘them in different directions ; and receiving a  
“ ‘very uncivil salutation, I returned into the  
“ ‘house. Too inexperienced immediately to pen-  
“ ‘etrate the motives of this enterprise, I con-  
“ ‘sidered the rencontre accidental ; and from the  
“ ‘terrible tales spread over the country of the  
“ ‘violence and barbarity of the enemy, I believed  
“ ‘it to be a wanton murdering party, and de-  
“ ‘termined not to die without company.

“ ‘I accordingly sought a position where I  
“ ‘could not be approached by more than one

“ ‘person at a time, and, with a pistol in each  
“ ‘hand, I awaited the expected search, resolved  
“ ‘to shoot the first and the second person who  
“ ‘might appear, and then to appeal to my  
“ ‘sword. I did not remain very long in this  
“ ‘unpleasant situation, but was apprised of the  
“ ‘object of the incursion by the very audible  
“ ‘declaration, “If the General does not surrender  
“ ‘in five minutes, I will set fire to the house!”  
“ ‘which, after a short pause, was repeated with  
“ ‘a solemn oath; and within two minutes I  
“ ‘heard it proclaimed, “Here is the General; he  
“ ‘has surrendered!” A general shout ensued, the  
“ ‘trumpet sounded the assembly, and the un-  
“ ‘fortunate Lee, mounted on my horse, which  
“ ‘stood ready at the door, was hurried off in  
“ ‘triumph, bare-headed, in his slippers and blan-  
“ ‘ket-coat, his collar open, and his shirt very  
“ ‘much soiled from several days’ use.

“ ‘What a lesson of caution is to be derived  
“ ‘from this event, and how important the ad-  
“ ‘monition furnished by it! What an evidence  
“ ‘of the caprice of fortune, and of the fallibility  
“ ‘of ambitious projects, and the inscrutable ways  
“ ‘of heaven! The capture of General Lee was  
“ ‘felt as a public calamity; it cast a gloom over  
“ ‘the country, and excited general sorrow. This  
“ ‘sympathy was honourable to the people, and  
“ ‘due to the stranger who had embarked his

“ ‘fortune with theirs, and determined to share  
“ ‘their fate, under circumstances of more than  
“ ‘common peril. Although this misfortune de-  
“ ‘prived the country of its most experienced  
“ ‘chief, I have ever considered the deprivation  
“ ‘a public blessing, ministered by the hands of  
“ ‘Providence ; for if General Lee had not aban-  
“ ‘doned caution for convenience, and taken quar-  
“ ‘ters two miles from his army, on his exposed  
“ ‘flank, he would have been safe ; if a domestic  
“ ‘traitor, who passed his quarters the same morn-  
“ ‘ing on private business, had not casually fallen  
“ ‘in with Colonel Harcourt on a reconnoitring  
“ ‘party, the General’s quarters would not have  
“ ‘been discovered ; if my visit, and the contro-  
“ ‘versy with the Connecticut Light Horse, had  
“ ‘not spun out the morning unreasonably, the  
“ ‘General would have been at his camp ; if  
“ ‘Colonel Harcourt had arrived an hour sooner,  
“ ‘he would have found the guard under arms,  
“ ‘and would have been repulsed, or resisted until  
“ ‘succour could have arrived ; if he had arrived  
“ ‘half an hour later, the General would have  
“ ‘been with his corps ; if the guard had paid  
“ ‘ordinary attention to their duty, and had not  
“ ‘abandoned their arms, the General’s quarters  
“ ‘would have been defended ; or if he had  
“ ‘obeyed the peremptory and reiterated order  
“ ‘of General Washington, he would have been

“ ‘beyond the reach of the enemy. And shall  
“ ‘we impute to blind chance such a chain of  
“ ‘rare incidents? I conscientiously reply in the  
“ ‘negative, because the combination was too in-  
“ ‘tricate and perplexed for accidental causes, or  
“ ‘the agency of man; it must have been de-  
“ ‘signed.

“ ‘General Lee merited severe punishment for  
“ ‘his neglect of duty and disobedience of orders,  
“ ‘and he received it from an unexpected hand.  
“ ‘His offence was well understood by the army,  
“ ‘and his misfortune was unpitied by those who  
“ ‘reflected on the cause of it. It is a fact he  
“ ‘had very strong reasons for his neglect of  
“ ‘General Washington’s reiterated commands;  
“ ‘but although they were not such as to justify  
“ ‘the violation of a fundamental military prin-  
“ ‘ciple, yet I verily believe his motives were  
“ ‘patriotic, though intimately connected with a  
“ ‘sinister ambition; for I am persuaded that, in  
“ ‘the moment of his capture, he meditated a wild  
“ ‘stroke against the enemy, which in its conse-  
“ ‘quences would have depressed General Wash-  
“ ‘ington, elevated himself, and immediately served  
“ ‘the cause of the United States. This opinion  
“ ‘is supported by the following letter to General  
“ ‘Gates :—

“ ‘*Baskingridge, Dec. 13th, 1776.*

“ ‘MY DEAR GATES,—The ingenious manœuvre  
“ ‘of Fort Washington has unhinged the goodly  
“ ‘fabric we have been building. There never  
“ ‘was so damned a stroke. Entre nous a cer-  
“ ‘tain great man is most damnably deficient.  
“ ‘He has thrown me into a situation, where I  
“ ‘have my choice of difficulties : if I stay in this  
“ ‘province, I risk myself and army ; and if I do  
“ ‘not stay, the province is lost for ever. I have  
“ ‘neither guides, cavalry, medicine, money, shoes,  
“ ‘or stockings. I must act with the greatest  
“ ‘circumspection. Tories are in my front, rear,  
“ ‘and on my flanks ; the mass of the people is  
“ ‘strongly contaminated ; in short, unless some-  
“ ‘thing, which I do not expect, turns up, we  
“ ‘are lost ; our counsels have been weak to  
“ ‘the last degree. As to what relates to your-  
“ ‘self, if you think you can be in time to aid  
“ ‘the General, I would have you by all means  
“ ‘go ; you will, at least, save your army. It is  
“ ‘said that the Whigs are determined to set  
“ ‘fire to Philadelphia ; if they strike this decisive  
“ ‘stroke, the day will be our own ; but unless  
“ ‘it is done, all chance of liberty in any part  
“ ‘of the globe is for ever vanished. Adieu, my  
“ ‘dear friend ! God bless you !

“ ‘CHARLES LEE.

“ ‘ So soon as Lieut.-Col. Harcourt retreated  
“ ‘ with his prize, I repaired to the stable, mounted  
“ ‘ the first horse I could find, and rode full speed  
“ ‘ to General Sullivan, whom I found under march  
“ ‘ towards Pluckamin. I had not examined Gen-  
“ ‘ eral Lee’s letter; but believing a knowledge  
“ ‘ of the contents might be useful to General  
“ ‘ Sullivan, who succeeded him in command, I  
“ ‘ handed it to him; who after the perusal re-  
“ ‘ turned it, with his thanks, and advised me to  
“ ‘ rejoin General Gates without delay, which I  
“ ‘ did the next morning, at Sussex Court House,  
“ ‘ whither he had led the troops from Van  
“ ‘ Kempt’s. Lee’s misfortune afflicted Gates pro-  
“ ‘ foundly; they had been long acquainted, and  
“ ‘ served together in the British Army, and were  
“ ‘ personally attached; their politics and political  
“ ‘ connexions were in unison, and their sym-  
“ ‘ pathies and antipathies ran in the same current:  
“ ‘ yet long after, and in misfortune, they became  
“ ‘ estranged.’ ”

We now return to Colonel Harcourt’s letters.

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*“ Brunswick, January 18th, 1777.*

“ DEAR SIR,—The unfortunate surprise of the Hessians at Trenton, followed by the check which one of our Corps received on the 3<sup>rd</sup> instant, having determined Lord Cornwallis to postpone his plan of returning to England, I am much mortified to find that the *two* letters which I had written to you at the close of the Campaign, and which I had entrusted to the care of his Lordship's Aid de Camp, are still at New York.

“ I must own that I was once sanguine enough to think that this disagreeable war drew near to a conclusion, and that the uninterrupted success our Arms had met with in the Jerseys would soon oblige the Rebels to make their submission, Such, however, are the sudden turns in War, that I think we may now reckon with certainty upon another Campaign.

“ Assured as I am of your wishes to be recalled, I wait with impatience for the news of your return to England; where I think the ill disposition of a certain set of men can no longer prevent your receiving those rewards you are so justly entitled to.

“ With respect to your very kind offer, I have

only to say that, so far from wishing you to have the trouble of sending any thing from England, I have not as yet been able to make use of any of the many comforts which your generosity enabled me to furnish myself with. The truth is, that the scrambling life we have hitherto led, the probability of sometimes losing one's baggage, the continual *alerte* in which we have been for these last three weeks, and, lastly, the want of a good Cook, have hitherto made it impossible for me to keep a Table ; though I shall soon hope to accomplish it.

"I believe I informed you in a former letter of my having been unlucky enough to lose a favourite horse upon the passage. Those you were kind enough to give me, as well as that of Mr. Worsley's, have fully answered my expectations, and have, I believe, done more work and been in better condition than any in the Army. Your little Bay, high mettled and shy as he is at other times, is perfectly quiet in fire, and is stout to a degree. The day I took General Lee we marched near seventy miles, and he seemed as fresh the last moment as when I first mounted him.

"It is with much satisfaction I can acquaint you that the behaviour of the Regiment has been generally approved of, and, whatever may have been the former opinion, has fully convinced



this Army of the necessity of having Light Dragoons.

"I must not close this letter without telling you how much I think myself obliged to General Howe for the attention he has been kind enough to pay to my recommendation of a young man for a Cornetcy, to whom he gave the Commission in the most obliging manner.

"I have only to beg you to remember me to my Lady Nuneham, my Sister and Brother, and I am, Dear Sir, ever

"Your most Dutiful  
"and most affectionate Son,  
"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*"Brunswick, March 17th, 1777.*

"DEAR SIR,—I had yesterday the very great satisfaction of receiving your letter of the 1<sup>st</sup> of November, and I am truly rejoiced in the certainty of your being at this moment released from a situation which has for some time been so irksome to you. Surely, Sir, the solid advantages you have acquired to the Crown in the course of four years' successful administration will not

any longer pass unnoticed and unrewarded. Arrangements enough might be made that would enable His Majesty to shew his sense of your services. Why not give you the Ordnance, the Household, or the Master of the Horse, for the possessor of either of which places an equivalent might be found? The person they have named for the Lord Lieutenancy fully shews the leading interest of the Cabinet to be that of Lord G. G.<sup>d</sup>, who, with his self-sufficient, vain, ignorant Commander in Chief, will really govern Ireland, and will send their mandates to the ostensible Lord Lieutenant.

“I will now confess to you that from the moment of General I.’s<sup>e</sup> appointment I have been anxious to hear of your removal from a situation in which it seemed determined to affront you. At the same time that I take the occasion to assure you how deeply impressed I am with your late kind offers, I must beg leave to decline making any use of them, at least for the present; the fact is that our expenses here are so confined, that, in my present Rank, I do not think I can have occasion to exceed my income.

“You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that I have sufficient reason to be vain of the approbation the Regiment has generally met with. The late season at which we arrived did not promise

<sup>d</sup> Lord George Germaine.

<sup>e</sup> Irwin.

us much employment ; but the weather proved so favourable that I had in ten days the satisfaction of being able to take the field with nearly half the Regiment. We are now enjoying a state of perfect quiet, and, though we are much weakened by the loss (about 20 Men and 60 Horses which either died or were taken at Sea, and thirty men of our dismounted Divisions, who unfortunately fell into the Enemy's hands in the affair of Prince Town), we are still in good order, and not without hopes of being again complete by the opening of the Campaign.

“The public papers have hitherto given you a fair account enough of our operations ; in what light they may state the affairs of Trenton and Prince Town I cannot so easily guess, for, however we may blame the scandalous negligence and cowardice of the Hessian Brigade, there certainly was a fault in the original arrangement of the Winter Quarters, which were much too extensive for an Army of our numbers, and the position of Trenton in itself extremely faulty.

“I shall now conclude this letter with a few remarks, which I think the very little experience I have already had in this war sufficiently authorizes me to make. The first is that, however Government may have been flattered by the representations of a few interested individuals, you may depend upon it, as a fact, that we have not

yet met with ten, I believe I might have said two, disinterested friends to the supremacy of Great Britain ; that from the want of intelligence we frequently, nay generally, lose the favourable opportunity for striking a decisive stroke ; that in general we ought to avoid attacking any considerable body of them (suppose two or three hundred), unless we can pursue our advantage, or at least take post ; for though we may carry our point, nevertheless, whenever we attempt to return to our Quarters we may be assured of their harrasing us upon our retreat ; that detached Corps should never march without Artillery, of which the rebels are extremely apprehensive ; lastly, that, though they seem to be ignorant of the precision and order, and even of the principles, by which large bodies are moved, yet they possess some of the requisites for making good Troops, such as extreme cunning, great industry in moving ground and felling of wood, activity and a spirit of enterprise upon any advantage.

“ Having said thus much I have no occasion to add that though it was once the fashion of this Army to treat them in the most contemptible light, they are now become a formidable enemy. Formidable, however, as they may be, I flatter myself we are a good deal more so, and I have therefore little doubt that, provided affairs continue quiet in Europe, and the expected reinforce-

ments arrive in good time, that we shall soon bring this business to a happy conclusion.

“As I am fearful the Packet may sail early tomorrow, I shall, in that case, beg you to tell my Brother and Sister how much I am obliged to them for their letters of the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup> December, and 1<sup>st</sup> of January, all which I shall take care to acknowledge as soon as possible. With every assurance of affection to them and my Lady Nuneham, I must beg leave to add that I am your ever most Dutiful

“and affectionate Son,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Viscount Nuneham :—

“*Brunswick, March 18th, 1777.*”

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Though I desired my Father in a letter which he will receive herewith to make you my apologies for not writing, I am determined to take advantage of the delay of the Packet to testify in my own hand how much I think myself obliged to you for your three letters, which have afforded me infinite amusement and satisfaction. By this time I hope my Father is receiving in his own family that comfort of which he has been so long deprived, for as to the rewards

of his long and important services, the nomination of his successor is to me a sufficient earnest of His Majesty's gracious intentions. Your suspicions with respect to the declining favour of B.<sup>f</sup> give me some concern, for though I have not been blind to the faults of the favourite, I always thought he had gratitude enough to attribute the favours which have been heaped upon him at least as much to the partiality of his master as to his own merits: to be sure what with the Alnager, the Park, &c., &c., &c., he has profited pretty considerably by his Irish Campaign.

"With respect to the quarrel between a certain person and Madame du Barré<sup>g</sup>, I must own I look upon it as one of the most fortunate events that could have happened to him; and even admitting that he may have been unguarded enough to commit himself to paper, I still think the cavalier method in which you have treated the old Hag will keep her within bounds. Your friend Hamilton's conduct in this affair has been judicious and sensible, and does him real honour.

"Too ridiculous the importance and coyness of Swan and the Knight of Ballyduff. You have not told me what provision has been made for Lees, whose respectful behaviour, knowledge of business, and important services surely claim

<sup>f</sup> Blaquiere.

<sup>g</sup> Mrs. Macartney.

some reward from my Father. I know that Lee is in a state of independence, but still he owes that to another Lord Lieutenant.

“Is it not strange that considering the very good terms upon which I have the happiness to live with my Father, considering the surprizing number of arrangements which have taken place in the course of an administration of four years, I have never been able to succeed in favour of my friend, Sir John Russell, excepting the little office which was held by Miss Fauquier, which, though called £150 a year, I believe never brought in half that sum!

“I shall expect to receive yours and the Tormentor’s<sup>h</sup> condolences instead of congratulations upon my taking of General Lee, *another stab* to expiring liberty. I do not know what lengths people may be disposed to proceed to on your side of the Atlantic, but, in my own opinion, his life, about which he is at least as anxious as one could imagine him, is effectually secured by the threats of retaliation. You will hear of many acts of cruelty that are said to have been committed by both parties, but, excepting that the *rebel Militia* have now and then shot persons travelling upon the road, I do not think that there is much occasion for complaints of that nature on either side.

<sup>h</sup> His sister, Lady Elizabeth Lee.

"I am happy to hear that Lady Nuneham's health is so perfectly established. Let me beg you to assure her of my sincerest affection, and any friends who may be kind enough to inquire after me of my remembrances.

"Ever yours, my Dear Brother,

"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*"Brunswick, May 31st, 1777.*

"DEAR SIR,—The Packet, which sailed from England a few days before Major Gardiner, being still missing, I have not had the happiness of receiving any letter from you since the 21<sup>st</sup> of November. I have, however, had the satisfaction of hearing from several hands of the sincere regret with which the people of Ireland parted with their late Lord Lieutenant, and of your good health since your return to England.

"The demolition of the Enemy's Magazines at Pigs Kill and Donbury will, I hope, be attended with many advantages, and will, in its consequences, assist extremely the operations of the Canadian Army. The conduct of the latter expedition, but particularly the retreat through a Country remarkably strong by nature, and



under a continual fire almost to the place of embarkation, reflects infinite honour upon Sir William Erskine, whose conspicuous merit upon this, as indeed upon every other occasion, has justly gained him the confidence of this Army.

“Since the surprize of Bound Brook, which was effected without any loss, and at which I happened to be present, the Rebels have assembled their principal Army, consisting at present of about eight thousand men, and are now strongly posted in the mountains behind that place. Thus situated it is difficult to guess what will be the first operation of a Campaign which will probably produce many events, though I must confess I am not sanguine enough to think it will bring this War to a conclusion; for, whatever may be the opinion of A——n, formed upon the reports of Governor Tryon, &c., you may be assured that we are almost without a friend (I mean upon principle) on this side of the Atlantic; that the supplies the rebels have received from France and other Powers have been very considerable; and lastly, that there does not appear the least defection amongst their Leaders. Much will depend upon the success of the Canadian Army which we expect will be able to reduce Ticonderoge, and afterwards penetrate into the Northern Colonies. Should it effect these great objects we may promise ourselves a very successful

and a very glorious Campaign. The desertion of the Rebels, or rather of the English and Irish of which their Army is principally composed, still continues, and would increase were they not to use every precaution to prevent it.

“The arrival of a part of the reinforcement, in which the Guards were included, again raised my expectations of hearing from you; but, instead of receiving that satisfaction, I had the mortification to hear that you had not, as late as the beginning of March, received one of the five or six letters which I have, at different times, written to you; to ascertain the receipt of those I shall in future trouble you with, I propose numbering them, and I shall beg you to acknowledge them accordingly.

“I send you enclosed a copy of ——— approbation of my conduct upon the occasion of my making General Lee a prisoner. Had I not lived quite so long about a Court my vanity might have been gratified with the praises which have been lavished upon me, but when I recollect that the most eminent services of *others* have passed unrewarded, I cannot form great expectations from an event in which fortune had so considerable a share. With respect to rank, having failed in my wishes of obtaining it in the only manner that could have made it an object, I confess I am much better pleased with remaining

in my present situation than if I had obtained a Brevet in a numerous promotion.

“I could now wish to have your opinion of the propriety of applying for His Majesty's leave to return to England for a few months at the close of this Campaign, and, in case of your approbation of the measure, I shall venture to request your assistance in obtaining it, provided it can be effected without bringing you into any disagreeable embarrassments. There are so many reasons which concur to make it a desirable object to me, that I am persuaded I have no occasion to enumerate them. I am aware that, if a chance existed of bringing this business to a conclusion in the course of another Campaign, I should be extremely blameable in pressing you to ask as a favour what would then be in my power to obtain from the Commander in Chief without any difficulty ; but when I tell you (however sanguine Administration may be in their expectations) that America is never to be regained without making an absolute conquest of her ; that great art in their Leaders, and a perfect enthusiasm in their People have hitherto prevented any the most distant overtures towards a peace, excepting upon the footing of independence ; that their Army, though less numerous than the last year, is certainly not less formidable ; and lastly, that, from the nature and constitution of the Country, in

which every man is, to a certain degree, a soldier, a Victory obtained against such an Enemy can seldom prove as decisive as it would be in Europe; you will, I believe, Sir, agree with me that no Honour or Command is a sufficient compensation for passing my life in one continued state of banishment. Having bored you so long, I shall only add that though the transition from cold to heat has been sudden, the climate is so remarkably healthy that I have not at this time above five sick in the Regiment. I must beg you to make my love acceptable to Lady Nuneham, my Sister, Brother, the Vernons, &c., &c., and I am, my Dear Sir, ever your most dutiful

“and most affectionate Son,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

“*New York, July 12th, 1777.*

“DEAR SIR,—I did myself the pleasure of acknowledging your letters (as far as the 11<sup>th</sup> of March) in a note which I wrote to you from Brunswick. The arrival of Lord Rawden has very lately given me the additional satisfaction of receiving yours of the 13<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> April. After the anxious expectation which seems to

have prevailed as far back as that time for news from America, I fear you will not be very well satisfied to hear that the Campaign is scarcely yet opened.

“The movement which we made to Hilsbro’ not having been attended with the effect which was expected of forcing General Washington to cross the Delawarr, the Army retired to Brunswick, and from thence to Amboy; but, upon information having been received that the Rebels had quitted their position in the mountains above Bound Brook, and had actually pushed forward a considerable Corps within four miles of Amboy in order to harass and attack our rear Guard during their embarkation, it was determined to make a further attempt upon them; and we accordingly marched on the morning of the 27<sup>th</sup> June as far as the Quakers’ Hills, within four miles of Quibble Town, when the advanced guard, under Lord Cornwallis, fell in with a Corps of between 2 and 3,000 commanded by Lord Sterling, and they immediately attacked with great spirit, and conquered with inconsiderable loss.

“The Light Infantry, a Battalion of Hessian Grenadiers, and the Grenadiers of the Guards, commanded by my friend Sir George Osborn, distinguished themselves very much upon this occasion, and took three pieces of Cannon, with some prisoners. A delay in the forming of the

Army in the order of march having occasioned our moving somewhat later than was originally intended, the main body of the Enemy's Army had time to re-cross the Bound Brook which prevented any thing further being attempted at that time. The Army returned to Amboy and crossed into Staten Island without the least opposition, and are now all embarked excepting the Corps which is destined to protect this place and its environs.

“Having now gone through the detail of our hitherto very unimportant transactions, I cannot close this letter without assuring you of the indignation I felt at their presuming to make use of that wretched tool, Lord B——ton, to impose upon you with general assurances of —— gracious intentions at the very moment they were decided to give the rank to Colonel Campbell, who has actually not seen a shot fired since he has been in America. If the cause in which I am engaged did not operate with me more than the dirty contemptible arts of some of —— Ministers, I must own I should be sick of serving, but, on the other hand, I have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with Sir William Howe's letter, which, without any affected moderation on my part, certainly gives me more merit than I deserved. I have only to entreat you, Sir, to adhere to the determination you gave me the pleasure of communicating. I

mean that of disdaining to become a humble or an importunate solicitor for any of their favours. I must beg my most affectionate remembrances to all my friends, and

“I am, Dear Sir,  
“Ever your most Dutiful and  
“most affectionate Son,  
“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*“Camp near Philadelphia, October 7th, 1777.*

“DEAR SIR,—The public papers will give you the detail of our operations from the time of our landing at the head of Chesapeak Bay till we took possession of Philadelphia. The manœuvre in order to turn the right flank of Mr. Washington’s Army, strongly posted upon the heights of the River Brandy Wine, would have done credit to any General; and the action which followed must have been decisive had we been fortunate enough to have had a few more hours of daylight. The immediate consequences of this Victory were the capture of 11 pieces of Artillery, with between 4 and 500 prisoners. Our Army, weakened by two very considerable Detachments, but presuming upon their superiority, had taken a position,



perhaps too extensive for their numbers, upon the heights of German Town, and within six miles of Philadelphia, which it covered. Mr. Washington, exactly apprized of our numbers and situation, made a forced march on the night of the 3<sup>rd</sup>, and at break of day the next morning, under cover of a remarkable thick fog, made three attacks upon the right, centre, and left of our Army. The Yagers upon the left, and the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion of Light Infantry advanced in front of the right, not only maintained their Posts but soon drove the rebels off, though, as I have already said, the weather was so thick that a body of them got into and plundered the Camp of the Light Infantry, while another Corps attacked them in front.

“A moment of the day was critical. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion of Light Infantry, posted upon a road a mile and a half in front of German Town, found itself attacked and in fact opposed to two very heavy Columns. Under these disadvantages it stood a considerable time, but, at length, overpowered by numbers, it gave way and was driven within a mile of Head Quarters. The 40<sup>th</sup> Regiment, which supported it, was also forced to retire; but, to the honour of Colonel Musgrave who commands it, six Companies with him threw themselves into a Stone House, where they gave the first check to the progress of the rebels, and maintained their



post till supported by the Line. The day ended with glory, and we continued the pursuit at least 9 miles beyond the field of Battle. Our loss of men was not considerable, but it fell heavy upon the Officers. General Agnew and Colonel Baird are amongst the killed; Colonel Walcot badly wounded. That part of the Regiment with which I happened to be cantoned near Philadelphia did not get up till the action was nearly over.

"I have only to repeat the assurance of my affection to Lady Nuneham, my Sister, Brother, &c., &c., and I am, Dear Sir, ever

"Your most Dutiful

"and most affectionate Son,

"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his father, Earl Harcourt :—

*"Philadelphia, October 26th, 1777.*

"DEAR SIR,—Lord Cathcart having altered his plan of service in consequence of his being appointed Aid de Camp to Sir Thomas Wilson, I have not as yet had an opportunity of paying the attention which is due to any young man who is fortunate enough to deserve your good opinion.

"I endeavoured, in a former letter, to give you an account of our operations as far as the action of German Town. It is with some concern I am

to acquaint you that our affairs have not since that time worn the same flourishing appearance. It was absolutely necessary we should open a communication with our Fleet, and it was accordingly determined to begin with making ourselves masters of the fort upon *Mud* Island, which, with that of Red Bank on the Jersey coast, and the Chevaux de Frize between those two points, effectually command the navigation of the Delaware.

“After several fruitless attempts to dislodge the Enemy from this post, it was at length resolved to land a Corps in the Jerseys, and, if possible, to take the Batteries on that side by a *Coup de main*. Unfortunately our intelligence was bad, and what was represented as a Battery erected entirely against the ships and *open* behind, proved a very strong Fort with a deep ditch. Colonel Donop, who commanded the Hessian Grenadiers, the Regiment of Mirebach, and the Yagers, destined for this service, made his attack on the evening of the 22<sup>nd</sup>, but, after sustaining a very heavy fire from the Fort, the ships, and the floating Batteries, were at length obliged to retreat, with the loss of 26 Officers killed and wounded, 127 Men killed, and above 200 wounded. Donop himself, very justly the pride of the Hessians, and undoubtedly an excellent officer, received two wounds, which it is feared will prove mortal, and

was left a prisoner in the hands of the Enemy. The day after this affair, a disposition was made to storm the Fort upon Mud Island under cover of the fire of our ships, but, by some accident, the Augusta of 64 Guns was burnt, and the Merlin sloop, having run on shore, was also destroyed; so that the operation was obliged to be deferred. All these checks following so close upon the back of each other, together with the account (which we are still very unwilling to give credit to) of General Burgoyne's Army having been obliged to lay down their Arms for want of provisions, must necessarily reduce us to the defensive for the rest of the Campaign; and will probably oblige us to evacuate a conquest which I have ever been of opinion should not have been thought of till a junction with the Northern Army was effected, but which, circumstanced as we are at present, cannot be maintained.

“Having gone through this description of the present state of our affairs, I shall only add that, desirous as I may have been to return to you during the winter months, I do not expect that such a favour will at this time be granted, and I shall therefore endeavour to remain satisfied till some better opportunity presents itself.

“I shall beg my most affectionate remembrances may be made to Lady Nuneham, my Sister and

Brother, &c., &c., and I am, Dear Sir, ever your most Dutiful

“and most affectionate Son,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.

“P.S. Your letter of the 5<sup>th</sup> June by Lord Cathcart, and that of my Brother of the 1<sup>st</sup> May by Captain Vaughan, are the last I have received. I doubt whether you have received all my letters.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Viscount Nuneham :—

*“Philadelphia, November 29th, 1777.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—The reduction of the Forts upon Mud Island and Red Bank having at last given us possession of the navigation of the Delawarr, our Campaign draws near to a conclusion; and though we may still affect to hold the language of driving the Rebel Army over the River Susquehana, I am inclined to think our operations will be confined to little more than the procuring such supplies of provisions and forage as will enable us to pass our time somewhat more at our ease than during the last winter.

“You have before this time heard of the misfortune of our Northern Army. Whether this event will produce an alteration in the Administration, or that Lord G. will have strength enough

to opinate this business for another year must soon be determined, but be assured that if the Canada Army had penetrated, America would not even then have been conquered. With respect to my friend General Burgoyne, though I expect he will be blamed by the people and sacrificed by the Ministers, I take comfort in the persuasion that, whenever his conduct can be inquired into, it will appear that no exertion on his part has been left untried, and that the loss of his Army was unavoidable from the moment we sailed from New York.

“Having received no letter from you of a later date than that of the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, you may be sure I wait with impatience the arrival of the September packet, not without hopes that it may bring me His Majesty’s leave to return to England for the remainder of the winter. I hope it is unnecessary for me to repeat the assurance of my duty to Lord Harcourt, or of my affection to Lady Nuneham and my sister.

“Your ever affectionate Brother,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

After his father’s death a gap of fifteen years occurs in the correspondence of Wil-

liam Harcourt ; when it is resumed we find him still soldiering in another quarter.

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Earl Harcourt :—

*“ Longwy, September 17th, 1792.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am thus far on my road to join M<sup>rs</sup>. Harcourt at Spa ; and, as it is the last opportunity I can have in conveying to you any intelligence worth notice, I avail myself of it to inform you that on Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup> the Duke of Brunswick’s Army quitted the environs of Verdun ; and, after a march of two days, reached the camp of *Landres*, where we had a distinct view of part of Dumourier’s Army ; which occupied a strong though extensive position, his front covered by the river *Ayr* as far as *Grandpre*, beyond which his left extended some miles in a very strong, woody country. Thursday the 13<sup>th</sup> proving remarkably wet, it was not till the next morning that General Clairfait turned and attacked his left flank, posted at a place called *Croix au Bois*, which he carried with the loss of about 60 men, amongst whom the young Prince de Ligne is much regretted. In the course of the night following Dumourier quitted his position, and, after losing 2 pieces of

Cannon and some baggage, taken by the Hussars he continued his retreat towards Luckner, at or near Chalons. The gaining of these passes with so very inconsiderable a loss is certainly an object of some importance ; and, though there are still difficulties to be overcome, the Duke will probably now be enabled to pursue the main object of the Campaign without much further delay.

“ The different Corps, when I left the Army yesterday, were stationed nearly as follows : Clair-fait, supported by Kulkreuth, still advancing upon Damourier ; the principal part of the Cavalry of the Prince’s Army at *Dunne* ; the Prussian main Army at Landres, but to march this morning to Monchenot, the south side of the river Aisne ; the Hessians near St. Menchould ; the Austrian Prince Hohenloe at Bar le Duc ; a small Corps of Austrians, with about 7,000 French commanded by Mareschal Broglio in the environs of Thionville ; where, I take it for granted, nothing more will be expected from them than the preventing any attempt from that quarter upon the communications.

“ As you know my object for plaguing you with this long military detail, I shall only add that I am in perfect health, and shall hope to find you equally so early in the month of October. Give my best love to Lady Harcourt, and remember me to the Chesterfields and Goldsworthy, to

whom I have never had leisure to write ; and believe me,

“ my Dear Brother,  
“ most affectionately yours,  
“ W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.

“ P.S. I left Sir James Murray and Colonel Manners in the Army. Colonel S. Leger, who quitted it with me, is so obliging as to charge himself with this letter to Brussels.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Earl Harcourt :—

“ *Longwy, August 29th, 1792.*

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—In conformity to what Mrs. Harcourt wrote from Brussels, we left that place on Thursday morning ; and, after passing through Namur and traversing the forest of Ardennes, we arrived here, without any accident (one overturn excepted), on Saturday last ; in time to proceed to Head Quarters, and to deliver His Majesty’s letter to the Duke of Brunswick the same evening. The next morning we were presented to the King of Prussia, in Camp, at the usual orderly hour ; and we had afterwards the honour of dining with His Majesty. The company consisted of about 30 persons, amongst which were the Duke of Brunswick, the two Princes of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick’s son, Monsieur the Prince



of Nassau, General Culkruth, Monsieur de Bishopswerden, and some of the Emigrees.

“ We have since seen the Prussian Army, which is encamped about 5 miles to the south of this Town ; that of the Austrians, under Clairfait, is about 3 miles distant to the west of it. We dined yesterday with the Duke of Brunswick, who desired Sir James Murray and myself to retire with him after dinner, when he began a very confidential conversation with us upon the present state of affairs ; in which he dwelt much upon the importance of a Declaration from England ; his expression was *pas si forte que le notre*, but of such a nature as might carry weight with it, and do away the unfavourable impression, and give the lie to the reports which had been propagated with so much industry by the French that they were sure of powerful succours from England ; an idea which we, of course, scouted, and which indeed he did not seem to give more credit to than ourselves. He then endeavoured to impress upon our minds that such a step could not possibly engage England in a war, for that the French had neither a Fleet, nor money to equip one.

“ He asked whether, when we left England, they had any idea of things being brought to this pass ; for that he was convinced the French had been in perfect ignorance on what point he meant to make his attack. He then entered very fully into his

intended first operations, prefacing it with saying that in war nothing could be looked upon as certain ; but that he had correspondences in several of their places, particularly in Thionville, which, if he could depend upon his intelligence, he thought he had a fair prospect of taking ; that upon this idea the first movement of the Austrian Army would be upon that place, while his own would march to Verdun ; in order to force Luckner either to give up his communication with Paris, or to fall further back. From his correspondence, and from the weak state of its Garrison, he expected to reduce that place without difficulty ; that in the mean time Monsieur de Clairfait's Corps would move upon his right to Stenay and Sedan, in order to reduce those places and keep up a communication between him and the Austrian territory on his right, while the Hessians were doing the same in his rear.

“What further operations will immediately follow must, in course, depend upon circumstances as they arise ; but, having hold of these places, he will, undoubtedly, be enabled to proceed much more at his ease. He then told us that Monsieur had proposed to declare himself Regent, but that the idea had not been approved of by the two Courts, who had determined upon a Council of Regency, composed of a member from each Court, with Monsieur at the head of it. Every idea, however,

of retaining any of their conquests is *utterly* disclaimed, and that of restoring the King only avowed.

“ Having now given you so long a detail upon military operations, and which I am very sure I have no occasion to say is intended for H— M<sup>sty</sup>’s ear only, I must add one word to tell you that the reception we have met with from the Duke of Brunswick has been as gracious and as polite as possible : such, indeed, as we never could have expected, but from the singular instance of our good fortune in being honoured with the letter from His Majesty, and for which I can never sufficiently express my gratitude. Though the Duke told us he could not possibly dispense with a prohibition which had never been deviated from in any one instance whatever, he did not order us to quit the Army ; and he even went so far as to say, with a little management, we might remain a few days to see the first of the operations ; an indulgence you may be sure we certainly availed ourselves of. Adieu.

“ Very sincerely and affectionately

“ Yours,

“ W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Earl Harcourt :—

*“ Verdun, September 8th, 1792.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—It seems very ridiculous that you of all men living should be so continually plagued with details of Military operations, but when I recollect that you are so near the King’s person, who may wish to be informed from every quarter of what is going on here, and that it is the only tribute of gratitude I have it in my power to pay for His Majesty’s goodness in enabling me to come hither, I shall make you no further apology.

“In conformity to what I wrote to you on the 28<sup>th</sup> August, the whole of the combined force got into motion the next morning, and, after a march of two days, the several Corps of the Prussian Army joined, and occupied a position on some commanding heights to the north east of this Town: the Right to the little village of Bras, near the Meuse; the Left on a hill considerably beyond the great road leading from Etain to Verdun: at the same time another Corps of 3 Regiments of Cavalry and Hussars, and 7 Battalions of Infantry, under General Kulkruth, crossed the river on a bridge of Pontoons, below the Town, and took post so as to complete the investment.

On the night of the 31<sup>st</sup> the Citadel and Town were bombarded from the different sides, but with so little effect that they were in doubt whether it would not have been necessary to begin the approaches in form. On Sunday, however, the Garrison, consisting of 3 weak Battalions of National Guards, 350 regular Troops, and about 5,000 armed Peasants, very gladly accepted the conditions which had been offered them, and marched out with their Arms on one side of the Town as our troops took possession on the other. The Commandant shot himself immediately after signing the Capitulation, though, to say the truth, the Fortifications were in so bad a state, and the place is so much commanded from the neighbouring heights, that it could not have been defended for any length of time. It is, however, a useful Depôt, and besides about 52 pieces of Artillery, of different kinds, which fell into our hands, it contained a good deal of Gunpowder and a considerable quantity of flour, &c. &c.

“We have not had any account of Clairfait's operations, but there cannot be a doubt of his possessing himself of Sedan without much difficulty. Thionville is invested and has been twice summoned; but, contrary to our expectations, seems determined to stand a siege, which will, of course, oblige Prince Hohenloe to send for a battering train from Luxemburg. Whether this

Army will wait the event of this enterprise, or proceed by the way of Chalons, I am not enough in the secret to pretend to determine ; but, from the state of the Enemy's Army, it cannot be supposed they will venture to oppose such a Force as this in front till its nearer approach to Paris. I cannot, therefore, but conclude that much the most formidable obstacle the Duke will have to encounter will arise from the lateness of the season and the length of the line upon which he is operating.

“We hear frequently from the Army of the Princes, which the Duke of Brunswick has done wisely in keeping as much out of the active part of the business as possible. There are, I am well informed, not fewer than 8,000 Nobility and Gentry in it, most of them dressing their own horses or carrying their Knapsacks, and performing the duties of common soldiers : but, upon the whole, I am inclined to think they must rather prove an embarrassment than an assistance to the Army with which they are acting. Having served in one war of this nature, I think I can form a pretty just opinion of the dispositions of the people ; and though I believe, in their present state, one might travel from hence to Paris with little danger, I am convinced that, in the great body of the people, there is a general, I might almost say a universal, disin-

clination to *la bonne cause*, though the discipline of this Army is so good that, excepting in the immediate environs of the Camp where Forage must be taken, the Peasants have suffered very little, and receipts are constantly given for every article furnished for the Troops, not payable, it is true, till the King is reinstated in his former situation.

“Having now completed the principal object which induced me to undertake this tour, and which has fully answered my expectations, I shall probably take only a few more marches with the Army, and shall hope to join M<sup>rs</sup>. Harcourt at Spa in about ten days.

“I have only to add that this Army is in the highest state of health, spirits, and discipline; perfectly free from desertion from the moment they entered the French territory, and in every respect in the best order possible.

“Sir James Murray, who I am very happy to have had with me, will, I hope, with a little management, be able to accompany the Army during the remainder of the Campaign; below you have a pretty just statement of the actual strength of it at present.

“I most truly hope that their Majesties and the Royal family enjoy as good a state of health as when they went to Weymouth; better, I think, I can hardly wish them.

"Make my very affectionate love to Lady Harcourt, and believe me, my Dear Brother,

"Ever yours,

"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.

"P.S. Monsieur Lucker still continues at Frescati near Metz."

#### STATE OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

45 Squadrons of Cavalry Dragoons	}	6,300
at 140 each . . . . .		
30 Squadrons of Hussars at 150	}	4,500
each . . . . .		
39 Battalions of the Line at 648	}	25,272
each . . . . .		
7 Battalions of Light Infantry at	}	4,536
648 each . . . . .		
10 Companies of Artillery near 200	}	2,000
each . . . . .		
Total		<u>42,608</u>

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Earl Harcourt :—

"*Tournay, Tuesday.*

"I FEEL as I ought those kind and affectionate expressions of yours and Lady Harcourt's love, and I am sure you will do me the justice to be-



lieve the same sentiments are perfectly reciprocal on my part.

“Knowing full well the anxiety you feel upon my account, I take the earliest opportunity to acquaint you that on Sunday last we experienced a sad reverse of fortune, which must necessarily check our operations for some time, though I trust it will not have any material bad consequence further than the loss of some brave men, and which we have now the satisfaction to find proves to be less than, from the nature of the action, might have been expected.

“The attack the day before had, in general, succeeded, but not sufficiently to enable a Corps to give that assistance to the Duke of York which he had been encouraged, and indeed had *every* right to expect. Thus situated, and overpowered by the infinite superiority of the Enemy's Force, he was obliged to give way, and retreat, certainly in great disorder, to his former position, where we now all remain. The Infantry of that part of the Army in which I served was in action the whole of the day before, but was not engaged in the last affair.

“The loss of Officers is trifling in the extreme, and we are all in good health and spirits.

“Excuse haste,

“most affectionately yours,

“W. H.

“P.S. I believe I told you in my last letter how much Amedée and his brother have distinguished themselves.

“Pray write to my sister.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Earl Harcourt :—

“*Tournay, Friday, May 23rd.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Battles happen so often that one week even does not pass over without my plaguing you with a letter. The action, however, of yesterday, for duration, as well as weight of fire, exceeded any thing, I believe, that has occurred in this age, for though the firing began at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 in the morning, the musquetry did not cease till dusk, and the Cannonade was not quite over till  $\frac{1}{4}$  before ten.

“The French Army, according to the accounts of prisoners, amounted to near 80,000 men, which enabled them not only to make their attacks upon so many points, but also to renew them so frequently that nothing but the superior valour of our Troops could have resisted them, and the affair was at last decided by a handful of brave British, most ably commanded by General Sax.

“After so hard contested a day many Trophies cannot be expected, but we have taken 5 pieces

of Cannon and about 500 Prisoners, and we fancy the Enemy have had near 2,000 killed and 3,000 wounded.

“The Left Wing of the Army, General Jones’ Brigade excepted, not having been engaged, *we* were only idle, though very anxious, spectators of this most awful spectacle.

“Mrs. Harcourt is, I thank God, in pretty good health at Bruxelles. Make my best love to Lady Harcourt, and I am most truly and most affectionately

“Yours,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Lord Harcourt :—

“*Chateau de l’Hermitage, April 1, 1794.*

“THOUGH I have already desired Lord Amherst to lay my humble acknowledgments at the King’s feet for the Government he has so graciously conferred upon me, I cannot suffer a post to pass over without requesting you to say for me how strongly my mind is impressed with gratitude at receiving this very honourable mark of His Majesty’s approbation and favour. The emoluments of this Government are certainly not very considerable, it being of the third class only, but still

it is an object for a soldier's ambition, and it does not exclude me from obtaining a better upon some future occasion.

"Mrs. Harcourt will probably remain with me till we take the Field, which I scarcely think will be in less than a fortnight. She is certainly in better spirits than she would have been had she remained on your side of the water, but I cannot say I am quite satisfied about her health, as she has still some remains of the Cough she got at the beginning of the winter. We are lodged superbly in this Chateau, which, elegant in every respect, exceeds any thing I have met with in the arrangement of the private apartments, two of which, most elegantly furnished and consisting of five rooms each, are upon the ground floor, and, I think, fourteen quite as complete upon each of the others.

"I cannot close this letter without informing you of a considerable advantage gained by the Austrians on Friday last between *Cateau* and *Rober-sart*. The Enemy made the attack in considerable force, it is said not less than 25,000 men, but were soon repulsed with the loss of 4 or 5 pieces of Cannon and above 100 killed upon the field, and about 60 or 70 made prisoners.

"As Mrs. Harcourt writes by this opportunity to Lady Harcourt, I have only to add my most affectionate love to her.

"I am heartily vexed at the delays in the D. H. business, though I will not yet despair entirely of success.

"Yours, my Dear Brother,  
"ever most affectionately,  
"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Earl Harcourt :—

*"Cateau, Sunday, April 26th, 1794.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Though I regret extremely that my having availed myself of His Royal Highness' kind indulgence to go, for one night only, to see M<sup>rs</sup>. Harcourt (about whose health I have been extremely anxious), has deprived me of my share in the Laurels which have been gained, I have great satisfaction in informing you of the signal advantage which was yesterday obtained by the Austrian and British Armies which cover the siege of Landrecy.

"The Gazette will inform you of the particulars of the different actions, the immediate fruits of which are the capture of one of the French Generals, 57 pieces of Cannon, and a considerable number of prisoners.

"Give my very affectionate love to Lady Harcourt, for whom I have felt most sincerely.

"Mrs. Harcourt is, I thank God, quite recovered.  
Adieu, my dear Brother.

"Most affectionately yours,

"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his  
brother, Earl Harcourt :—

*"Camp of Marguiss, Sunday, May 11th, 1794.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I seize with pleasure this opportunity to inform you of our further success. Yesterday morning, after a pretty heavy though ineffectual Cannonade upon our left, His Royal Highness was pleased to order me to advance with the greatest part of the British Cavalry, with directions to make use of any favourable opportunity which might offer. We were soon fortunate enough to meet with one near the village of Besieux, where we attacked, defeated, and completely dispersed two pretty considerable Corps of the Enemy's Cavalry and Infantry. 10 or 11 pieces of Artillery, and about 1,500 killed and prisoners, are the immediate fruits of an advantage gained entirely by the Cavalry.

"Upon the whole we have had a brilliant day, and the Duke of York has been pleased to express his approbation in very handsome terms.

"Mrs. Harcourt is, I thank God, much recovered, and is just gone to Bruxelles.

"Give my best love to Lady Harcourt.

"Yours, my dear Brother,

"ever most truly and affectionately,

"W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT."

From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to his brother, Earl Harcourt :—

*"Camp near Renaix, July 2nd, 1794.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—As I am fearful your concern for my personal safety may lead you to imagine that I run greater risks than really fall to my share in this unfortunate turn of affairs, I think it necessary to inform you that, however untoward appearances may be, you need not dread any greater calamity than that of our being obliged to give up this very fine Country, and ultimately to retire towards Holland, where I hope we shall still be able to make a stand. The superiority of numbers which we have had to contend with has certainly exceeded all calculation, but even that might perhaps have been counteracted, had we not had Allies who are lukewarm in the cause, whose Councils are divided, if not ill inclined to the cause, and whose Government has not sufficient energy to call forth the resources of

their own Country : in short the game is lost, and though the Prince de Coburg may possibly make another languid attempt upon the Enemy, he will, in the end, be forced to quit his position near Bruxelles.

“ In this state of affairs it is a matter of no small comfort to me that Mrs. Harcourt, who is now at Malines, is not only in good health, but in such perfect safety that I cannot wish her to return to England unless we should be driven still further back than I even expect.

“ Accounts are received of Lord Moira's arrival at Ghent, so that we have it in our power to make a junction with him whenever we think proper.

“ Lord Cornwallis arrived here yesterday. Give my very affectionate love to Lady Harcourt, and believe me, with the truest affection,

“ Yours,

“ W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.

“ P.S. The Decree of the National Assembly against giving quarter has been much disapproved of by their Army, and, as yet, we have no reason to believe it has been carried into execution.”



From Col. the Hon. W. Harcourt to  
Elizabeth, Countess Harcourt :—

*“Contieg, 6 miles from Anvers, July 15th, 1794.*

“MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—Though a very few days only have elapsed since I wrote last to my Brother, I will not wait for one moment to acknowledge your very kind letter.

“During the last two months our affairs have been going on gradually from bad to worse, and I fear you must still look for further retrograde movements. Indeed, how can it be otherwise with two such Allies, one of which certainly meant to dupe us from the beginning ; and the other, after having, by its own miserable mismanagement, thrown away the finest Country in Europe, has deserted the cause at the most critical moment, and is now, there is too much reason to believe, endeavouring to negotiate a separate peace.

“Notwithstanding this very black position of affairs, do not imagine we are by any means in a state of despondency ; for though, from the causes I have mentioned, we have lost the great object of the Campaign, I trust we shall still save Holland ; and, thank God, our own little Island seems to be in a state of perfect security.

“M<sup>rs</sup>. Harcourt, who has behaved like an Angel throughout this season of trial, and has shewn

more resolution, composure, and resignation, than most people are capable of, has been for some time at Anvers, and since my arrival at this place I have had the comfort of seeing her almost every day. Upon the whole I flatter myself that this must be our last Campaign, and though it has not hitherto proved as successful as some people expected, at least I hope we British neither have, nor shall disgrace ourselves.

“Give my kindest love to my Brother and Sister, and believe me, my dear Lady Harcourt,

“Very affectionately yours,

“W<sup>m</sup>. HARCOURT.”

Allusion has previously been made to a claim put in by Lord Harcourt for an annual gift of venison from Blenheim. When Blenheim ceased to be a Royal residence, Royal obligations naturally ceased also. Lord Harcourt, however, was an old soldier, and appears to have thought that nothing could be lost by asking for it. Hence the letters which follow :—

“*St. Leonard's, February 19th, 1824.*

“TRUMPER,—I wish to know whether there are any papers (particularly a correspondence between

the Chancellor Harcourt and Sarah, Duchess of Marlbro') in any of the boxes in the Evidence Room at Nuneham, relative to my claim on the Blenheim Estate for a Buck and Doe annually, and if there are I wish you to send them here, as I intend renewing my claim for the same.

"I am yours, &c.,

"HARCOURT."

"The papers required were sent to Earl Harcourt. B. T."

"TRUMPER,—After reading the enclosed letter you will close the seal with wax, and send the keeper with it to the Duke of Marlbro', or in his absence to his steward, Mr. Pain, to whom you will write desiring that a day may be fixed for sending the Buck to Nuneham, and forwarding it from thence to this place.

"Mr. Harcourt's bay mare must be taken from grass and taken good care of, preparatory to her being disposed of, if practicable.

"I am yours, &c.,

"HARCOURT.

"*St. Leonard's, September 16th, 1824.*"

"*Woodstock, Sept. 20th, 1824.*

"DEAR SIR,—The Duke of Marlborough desires me to say, in answer to Lord Harcourt's

claim, that he does not consider himself bound by any act of his ancestors, and that whenever his Lordship (as possessor of Stanton Harcourt) shall perform the service due to the possessor of Blenheim, his Grace will be ready to pay the fine for such service as his Lordship may be legally entitled to.

“I remain, Dear Sir,

“Your very obedient Servant,

“P. PAIN.

“*To Mr. Trumper.*”

The two following letters are inserted as shewing the value which was placed upon the suffrage by independent electors in the year 1826.

From William, Earl Harcourt, to his agent, Mr. Bryan Trumper :—

“*St. Leonard's, June 12th, 1826.*

“TRUMPER,—Having just received a letter from Lord Macclesfield informing me that the peace of our county is likely to be disturbed by Mr. Stratton, who has declared himself a candidate in opposition to our late representatives, Mr. Ashurst and Mr. Fane, whose conduct in Parliament has justly entitled them to the support of their constituents, I wish you to write to such of my

tenants as are freeholders to give them their support at the coming election, and for which I shall consider myself obliged to them accordingly.

"I am yours, &c.,

"HARCOURT."

From J. Westell to B. Trumper:—

"DEAR SIR,—My Father has this morning been actively canvassing in this neighbourhood in favour of Mr. Ashhurst, and on application to Mr. Hollis and Mr. Brown, and other tenants of Lord Harcourt's, they declined voting until they had heard from you what interest you wish them to support. Mr. A. intended writing to Lord Harcourt on the business, but he considers an application to yourself would be most proper under the circumstances. My Father, therefore, earnestly requests you will oblige him by returning by return a request to the tenants of Lord Harcourt to give Mr. Ashhurst their support.

"I remain, Sir,

"y<sup>rs</sup> very obdly,

"JAMES WESTELL.

"*Witney, June 13th, 1826.*

"*B. Trumper, Esq.*"

Letters from  
The Hon. Mrs. Harcourt.

SIR BERNARD BURKE, in his "Genealogical History of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland, 1879," writes thus of William, third Earl Harcourt:—  
" This nobleman was born 20 March, 1743,  
" and adopting the profession of arms, attained the rank of Field-Marshal, and  
" was colonel of the 16th regiment of Dragoons. His Lordship married, 1778, Mary,  
" relict of Thomas Lockhart, Esq., and  
" daughter of the Rev. William Danby,  
" D.D., of Mashamshire, co. York; but  
" died *sine prole* 18 June, 1830, when all  
" his honours became extinct, and his estates  
" devolved on his first cousin, the Most  
" Reverend the Hon. Edward Vernon, of  
" Stanton Harcourt and Nuneham Courtenay, Archbishop of York, consecrated Bi-

“shop of Carlisle 1791, and translated to  
 “York 1807, who assumed the surname of  
 “Harcourt (only). He was born 10 Oct.,  
 “1757, married, 5 Feb., 1784, Lady Ann  
 “Leveson Gower, daughter of George Gran-  
 “ville, 1st Marquess of Stafford, and sister  
 “of George Granville, 1st Duke of Suther-  
 “land, by whom he had eleven sons and  
 “five daughters.”

The memoir of Archbishop Harcourt will occupy the Twelfth Volume of these papers.

It now remains, as far as this present volume is concerned, to give a few letters written by the wife of William, Lord Harcourt—a highly eccentric lady—and to conclude with some miscellaneous verses.

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*“Sunday, October 3rd.*

“MY DEAREST LADY HARCOURT,—I am quite vexed that I have been so idle, and I don’t deserve the kind letter you have just wrote me ; but if you knew how busy I have been in the North,

seeing places, drawing, and at my own dear old home, seeing every soul that wished to see me, you would forgive me. I am also quite vexed we lost your visit to us now, because you would have chose to have been here the 29<sup>th</sup>. The Queen was so good as to send for us. The Concert was at the Lodge. The Company consisted only of Lady Louisa Clayton, Lord and Lady Sidney, Lady Courtown, General Fawcett, and Colonel Digby. I was very happy. I like or rather love the King and Queen, as you say, better and better every time I see them ; and so must every body that loves goodness, for they are actually the best and the pleasantest people I ever met with ; only we must not say so to ——— or Miss Fauquier, or, rather, if we do they wont believe us.

“We were there half an hour before any body came, so they immediately began music, and had time to say more about it than folios would contain. They seemed truly and sincerely delighted with their visit to Nuneham : the place they were quite charmed with, but they seemed most particularly delighted with their reception, the kindness and manner of which they seemed to be quite struck with ; I never knew people say more upon any subject. The Princesses gave me afterwards a particular account of it, and Princess Elizabeth told me that she was so affected with the attention and kindness of the Motto on the Dessert frame



that she very near burst out a crying. They all seemed very much struck with that and the profiles on the boxes. In short all delighted them, and you would be quite satisfied if you could have heard them. They told me no servant came in till the King and Queen desired it, and then arrived six out of livery besides the butler. Mr. Harcourt and I have spent our wits in puzzling who they could be.

“The Queen told me Walter <sup>a</sup> is dead, which I am very sorry for indeed if it is true, but I hope she mistakes.

“We shall be very very glad to see you the 19<sup>th</sup>, I only regret the fine weather will all be gone by that time, and not a leaf on the trees.

“The Queen said the King has given Mr. Alderson a living, which we rejoice at; it is just what he wanted. I never received but one letter from you, which was since I came here. Pray tell Lady Lonsdale I thank her much for one she wrote me, but I really and truly can't read half of it, any more than you can read this; but I write in a great hurry, for if the Bishop <sup>b</sup> don't get it to-day it won't be with you to-morrow.

“We only breakfasted at Hatfield, for Mr. Harcourt did not chuse to do more. It is a most glorious House, but the place very ugly. I never saw any thing so perfect as the fitting up; it is as

<sup>a</sup> The gardener at Nuneham.

<sup>b</sup> The Bishop of Carlisle.

if one was alive 200 years ago, and the house just built, the repair so good and the time so kept up.

“Lord and Lady Salisbury go to Paris to-day; — there are two ambassadors also to take care of her.

“I long to see you very much, and to give you an account of our tour and twenty things I can’t write. I depend on the 19<sup>th</sup>. We go to Court on Thursday. Pray give our best love to Lord Harcourt, and tell Mr. Whitehead how glad we shall be to see him.

“Most affec. adieu, adieu.

“Mr. and Mrs. Sedley are here and beg their love; I like her very very much indeed.”

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*“Weymouth, Monday morning, September, 1792.*

“I could not get a moment yesterday or I would have wrote, but this shall go to-day, without fail, and it will tell you I got well here at four on Saturday. They saw me go by and sent Mr. Harcourt when he had dined. My house is on the Esplanade, so I was dressed and ready when they came by, and I agree with Mr. Harcourt that nobody can be in better health than the King,

it is impossible. He has bathed eight times : it agrees beyond any thing in the world with him, and he don't look so full and bloated, but clear and well, and is in equal and good spirits. The Princesses also look well, but the Queen looks, I think, very ill, and, by all accounts, has been so low and so languid that nothing but real illness can account for it. She always appears to me to look worse and worse every time I have seen her for the last half year. Her foot is bad, but she walks a little.

“They have no society at all but those you know of. Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville are here, but never asked in. The party has always been the Queen, the Princess Royal, Lady Chesterfield, and General Harcourt, at Casino ; Princess Elizabeth, Lady Mary, Lady Caroline, Colonel Gwyn, at Cribbage ; the King, Colonel Garth, and Lord Chesterfield, at Piquet ; Lord and Lady Courtown and Princess Augusta have hitherto played at Piquet, but now I make the fourth of that party at Cribbage. They were delighted to hear how happy the Princesses had been at Nuneham, and expressed much obligation to you and Lord Harcourt, and seemed much flattered by his having gone on the River with them. They had had an exact journal, and the greatest despair had been expressed by the Princesses at the arrival of what they called Dreadful Friday.

“Yesterday morning, to give you a day, I went out soon after seven to walk by the sea; met Mr. Pitt and Colonel Sims, and, soon, General Harcourt; left them to join Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth going to bathe; walked with them home; went to my Lodging to breakfast with General Harcourt. He afterwards went to attend the Royals to Church: I stayed at home. After Church every body called, and the King called at the door and talked at the window; the Queen did not come out of her house. I dined with the Chesterfields, who live next door but one to me, which is very delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Damer and George Damer dined there from ten miles off; the latter I think pleasanter than any body.

“At eight we all went to the Rooms, where on a Sunday the Royal family all go, and which is, without exception, the oddest ceremony I ever saw. A very large room, two or three hundred people, none of which (except the two Lady Beauclercs and three or four men) one ever heard of. It is a circle, like a drawing room exactly, and there they stand, or walk if they can, for about half an hour, and then go into the Card Room, which opens into it, and where there were two tea tables; the King and Queen, Lady Courtown and Lady Chesterfield at one, Princesses, Lady Mary, Lady Caroline, and I at the other; the people all walking by the door and looking in, but not com-

ing in ; the King walked about a little more, and then all went away at ten. To-day all go to the play. It is lucky it is so cold, for I am to take the box on one side, to sit by the Queen, because they have not one acquaintance here, and she might have a perfect stranger ; and Lady Courtown instead of attending her is obliged to take the other side to sit next the King, for the same reason. I am ordered to get acquainted with some Yorkshire people that are here (the great Tatton Egertons with £30,000 a year), in order to get them to help this sitting business at the Play, which I can't understand yet as I have not seen it, but it is the reason they have only been once.

“General Harcourt told you a spy had been here. Macmanis and Maynard (Sir Sampson) then found it all out. It was a servant of the Duke of Devonshire sent here on purpose. He walked so close Macmanis joined him and entered into conversation with him, and he told Macmanis he was sure the King was as bad as ever, only well guarded, and he would listen ; so at last, when satisfied and when found out, away the gentleman departed in great haste, and returned with an account that would, I suppose, disappoint the wicked wishes of his employers.

“I am taking this moment from the few I can have of Mr. Harcourt's company, so I don't think you can read it, but if it serves for a moment's

occupation to my very dear friends at Nuneham it will delight me. Pray say how you all are. I am sure I shall hear a good account of Mr. Haggitt, I wish I may of you. As for Lord Harcourt, I left him in rude health. I long to hear Lady Vernon is come. How is Mrs. Siddons? did you say how sorry I was not to see her? Mr. Harcourt is well, but tired of all day fagging.

“Adieu, most affec.

“*A great secret*, the Duke of York to be married on Princess Royal’s birthday.

“They only go to the public rooms on a Sunday.”

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt:—

“*June 6th, 1780.*

“MY DEAREST LADY HARCOURT,—I am glad to write you word we are all safe and well notwithstanding the Riots, which continue, and, to my great sorrow, part of the Regiment<sup>c</sup> is brought from Croydon to assist in quelling. Very luckily there is only part, so that it is the Lieut.-Colonel’s duty to command them and not the Colonel’s, who slept very well in P. Place while Sir Robert Laurie was out all night trying to save houses and property without effect; and this they call

<sup>c</sup> The 16th Dragoons, of which General Harcourt was the Colonel.

liberty I suppose. Lord Petre's, Mr. Stapylton's, Lord Rockingham's, Mr. Turner's, and Mr. Burke's houses are said to be devoted, and Guards are travelling about from place to place trying to save them. Sir G. Saville's house was much damaged last night.

"The House is up, and has come to a resolution to inquire into the cause of the Riots, before other business, and not to proceed upon the petition till the Riots cease. A poor tallow chandler's house was burnt last night, though a Protestant, because he was a witness against those who burnt the Sardinian Chapel.

"I will write again to-morrow. My Father is much better, and every body seems just as much intent upon Ranelagh and visits as if the streets were quiet, which future ages will scarce believe.

"Adieu, my dear Sister ; best love to Lord Harcourt, and tell him an English Mob is a most unreasonable monster, and popularity not worth having since Sir G. Saville has lost it."

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*"June 8th, 1780.*

"MY DEAREST LADY HARCOURT,—All is quieter than yesterday, and I trust nearly over.



The Proclamation yesterday probably saved the Country, for had the attack made last night upon the Bank been made as upon Margate the night before, we had been indeed undone. Mr. Harcourt is perfectly well I thank Heaven. I stay at the Mews, which is "the quarters," all day from 7 in the morning, but am sent at 9 at night, much to my concern, to Hill Street, from whence I write this. My Father much the same, not worse but rather better. Lady Elizabeth and Sir William went away this morning; she was most terribly agitated. There are now above 11,000 Men in and about London, so that I hope if it is not quite over it must be soon. Not above 50 were killed last night and to-day in all, and it will, I trust, save thousands. The Heads of Opposition, vizt. Rockingham, Carmarthen, Fitzroy, &c., &c., sent to offer their Horses for the Regiment, and to maintain any Troops if wanted. The House is adjourned till Monday sennight. They compute the private losses to 5 or 600,000 pounds, chiefly in the City.

"Adieu, my dear Sister. My head aches so I can't see, for really last night was a night of horror to those who could only hear and see at a distance.

"Mr. Harcourt wanted me to desire you to send a man from Nuneham to Harcourt House, but he thinks now he had better send some trusty



man, as one from you would be long coming. It is only in order to watch in the back part, as the porter must be in front. Several houses have been broke open by small mobs. In short, never did property seem less safe than while the Country has been for some days governed by an English Mob. Pray tell Lord Harcourt so with my love, and that it is a sign I am easier than last night, as I could not have had spirits to be so impertinent."

Written directly after the attempt made against the life of King George III. by Margaret Nicholson.

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*"August 5th, 1786.*

"I WRITE in the Duchess of Ancaster's room, almost twelve o'clock ; passed an evening to my heart's content ; seen goodness and affection and family love and gratitude to Heaven for the escape in the most delightful degree ; heard you loved ; said every thing for you and for Lord Harcourt that *your* heart could wish. But you must come on Thursday. Every soul comes. The Queen expects it. The Duchess of Ancaster says it is almost *necessary*, and certainly right. Miss Golds-

worthy says it would be an omission you would be sorry for if you did not come, as others will come, and the Queen takes attention on this occasion particularly kind. This she bids me tell you. They talked much of the affair.

“The King told it me all exactly, and with a candour that does him honour. He said if he had not happened to have seen the woman preparing her petition, and from her eagerness kept his eyes fixed on her, he could not have escaped, for she was close to him, and on her drawing the knife from the paper he stepped back ; that she aimed a second blow, but was caught by the Guard, and a servant wrested the knife from her hand. It was a large servants’ eating-knife with a horn handle, made sharp on both sides, and so thin that it was bent, though he is not sure whether it struck against him or not, but he thinks it did not. He said he called to them directly to take the knife from her, but not to hurt the woman, for he was not hurt. She lived servant with Mrs. Rice ; she left her, I hear, from being wrong in her mind. She is so certainly on this subject, and Monro declares her so. The Prince of Wales came instantly to Windsor from Brighton, stayed two hours with the Queen and Princesses, but did not see the King.

“Miss G. bids me tell you she had three tete a tetes which she says you will understand. I will

write again to-morrow. Fred North, Del Campo, and the Chesterfields waiting.

“ Adieu. Adieu.

“ The Duchesses best love.

“ The Queen said how immense the Levee was, and what a drawing room there will be on Thursday.”

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

“ *April 29th, 1796.*

“ UPON communicating to General Harcourt our conversation yesterday, he wished I should again trouble you on the subject. To tell you the truth, feeling as I do the satisfaction of being *greatly* in *the right* (forgive the proud expression), I was contented, but he is not contented unless I am *thought* so. I can, however, really only repeat what I said to you (for truth must ever be the same), that no communication either directly or indirectly have I ever had by letter with the Princess of Wales; that no line have I ever wrote to her but a fortnight after her marriage to enclose a petition for the daughter of a Lady to be placed in a convent : the answer I remember their Majesties saw at Windsor, therefore my supposed *bad* advice must have been confined to the Drawing room, the parties at the

Queen's House, and the two I have attended at Carlton House, as I have never been there at any other time, nor had any other opportunity of seeing the Princess; and I hope it cannot be doubted that the few moments she has on those occasions given me have been taken by me to impress upon her true devotion and submission to their Majesties and the Prince, and that perfect forbearance and patience (under any circumstances she might think distressing) was the only way to obtain at last her wish for confidence and domestic happiness.

"I fear I have rather avoided than sought those opportunities; and I reproach myself for it, as perhaps the kindness the Princess must naturally feel for me from being her first English acquaintance, and having received her from the hands of her parents, might have induced her to attend to my advice, and on that account I told you yesterday I would pledge myself to nothing, as it would be my duty if it ever was in my power to be of any little use to all parties.

"It is hard, and General Harcourt feels it still stronger than I do, that all the pains I have taken to keep out of this great *tracasserie* has not succeeded.

"You well know I was so far from seeking the honour of attending the Princess to England, that it was with the greatest pain I received an

order that separated me from General Harcourt, and which my then wretched state of health made infinitely distressing ; but I obeyed because I understood there were difficulties on the subject in England, and my love for, and devotion to, their Majesties made it impossible for me to put my own comfort or convenience in competition with being of any service to them in my power. On my arrival, seeing those difficulties increase, I retired to the Country where I ever wish to continue, and I may say it is not a little hard that my being in London against my inclination should implicate me in what I have so much sought to avoid. But I repeat again that I have the satisfaction of knowing I am *perfectly right*, and having acted with *openness, fairness*, duty, and affection, I feel thoroughly persuaded that in the end I must have the full and perfect *approbation* of their Majesties, whose justice and goodness I am sure of, and which is the only reward in this world that I desire either for this or a former occasion on which I was so fortunate as to be of use.

“I will also add, my dear Lady Harcourt, that thinking as strongly as you know I do that, after above half the common course of life is passed, the little remainder is but a little moment, I have no further views but to do my duty to God and Man, and that I had rather lose by doing right than gain by doing wrong. In the direction of

my conduct I have the best, the coolest, and the most judicious adviser, from whom no thought of my heart is ever hid. For that great blessing I thank Heaven.

"I rather chose to write than to talk to you again, because I wish to keep to the rule I have laid down of not letting this subject ever occur between us. One of the comforts of my situation has been the harmony in which I have lived with you and Lord Harcourt. It is essential to the comfort of General Harcourt that it should continue, as well as to that of your very affectionate

"M. HARCOURT."

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*"May 5th.*

"I HAVE this moment received your letter, truly kind, as every act of yours towards me has ever been. I know that on this occasion as well as every other I am obliged to you for every exertion you can make to be of use to me; and I always feel that full and perfect confidence in your opinion and friendship, that I would trust myself in your hands sooner than in any body's I know. I am sure of your benevolence, sure of your fear of injuring and desire of serving; and

this is an opinion so fixed in both General Harcourt's mind and my own that we have often made it, in speaking of you, the subject of our conversation and praise.

"Therefore, I was not surprized at your success with the Queen, for I am sure I owe the change more to you than to my letter. As to the Prince, I leave you to do as you please about him, but the idea of *Justification* I *disclaim*, because, had I happened to have seen the Princess, or to have wrote to her, I should not have been wrong, as I could have given her no advice, for my Country's sake and my own, but such as the Queen herself would have given her and wished her to receive.

"In regard to the other Lady, I still think as I did on that subject, for if you *knew* (and from my heart and soul I wish you did know) the opinion of the world on her account as well as I do, you would *know* that nothing could hurt me so much in the general opinion as having any concern with her at all.

"I am quite disappointed that you did not tell me what has passed in the last few days, which I expected would have determined the fate of our dear Princess Royal. I was more anxious about that than any other subject, and I do entreat you to write directly and fully about it. Pray find five minutes to give me that satisfaction to-morrow; (should I go to Windsor it would be in the even-



ing) ; or I shall know nothing. I really think the future happiness of the whole family depends on this business ; therefore pray, when you can, relieve me on the subject.

“We must, I fear, come to town on Friday for my Uncle’s birthday. I should be very sorry to leave the Country in all its beauty for anything else. I shall, however, be also very glad to see you.”

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

“*Kew House, June 26th, 1801.*”

“YOU know this House and the impossibility of finding a single moment, but I hope and trust General Harcourt has wrote you all about his appointment<sup>d</sup>, which is a very delightful one, and very unexpected ; for, what is very odd, it never once entered into either General Harcourt’s head or mine that he would have the appointment ; though we both knew of the Institution, for he has been upon all the Boards. His own government goes to Lord Clanricarde, so of course this will be better in point of income ; and so it ought, for it will induce great expense, a great many more horses necessary to be kept, and more people coming to the House. The kindness of the

<sup>d</sup> The government of the new College of Sandhurst.



King and the Duke about it is extreme. Both said that they knew not which thought of it first, for both agreed nobody was so proper, as he united all the requisites; as it was necessary it should be a man of rank, and a man who had served much and distinguished himself, and would be efficient, and wish to promote the bringing forward others to be like himself. The place is near Blackwater, about thirteen miles from St. Leonard's.

“I went with the Royal family to dine at Oatlands yesterday, which I was very glad to do. The day was very fine and the place much improved; it is made all Gothic and very comfortable. Nobody went with them but the Ladies and Prince Adolphus, and there was no sort appeared there but the Duke and Duchess. I felt delighted at the opportunity of thanking both the King and the Duke about General Harcourt, for I am rejoiced at the thing because it pleases him so much. It is so very creditable, and what in all Countries is only given to a man at the very top of the profession; and as he has felt at times uneasy at not being employed in his military line, so now he will feel that he is selected for the most important office in it, and it does my heart good to have him gratified.

“As for the King, I protest at no period of my life did I ever see the King better. He is most

perfectly and essentially well in every respect, and most delightfully kind and good to every body ; and, in short, I now think his health so confirmed that we may hope in the common course of things to have the blessing of his life very long preserved to this Country. I think also the Queen better than usual, and all are well and all pretty happy, except a few of the old grievances you know. They themselves wanted the King to go to prorogue the Parliament, but I am glad he is steady in not doing it, for it would only harry him, and as he is really well what signifies what a few ill-disposed people say ? besides it always is a subject of anxiety to every body whenever he goes ; so they set out for Cuffnalls on Monday and stay till Friday, and then go on to Weymouth, Princess Sophia, Lady Cathcart, &c.

“ I am here in the House on the green with Lady Bath and Lady Caroline Waldegrave, very comfortable ; on Sunday they go, and my carriage comes on Monday morning and carries me on to St. Leonard's, where I shall find General Harcourt settled : he has come here in a morning to ride with the King.

“ Every evening we drive out and drink tea somewhere or other, and are to be ready at half-past nine for the same business in the morning, so Adieu.”

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

*“ St. Leonard’s, Wednesday night, June 27th.*

“I HAVE wrote to Mr. Hayes for a certificate, our curate is not in the Country. I was very glad to receive a much better account of Lord Harcourt from Mrs. Richards than from you. She says they find him so much better than they expected ; the weather has been against all invalids.

“I am writing just returned from dining at Frogmore, and left General Harcourt going into the Dutch barn with all the world to see the Phantasmagoria of the German play ; so you see how prudent I am, but a burnt child dreads the fire.

“I returned, however, very wretched on the King’s account. I actually fear he will in a short time be quite blind. The last eight days the dimness has increased to a most alarming degree. The Queen got Phipps down a day or two ago ; to *him* he tried to speak comfort, but to THEM he proved he had the greatest apprehension of the worst consequences without the greatest precaution ; and he has not yet been prevailed on to leave off his vile cocked hat, which I verily believe is partly the cause of the disease, for he has a prominent Eye, and with little shade from either

the lid or eyelashes; and this foolish idea of a round hat being democratic has made him expose his poor Eyes to scorching sun and wind, which, together with a tight stock, has inflamed them and perhaps thickened the christaline humour or given him a Cataract.

“They are all wretched; Princesses Mary and Sophia in tears all day, and every one affected by his manner of speaking of his state and by seeing him feel with a stick for the steps, and not even knowing his children by sight. He said there was a time when he used to say that he wished he might die as soon as he lost his sight; but, knowing how wicked that was, he was trying to reconcile himself to the idea, and to think of resources when the misfortune happened. I hear Phipps means to bleed him, and indeed it appears as if it was most necessary, for his face is *black red*, and he looks fuller than I have seen him for ages. He talked much of his tour, and said though his sight would no longer assist his enjoying it for his own sake, he should enjoy the pleasure it would give to others.”

From the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt to Countess Harcourt :—

“*August 13th.*

“YESTERDAY was beautiful in every respect, and went off to perfection, for the day was fine,

and summer has at last blessed us with its presence. It comes most acceptably, for the harvest and fruits of the earth wanted sun most sadly.

“The Troops in the Camp, with the addition of the Prince of Wales’ Regiment ; the multitudes of people on the opposite bank ; the feu de joie ; the whole scene cannot be described. The line was a mile in length, backed by wood ; the company, all on the opposite bank, backed also by wood ; the Bands all playing ; the Cannon firing ; the Troops cheering after the feu de joie. Had it been for any other occasion how the mob would have joined the loud Huzza, and how one should have felt it thrill through one’s veins ! After the Military part we went to the Garden and the great Lodge ; there the Indian tents, admirably disposed and placed in a picturesque situation, with a great stage before the Royal tent made of the same singular and showy materials, above fifty feet long, and covered with Turkey carpet, gave one the idea of some Eastern nation ; with the additional pleasant reflection that we had to bless God that the tent contained a British king and not an Eastern tyrant. We had all the beauty and magnificence of an Eastern fete without its inconvenient accompaniments. I really was delighted like a girl of twenty, and cannot give you any idea of its striking effects. On the stage came numbers of men and boys dressed in

rich Eastern habits, and, after dances of the Country and music suited to what they represented, there was the best tumbling and rope dancing that I ever saw, and unlike any that is exhibited at the London places of entertainment. Where they got them or who dressed them I know not, but they were in perfect taste, and most unexpected was their appearance. This continued while all the company dined, with many hundred spectators ranged around; after which there was a Ball in the House, and every body was delighted. To-night the Royal family go to the play, and we to a Ball given by the Blues in Camp.

“To-morrow is a great Terrace, Thursday the play again, Friday another Ball at Swinley, and Saturday they go to Weymouth; but we have multitudes coming that day and the next, and the night before last we had the two sofas in the drawing room and two matrasses on the floor. At night arrived Amadee and General Don from abroad, and set out for Dover the next day; they came only to the Duke of York. I think the Prince of Wales is in good spirits and quite recovered. General Abercrombie has sailed; if he makes good his landing all follow as quick as they can. The 7<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> sail next week. You know Lord St. Vincent has passed the Gut<sup>e</sup>; his Fleet, which was only eleven leagues from the

<sup>e</sup> Gibraltar.

combined Fleet, which was going towards Brest, took one ship with despatches ordering the Spanish Fleet back to Cadiz, possibly a feint, but, at any rate, as our Fleet is in these seas, Ireland is safe, and the Expedition can go. The poor —<sup>f</sup> is quite delighted ; he talks of being soon on horseback again, and so Adieu, I have time for no more.

“The child<sup>g</sup> there again, but not its mother<sup>h</sup>.”

The following letter was written shortly after Lord Harcourt's death.

From Lady Harcourt to the Countess Dowager Harcourt :—

*“Ludlow, May 30th, 1809.*

“How could you fancy, my dear, that I would choose the China? take whatever is most convenient to yourself, there will be enough left for us.

“I am glad we thought of it, but it is always my opinion that the situation of women is never enough considered. They lose all they love, and therefore want, in their latter days at least, those conveniences which, having been used to, and having less exertion to enable them to find substitutes, they are less able to do without. Any

<sup>f</sup> King.

<sup>g</sup> Princess Charlotte.

<sup>h</sup> The Princess of Wales.



thing, therefore, in which it is possible that we can be of use to *you* be assured must give us both satisfaction.

“As for your own China, you had better send a list, that whenever we go there we may get it packed up; or, what would be the same thing, you can send to order it. There are some chairs of the Dowager Lady Vernon’s work, if I recollect right, in the red room at Nuneham; I should think you would like to have them yourself for your own House, and we can easily get others; and I think you would wish to have some of the small drawings out of your own little dressing room, or the rooms below it. Now all we can wish is that you will send for what you want.

“I write this from Ludlow, the most beautiful spot, and the most interesting that I have seen this long time. The Castle is magnificent. We spent this morning at Mr. Knight’s at Doveton Castle, which is a most romantic spot, and tomorrow we return to Malvern, hoping to meet my Brother.

“It is so dark I can only say Adieu. May God bless you.”



From Lady Harcourt to the Countess Dowager Harcourt :—

*“St. Leonard’s, August 31st, 1809.*

“I MEANT, my dear, to have answered your kind letter, or rather to have forestalled it to Nuneham, but it was not in my power ; for, what with those who came for the Races, and the dining out both days on the Course, not a moment had I, and glad was I when I found that the Queen did not go to-day. Poor Louisa Erskine also has been with us till this morning, so I had her sorrows to bear in the midst of all the confusion ; but we go to London to-morrow, which will be comparative quiet. I am glad you have got over the sad Nuneham visit, which could only tear your heart and open fresh wounds in every way ; and I wish you had left Sudbury and were settled at Bishopthorpe, and shall rejoice when you can tell me so. I find Lord<sup>i</sup> and Lady Vernon will leave Wales the 5<sup>th</sup>, and be long at Park Place.

“The marriage prospect seems to give them every hope of comfort that they can have in parting with an only child.

“Princess Amelia, though fatigued, got pretty well to Andover, and would be at Weymouth last

<sup>i</sup> George, second Lord Vernon, the Dowager Lady Harcourt’s half-brother. He was married to Louisa, sole daughter and heiress of Lord Mansel.

night. Princess Sophia is better, but has mended slowly.

"I hope these dispatches have brought letters from all the Army in Spain to their anxious friends, but 1,500 sick were obliged to be left in the hands of the French. That Colonel Anson is well, and has gained such credit, must give his friends much pleasure.

"Mrs. Broderic came to see Mrs. Proctor, and I think it did her harm, for both were agitated.

"Adieu, my dear Lady Harcourt ; the General *loves* you, and so does

"Your affectionate,

"M. H."

The following letter was addressed to Elizabeth, Countess Harcourt ; and the verses that follow are extracted from her scrapbook :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I saw you last I told you that I thought Poetry had of late forsaken its proper province, the useful and the instructive, and been seduced into the fairy grounds of frivolous amusement.

"I have been employed lately in endeavouring to bring it back to its original design, and for that purpose have determined to consecrate my poeti-

cal talents to that most elegant and sublime work *The compleat English Housewife*, by Mrs. Elizabeth Raffield.

“I mean to render it entirely into verse, but I have not yet fixed upon what species of poem or what kind of versification I should adopt. I have sent you one of her lofty dogmas as a specimen; it is called “a receipt to make a hunting pudding,” and will be found in the 168<sup>th</sup> page of that inestimable volume. I have given it in four different ways,—as a piece of familiar versification,—as a solemn composition in blank verse,—as an ode,—and as an elegy. Whichever you approve of most I will fix upon for my model.

“I am, with the truest esteem,

“Yours, &c.

“J. D.”

*First Specimen.*

PLUM PUDDING,—A SONG.

“BEAT eight eggs, and add to them  
A pound of flour, a pint of cream ;  
Of beef suet, fresh and sound,  
Finely chopped, put in a pound.  
Throw a pound of currants in,  
Nicely picked, and nicely clean ;  
Eight ounces of the best jar-raisin,  
Chopped and stoned for the occasion.

Then in the composition pour  
Powder sugar ounces four.  
Add to these, I recommend it,  
Ounces two of citron candied.  
Then an equal portion put  
Of candied orange, nicely cut ;  
Grate a full-grown nutmeg next,  
And be the whole together mixt.  
In one half a gill of brandy,  
*Cogniac's*, the best that can be.  
And, when in a cloth you've tied it,  
Safely to the pot confide it ;  
And thus, if my receipt's a good one,  
In four hours you'll have a Pudding."

*Second Specimen.*

PLUM PUDDING,—A MEDITATION.

"YE tuneful nine, who on Olympus' top  
Have waked the sounding strings, and bade the lyre,  
In trembling notes and trilling chords, rehearse  
The fame of nations and the fate of kings,  
Assist my daring flight, and aid my song  
While with a poet's rapture I unfold  
How man, weak erring man, may best assay  
His greatest work—a pudding to prepare.

First let thine hand with nice selection cull  
Eight new laid eggs, and beat them up with care ;  
Then add a pound of triturated wheat ;  
A pint of cream, fresh from the flowing bowl,

A pound of adipous solidity,  
Such yclept, ta'en from the lowing herd.  
And, oh frail mortal, see to chop it small !  
The sable currant next must claim a place—  
A pound its quantity—and cleanse it well.  
The arid grape, imported in the jar,  
Shall then be added—half a pound we ask—  
Freed of its seeds, and elegantly chopped.  
Four ounces next of sugar, pulverized,  
Must deign to give its dulcet influence.  
The fruits preserved of India and of Spain  
We next invoke to yield their kind assistance ;  
The candied citron and the candied orange,  
And each bestows two ounces for its share.  
Then shall thy fingers seize the spicy nutmeg,  
And grind it into dust and throw it in ;  
Nor let oblivion tempt thee to neglect  
To pour in half a gill of generous brandy.

Thus formed thy mixture, put it in a cloth  
That shames the whiteness of the mountain snow,  
And tie it close, and plunge it in a cauldron,  
And when four hours have winged their rapid flight,  
The muse shall own—Ambrosia was a pudding.”

*Third Specimen.*

PLUM PUDDING,—AN ODE.

“ WHAT form transports my raptured sight,  
Shedding round ethereal light ?

What Goddess meets mine eye  
From the blest mansions of the sky ?

Where yonder clouds their curling summits spread,  
    She cuts her lucid way ;  
And, as her glittering footsteps tread,  
    Darkness retires, and gives his place to day.  
'Tis *Truth*—'tis *Truth*, for she alone  
    Of all the heavenly train could beam so bright ;  
A red star her adamant zone,  
    Her veil's a sunbeam, and her shadow's light.  
And hark she speaks—the world around  
With eager ecstasy shall catch the sound ;  
    The Gods from high in rapt attention bend  
    To hear her trilling voice ascend ;  
While rocks and groves the notes prolong ;  
And ravished nature drinks the flowing stream of  
    song.  
Hapless mortal, would'st thou ask  
    How a pudding thou may'st form ?  
Then begin the awful task,  
    Thus complete the potent charm.  
First with patient hand prepare  
Twice four eggs, as silver fair,  
    Choose them fresh and beat them well,  
    Thus begin the potent spell ;  
    Then in the mixture pour  
    A pound of wheaten flour,  
    And o'er thine embryo pudding's head  
Let a full pint of cream in foaming waves be shed.  
    Then ask the lowing train  
    (Thou shalt not ask in vain)  
One gentle pound of suet to supply ;

And, when thou'st cut it fine,  
Its sacred influence let it join ;  
And soon thy pudding's praise on fame's broad wings  
shall fly.  
A pound of currants must succeed,  
Obedient to thy touch ;  
From each extraneous mixture freed,  
Of raisins thou must take but half as much.  
But see, fond man, they're raisins of the jar,  
And mind that they are stoned and chopped with  
heedful care !  
The charm's not ended yet :  
Of powdered sugar twice two ounces get,  
And let it shed its dulcet balm,  
And each unkindly influence calm !  
Then be these joined,  
Two ounces of the candied citron's rind,  
As much of candied orange place ;  
But see it chopped and cut with elegance and grace,  
And, as thou view'st the compound grow,  
Into the spell a grated nutmeg throw ;  
Add half a gill of brandy—generous power !  
Then stir thy pudding up, and cry 'my labour's  
o'er.'  
Yet stay, yet stay, rash youth,  
Still thou must tie it in a cloth,  
Still must plunge it in a pot,  
Bubbling, boiling, hissing hot ;  
And in four hours behold, thy charm complete,  
An awful pudding rise that Aldermen might eat !”

*Fourth Specimen.*

## PLUM PUDDING,—AN ELEGY.

“WHERE bending osiers kiss the curling tide,  
A drooping fair with mournful footsteps strayed ;  
And oft she beat her breast, and oft she sighed,  
Oft wiped the streaming tear, and thus she said :  
Dear faithless youth, dear false perfidious swain,  
Will neither prayers nor tears thy pity move ?  
How shall I strive to touch thy heart again ?—  
Perhaps a pudding may awake thy love.  
I’ll choose eight snowy eggs, with fondest care,  
And beat them with a pint of smiling cream ;  
Then shall these hands a pound of flour prepare,  
A pound of suet chopped shall join to them.  
Next will I add a pound of currants clean ;  
Then half as many raisins of the jar,  
Chopped small and stoned, shall strait be tumbled in,  
And ounces eight of pulverized sugar.  
Of candied citron ounces two I’ll add,—  
The same of candied orange nicely cut ;  
A grated nutmeg shall be next conveyed,  
And last one half a gill of brandy put.  
Then will I tie it closely in a cloth,  
And four hours boil it ere I set it free ;  
Then will I dish it up, and thus, false youth,  
I’ll gain a pudding, though deprived of Thee !”



On reading Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes," Mr. Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides," and other publications relative to the character of Dr. Samuel Johnson :—

"OH Johnson ! learned, venerable shade,  
What havock of thy Fame hath Friendship made !  
What childish Trophies round thy manly Bust !  
What noisome weeds are planted in thy Dust !  
Yet sleep in peace—and though to me unknown  
(Save from the music of thy learned Renown),  
Accept this Verse, if ought my Verse can boast,  
To soothe the anguish of thy injured Ghost.  
What though thy Friends, thy dearest Friends, have  
    tried  
To blaze those Faults, which e'en thy Foes would  
    hide ;  
Though like a Gem by some rude Artist set,  
We mark thy Flaws, thy Brilliancy forget ;  
Yet rest assured, when all their Triumph's o'er,  
Thy Friends and Enemies are known no more.  
When time shall mould the sprightly works of Thrale,  
And turn to Vinegar her choicest ale ;  
When Boswell, of his Birth and Friendship proud,  
(MacLean, MacSwegn, MacCromheil, and MacCleod),  
Indignant round the savoury steak shall fry,  
Or light Mundungus in the Isle of Skye ;

When Pindar <sup>a</sup> too, Soame Jennings <sup>b</sup>, and myself,  
 Shall lie (meet victims) on a Grocer's shelf,  
 Still shalt thou live, and o'er thy hallowed Tomb  
 Fair Science weep, and Bays perennial bloom.

PHILALETHES."

Lines by Viscount Cranley on the honours  
 lately given :—

"WITH gallant Onslow, second in command,  
 Nine Ships, says Duncan, from the Dutch I took ;  
 Nine Votes, says Rose, which go like steeds in hand,  
 Smith writes me word, are entered on his book.  
 Such worth, cries Pitt, our will is to reward,  
 Go knight me Onslow, and make Smith a Lord."

#### A NOSEGAY.

"TAKE a sprig of Good Humour, some Flowers of Wit,  
 And of every Grace just as much as is fit ;  
 Use a Handful of Charms, and a fresh Bud of Youth,  
 With a mixture of Modesty, Judgment, and Truth :  
 Good Behaviour in Deeds, and not in pretence :  
 True Good Breeding is always the Blossom of Sense.  
 Add the Bloom of the Rose with Elegance placed,  
 Join all these with Prudence, and tie them with Taste.  
 Few Ladies at Courts can such Nosegays display,  
 'Tis the same Lady Nuneham wears every day."

<sup>a</sup> Peter Pindar. Vide Town Eclogues, Bozzi and Piozzi, &c.

<sup>b</sup> Vide Epitaph on Dr. Johnson, written by that celebrated author.

Miss Catherine Fanshawe to Lord Harcourt, occasioned by his saying that as the ancient way of spelling Catherine was with a K, he thought her wrong in using a C when she wrote her name :—

“ AND can his Antiquarian eyes  
My Anglo-Saxon C despise ?  
And does Lord Harcourt day by day  
Regret th’ extinct initial K ?  
And still with ardor unabated  
Labor to get it re-instated ?  
I know, my Lord, your noble passion  
For every long-exploded fashion ;  
And own the Katherine you delight in  
*Looks* irresistibly inviting :  
Appears to bear the stamp and mark  
Of English writ in Noah’s ark ;  
But ‘ all that glitters is not gold,’  
Nor all things obsolete are old.  
Would you but take the pains to look  
In Doctor Johnson’s Quarto Book  
(As I did, wishing much to see  
Th’ aforesaid Letter’s pedigree),  
Believe me, ’twould a tale unfold,  
Would make your Norman blood run cold.  
My Lord, you’ll find *that K’s* no better  
Than an interpolated Letter ;

A wandering Greek, a franchised Alien ;  
Derived from Cadmus, or Deucalion.  
And why or wherefore, none can tell,  
Inserted 'twixt the J and L.  
The learned say our English tongue  
On Gothic beams is built and hung ;  
Then why the solid fabric piece  
With motley ornaments from Greece ?  
Her lettered despots had no bowels  
For northern Consonants and Vowels :  
The Roman and the Greek Grammarian  
Held all our parts of speech barbarian,  
Till our rude speech or ruder blows  
Had silenced those imperious foes ;  
And proud they were to kiss the sandals  
(Shoes we had none) of Goths and Vandals—  
So call we now the various race  
That gave the Roman Eagle chase,  
Nurtured amid the storms that roll  
In thunder round the Arctic Pole,  
And from the bosom of the North,  
Like Gelid rain-drops, scattered forth.  
Dread Odin's desolating sons,  
Teutones, Cimbrians, Franks, and Huns.  
But hold ! 'twould try Don Quixotte's patience  
To nomenclate this mob of nations,  
Whose names a poet's teeth might break,  
And only Botanists could speak.  
*They*, at a single glance would see us  
Ranged in the system of Linnæus.

Would organize the mingled mass,  
Assign their genus, order, class,  
And give, as trivial and specific,  
Names harder still, and more terrific.  
But since our Saxon Line we trace  
Up to this all-subduing race ;  
Since flows their blood in British veins  
Who led the universe in chains,  
And from their sole dominion hurled  
The Giants of the ancient world ;  
Their boasted languages confounding,  
And with such mortal gutturals wounding,  
That Greek and Latin fell, or fled,  
And soon were numbered with the *dead*.  
Befits it us, so much their betters,  
To spell our names with conquered letters ?  
And shall they rise and prate again,  
Like Falstaff from among the slain ?  
A licence quite of modern date,  
Which no long customs consecrate :  
For since this K (of hateful sound)  
First set his foot on British ground,  
Is not, as antiquaries know,  
A dozen centuries ago.

That darling theme of English story,  
For learning famed, and martial glory—  
Alfred, who quelled th' usurping Dane,  
And burst, indignant, from his chain ;  
Who slaves redeemed to reign o'er men,  
Changing the Faulchion for the Pen,

And outlined, with a master's hand,  
Th' immortal Charter of the Land—  
Alfred, whom yet these realms obey,  
In all his Kingdom owned no K :  
From foreign arms and letters free  
Preserved his c y n z ly dignity,  
And wrote it with a Saxon C.

This case in point from Alfred's laws  
Establishes my Client's cause ;  
Secures a verdict for Defendant :  
K pays the cost, and there's an end on't.  
The suit had lingered long I grant, if  
Counsel had first been heard for Plaintiff.  
Who might, to use a new expression,  
Have urged the plea of *dispossession*  
(Since that which modern times explode  
The world will deem the prior mode),  
And put our better claims to flight  
By pre—I mean *proscription* right ;  
But grant this specious plea prevailing,  
And all my legal logic failing,  
There yet remains so black a charge,  
Not only 'gainst the K's at large,  
But th' individual K, in question,  
You'd tremble at the bare suggestion,  
Nor ever more a wish reveal  
So adverse to the public weal.

Dear gentle Earl ! you little know  
That wish might cost a world of woe.  
The Ears that are unborn would rise

In judgment 'gainst your Lordship's eyes :  
The Ears that are unborn would rue  
Your Letter-patent to renew  
The dormant dignity of Shrew.  
The K restored takes off th' attainder,  
And grants the Title, with remainder  
In perpetuity devised,  
On Katherines lawfully baptized.

What has not Shakespeare said and sung  
Of our pre-eminence of Tongue !  
His glowing pen has writ' the name  
In characters of Fire and Flame ;  
Not Flames that mingle as they rise,  
Innoxious, with their kindred skies,  
Some chemic, lady-like solution,  
Shewn at the Royal Institution,  
But such as still, with ceaseless clamour,  
Dance round the Anvil and the Hammer.  
See him the Comic Muse invoking,  
The merry Nymph with laughter choking,  
While he exhibits at her shrine  
Th' unhallowed form of Katherine ;  
And there the Gorgon image plants  
Palladium of the Termagants :  
He formed it of the rudest ore  
That lay in his exhaustless store ;  
Nor from the crackling Furnace drew,  
Which still the breath of Genius blew,  
Till (to preserve the bright allusion)  
The mass was in a state of fusion.

Then cast it in the sharpest mould  
E'er modelled from a living scold.  
When from her shelly prison burst,  
That finished Vixen, Kate the curst !!  
If practice e'er with precept tallies,  
Could Shakespeare set down ought in malice?  
From nature all his forms he drew,  
And held the mirror to her view ;  
And if an ugly wart arose,  
Or pimple, upon Nature's nose,  
He flattered not th' unsightly flaw,  
But marked, and copied, what he saw ;  
Strictly fulfilling all his duties,  
Alike to blemishes and beauties ;  
So that, *in Shakespeare's time 'tis plain*  
*The Katherines were scolds in grain ;*  
No females louder, fiercer, worse.  
*Now* contemplate the bright reverse !  
And say, amid the countless names  
Borne by cotemporary Dames,  
Exotics fetched from distant nations,  
Or good old English appellations—  
Names hunted out from ancient Books,  
Or found on Dairy-maids and Cooks,  
Genteel, familiar, or pedantic,  
Grecian, Roman, or romantic,  
Christian, Infidel, or Jew,  
Heroines fabulous or true,  
Rebeccas, Rachels, Judiths, Hannahs,  
Dinahs, Deborahs, Ruths, Susannahs,



Martias, Portias, and Virginias,  
Lucretias, Flavias, and Flaminias,  
Dianas, Daphnes, Delias, Floras,  
Cassandras, Helens, and Auroras,  
Nannys, Fannys, Jennys, Hettys,  
Dollys, Mollys, Biddys, Bettys,  
Sacharissas, Melesinas,  
Dulcibellas, Celestinas—  
Say is there one more free from blame,  
One that enjoys a fairer fame,  
One more endowed with Christian graces  
(Although I say it to our faces,  
And flattery we don't delight in),  
Than Catherine at this present writing?  
Where then can all the difference be?  
Where? but between the K and C?  
Between the graceful curving line  
We now prefix to Catherine,  
Which seems to keep, with mild police,  
Those rebel syllables in peace;  
And that impracticable K,  
Who led them all so much astray,  
Was never seen in black and white  
A character more full of spite!  
That stubborn back, to bend unskilful,  
So perpendicularly wilful!  
With angles, hideous to behold,  
Like the sharp elbows of a Scold  
In attitude, when words shall fail  
To fight their battles tooth and nail.

In page the first you're sagely told  
That 'all that glitters is not Gold.'  
Fain would I quote one Proverb more,  
'N' eveillez pas le Chat qui dort.'  
Here some will smile, as if suspicious,  
That simile was injudicious,  
Because in *C-a-t* they trace  
Alliance with the Feline Race ;  
But we the name alone inherit,  
C has the Letter, K, the spirit.  
And woe betide the man who tries  
Whether the spirit ever dies ;  
Though dormant long, it yet survives  
With its full complement of lives ;  
The nature of the beast is still  
To scratch and claw, if not to *kill*.  
For royal Cats, to low-born wrangling,  
Will superadd the gift of strangling ;  
Witness, in modern times, the fate  
Of that unlucky Potentate,  
Who from his Palace near the Pole,  
Where the chill waves of Neva roll,  
Was snatched, while yet alive and merry,  
And sent on board old Charon's Ferry ;  
The Styx he traversed, execrating  
A Katherine of his own creating—  
Peter the third, illustrious Peer,  
Great Autocrate of half the sphere  
(At least of all the Russias he  
Was Emp'ror and Czar of Muscovy).

In evil hour this simple Czar,  
Impelled by some malignant star,  
Bestowed upon his new Czarina  
The fatal name of Katarina ;  
And as Monseigneur l'Archeveque  
Chose to baptize her á la Grecque—  
'Twas Katarina with a K—  
He rued it to his dying day ;  
Nay died, as I observed before,  
The sooner on that very score.  
The Princess quickly learnt his cue,  
Improving on the part of Shrew ;  
For as the plot began to thicken  
She wrung his head off, like a chicken !  
In short this despot of a Wife  
Robbed the poor man of crown and life !  
And robbing Peter, paid not Paul,  
But cleared the stage of great and small ;  
No corner of the throne would spare  
To gratify her Son and Heir,  
But lived till threescore years and ten,  
To trample on the rights of men.

Thy short existence, hapless Peter !  
Had doubtless longer been, and sweeter,  
But that thou wilfully disturbd'st  
The quiet names she brought from Zerbst :  
Nor was it even then too late,  
When crowned and registered a Kate,  
When all had, trembling, heard and seen  
The shriller voice and altered mien,

Had'st thou (without the barbarous measure,  
That Russian Boors adopt at pleasure,  
Of publishing a tedious Ukase,  
To state to all the world the true case),  
By virtue of th' imperial Knout,  
But whipped th' offending Letter out,  
She in the fairest page of Fame  
Might then have writ' her faultless name,  
And thou retained thy life and crown,  
Till Time himself had mowed them down.

Perhaps, my Lord, you think the storm  
That needs must follow this reform,  
And crown your philanthropic labors,  
Will only crush your Friends and Neighbours,  
While you, secure from all alarms,  
Defy the Alphabet in arms ;  
Assured no gathering clouds can lower,  
O'er fair Eliza's charmed bower :  
But oh reflect—'tis worth reflection—  
On one yet unforeseen objection—  
Th' enormous sureties you must find  
To tranquillise the public mind.  
We must suppose so wise a state  
Would feel the danger to be great,  
Nor such a Delinquent release,  
Till bound in form to keep the Peace.  
And not alone your simple word  
Would satisfy the vulgar herd ;  
They'd large securities demand,  
And seek them at your Lordship's hand :

Such as would drain your very coffer,  
Though stored with all the wealth of Ophir ;  
Though lovely Nuneham's rich domains  
Were wider than Arabian plains ;  
Though Flora, portress at your gate,  
Could vegetable gold create ;  
And where her orange groves ascend,  
Whose boughs with yellow fruitage bend,  
And scatter round from countless flowers,  
With each light breeze, ambrosial showers,  
That fruit could change to sterling metal,  
And drop a pearl from every petal,  
Scarce would the mighty pledge avail,  
Or justify so rash a bail.

Shall you your wealth and credit barter  
For a dead letter's forfeit charter ?  
Shall I a helping hand extend  
To aid the ruin of my friend ?  
Forbid it all ye powers that bind  
With potent chains the grateful mind !  
Forbid it all ye powers excelling  
In the deep mysteries of spelling !  
And ye ! who teach the sons of men  
To guide with faltering hand the pen,  
These solemn words record—and thou,  
Harcourt's dread Earl ! attest my vow,  
If e'er—an alien born and bred—  
The K dare rear its mushroom head  
(Proved as it is beyond dispute  
A consonant of ill repute)

Within the precincts of my name,  
And I admit th' unlawful claim,  
May never syllable of mine  
Reach the full length of Catherine;  
Deprived of this baptismal right,  
May they, uncouth to sound and sight,  
Of self-disgrace a hideous pattern,  
By my own hand be *written Kattern!*  
May I be famed for noise and strife,  
Or called Miss Fungus all my life!"

Verses composed while lying on a sick  
bed, January the 1st, 1796, by Miss Catherine  
Fanshawe :—

"RETURNING from the gates of death  
(Within whose awful porch I lay),  
Again to draw the vital breath,  
And view the cheerful day,

The soul on poised wings that hung,  
Ready to flit in viewless air,  
The pallid lip and faltering tongue,  
Oh! what shall they declare?

*Shall* they, with new vigour fraught,  
With life and energy restored,  
To Thee address th' aspiring thought,  
My Saviour! and my Lord?

And there the blunter point is seen  
Long rankling in the kindred breast,  
When the full edge, in mercy, keen,  
Has given its victim rest.

Rescued from sorrow, pain, and death,  
Their terrors veiled, withdrawn their sting,  
Let me, as long as I have breath,  
Sing praises to my King.

But oh, my soul ! if length of days,  
And years of added life be lent,  
Will such a loan in empty praise  
Be profitably spent ?

Father of light ! some beam of grace  
Round my dark soul vouchsafe to spread ;  
Be Thou my guide, and deign to trace  
The journey I should tread

To Thee, who with so strong a chain  
The powers of my soul confined,  
That all was mere corporeal pain  
Fled from the captive mind.

Nor from that subtle active flame  
Withheld the consciousness alone  
Of ills that shock the outward frame,  
And sufferings of her own,

But bade her not, in pity, know  
The sympathising griefs that rend,  
With pangs of far severer woe,  
The parent, sister, friend !

Armed with a doubly-pointed dart,  
Death ever aims a twofold wound ;  
The shafts that pierce the victim's heart  
To other hearts rebound.

So the dry branch, like Aaron's rod,  
May by the mighty Planter's care  
Still flourish in the courts of God,  
And fruit eternal bear."

Addressed to Lady Caroline Lamb on her son's Christening, October 13th, 1807. Sent us from Mr. Prudy, but written by Mr. Sheridan.

The Prince of Wales was one of the God-fathers.

"GRANT Heaven ! sweet Babe, thou may'st inherit  
What nature only can impart,  
Thy Father's manly sense and spirit,  
Thy Mother's grace and gentle Heart,  
And when to manhood's Hopes and Duties grown,  
Be thou a prop to thy great Sponsor's Throne !"



Lines by Lord Francis Leveson Gower :—  
A VOICE FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

“THE peak of yon Mountain is shining in Light,  
Like the Beacon which summoned our Fathers to  
fight ;  
Each Chief from the Highlands has followed the blaze,  
At the call of his Monarch his Standard to raise.

The sleep of the Heathcock is peaceful and still,  
For the Pibroch has summoned the sons of the Hill ;  
We have left the red Deer to be Lord of the Glen,  
And by tens and by fifties have mustered our Men.

Yet the Dirk and the Broadsword may serve but to  
show  
That to welcome a Foeman we had not been slow ;  
We haste where yon Vessel approaches the Land,  
But it is not for Battle we press to the Strand.

Our Chieftains they crowd round the greatest of all,  
The first in the Field, and the first in the Hall ;  
To so mighty a Master 'tis given to few  
So fair and so willing a Homage to do.

No Master but he, for his Frown or his Smiles,  
Could call from his mountains the Lord of the Isles ;  
To him and no other in duty would bow  
The Plume of the Eagle on Sutherland's brow.

For him and no other Glengarry would stay  
So far from the Stag and the rifle away ;  
They are few to whom Campbell or Gordon would  
yield  
Unbidden precedence in Hall or in Field.

When he musters his kinsmen the best shall not fail  
His Standard to bow, and his Bonnet to vail ;  
From a long line of Chiefs his Dominion began,  
His Vassals a Host, and a People his Clan.

Then sound me that Pibroch, the shrillest and best,  
Which woke in Arroyos the French from their rest.  
Then loud be your shout, as on Maida it rose,  
O'er the clash of your Claymore your Bayonets close.

Though calm of Demeanour our spirits can glow  
At the smile of a Friend or the scowl of a Foe ;  
When his Vessel approaches yon Mountains shall  
ring  
With the shout which we raise for our Chieftain and  
King."

## Appendix.

### A LIST OF THE HARCOURTS OF STANTON HARCOURT WHO HAVE REPRESENTED THE COUNTY OF OXFORD IN PARLIAMENT.

John de Harcourt . . .	elected 14 Nov., 1322
Sir Thomas de Harcourt . . .	12 Feb., 1375
Sir Robert de Harcourt . . .	6 Nov., 1450
Richard de Harcourt . . .	11 Sep., 1460
Sir Richard de Harcourt . . .	11 Dec., 1477
Sir Philip Harcourt . . .	25 Feb., 1680
[Sir Philip's son was made a Peer.]	
George Granville Harcourt . . .	9 May, 1831
" " " " . . .	17 Dec., 1833
" " " " . . .	12 Jan., 1835
" " " " . . .	20 July, 1837
" " " " . . .	5 July, 1841
" " " " . . .	3 Aug., 1847
" " " " . . .	12 July, 1852
" " " " . . .	30 Mar., 1857
" " " " . . .	2 May, 1859
Edward William Harcourt . . .	5 Feb., 1878
" " " " . . .	31 Mar., 1880
" " " " . . .	2 Dec., 1886

## SUMMARY.

Thus have eight members of the same family sat in eighteen parliaments, over a period of five hundred and sixty-four years, for the same County.

END OF VOL. XI.





GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00807 9549

6141

